THE 1926 ORACLE

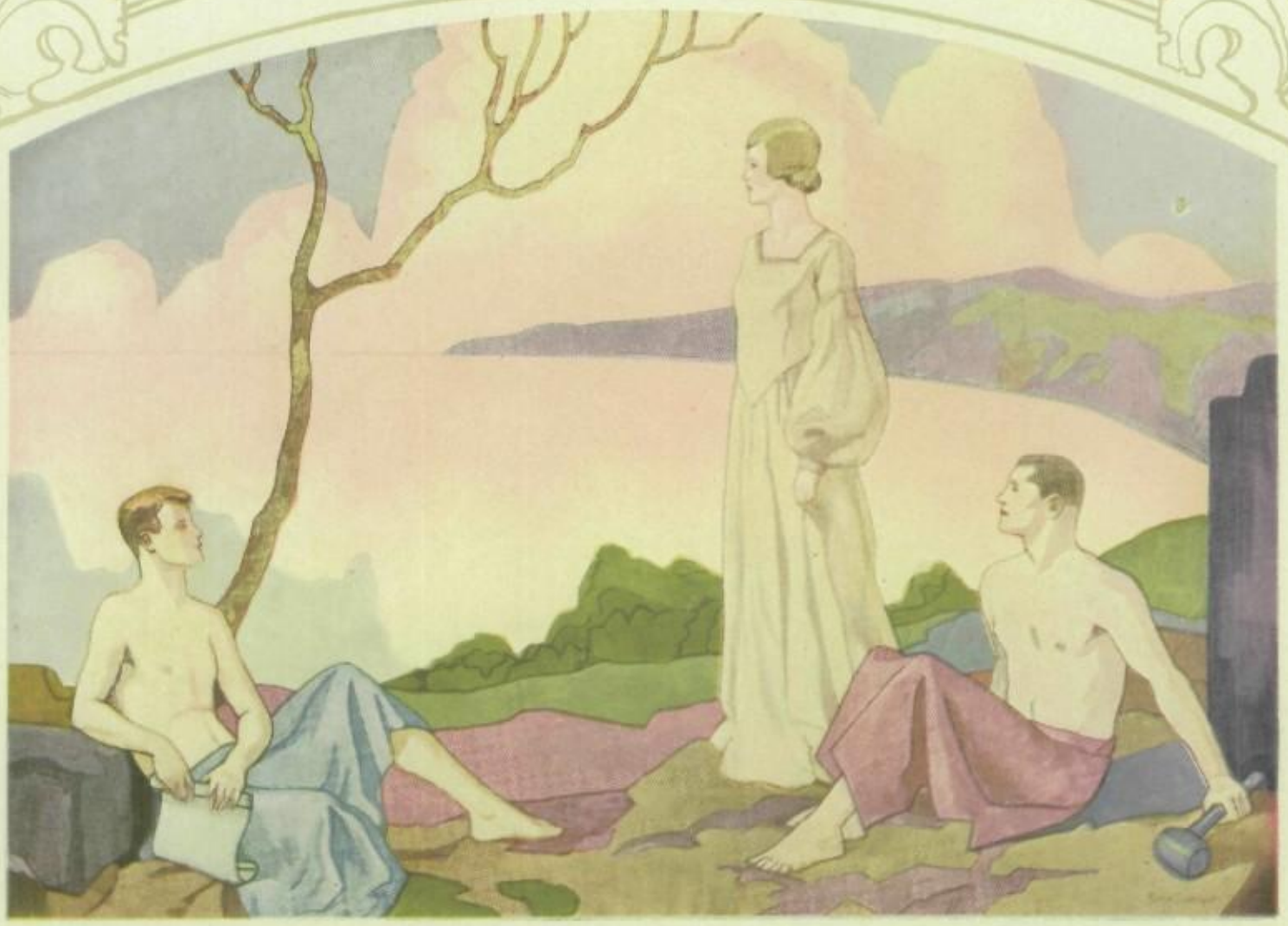
BAY VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

MILWAUKEE

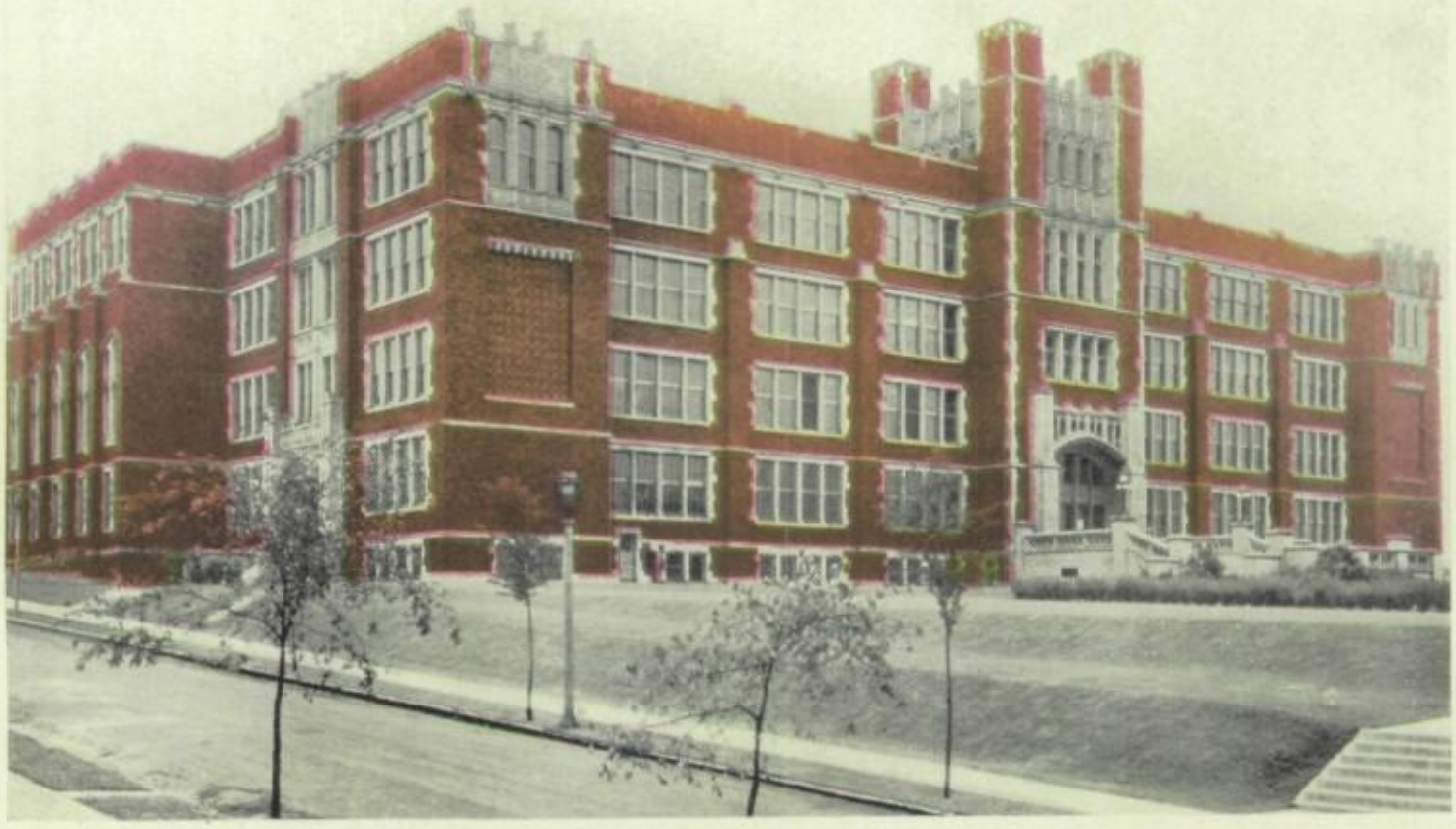
The 1926 ORACLE

The 1926 ORACLE ANNUAL

BAY VIEW HIGH SCHOOL
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

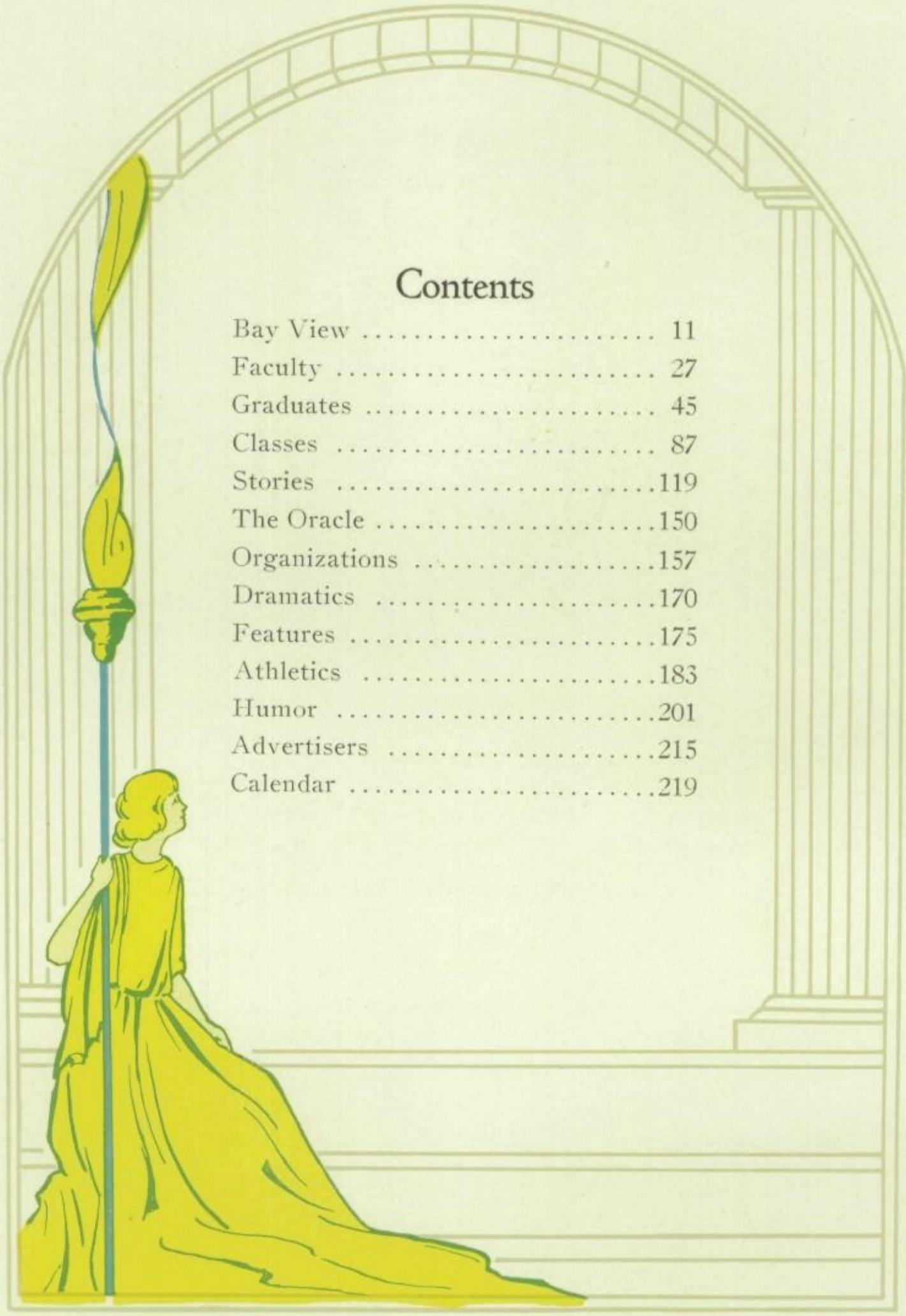


The Spirit of Bay View



Dedication

To that invisible, yet visible, spirit, the Spirit of Bay View, we dedicate the 1926 Oracle Annual. It is the spirit of the community and of the school, striving to endow Youth with the finest gifts of life. A beautiful environment, a fitting background for the high purpose of the school, has been the gift of a thoughtful and generous community. To unfold the character of the student, to guide groping desires into meritorious channels, to develop a praiseworthy product from the immature has been the ideal of the school. The material and the spiritual have worked as one in the moulding of the student; an educational building, beautiful surroundings, the material gift; an inward, intangible grace, the gift of the spiritual.



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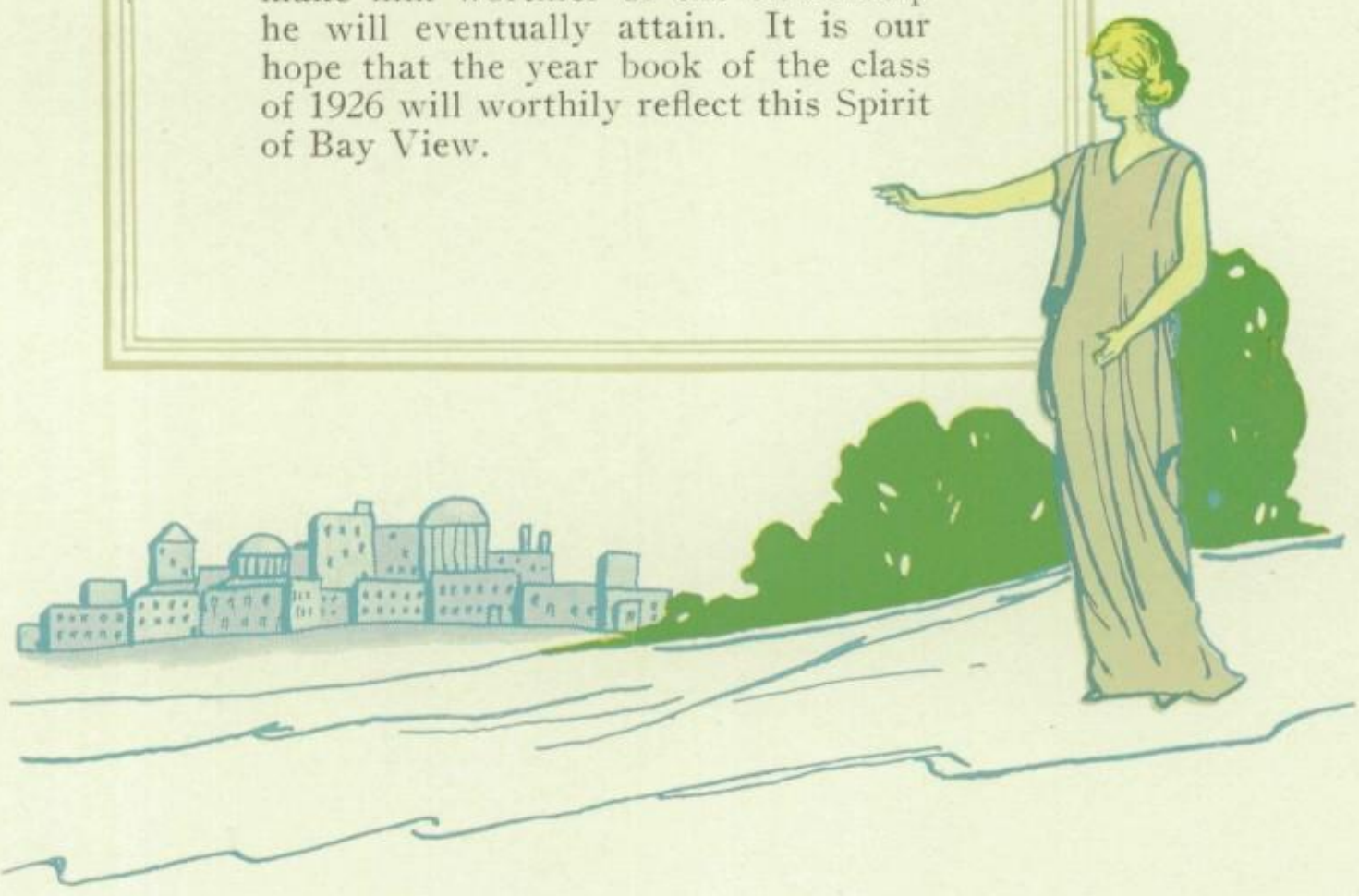
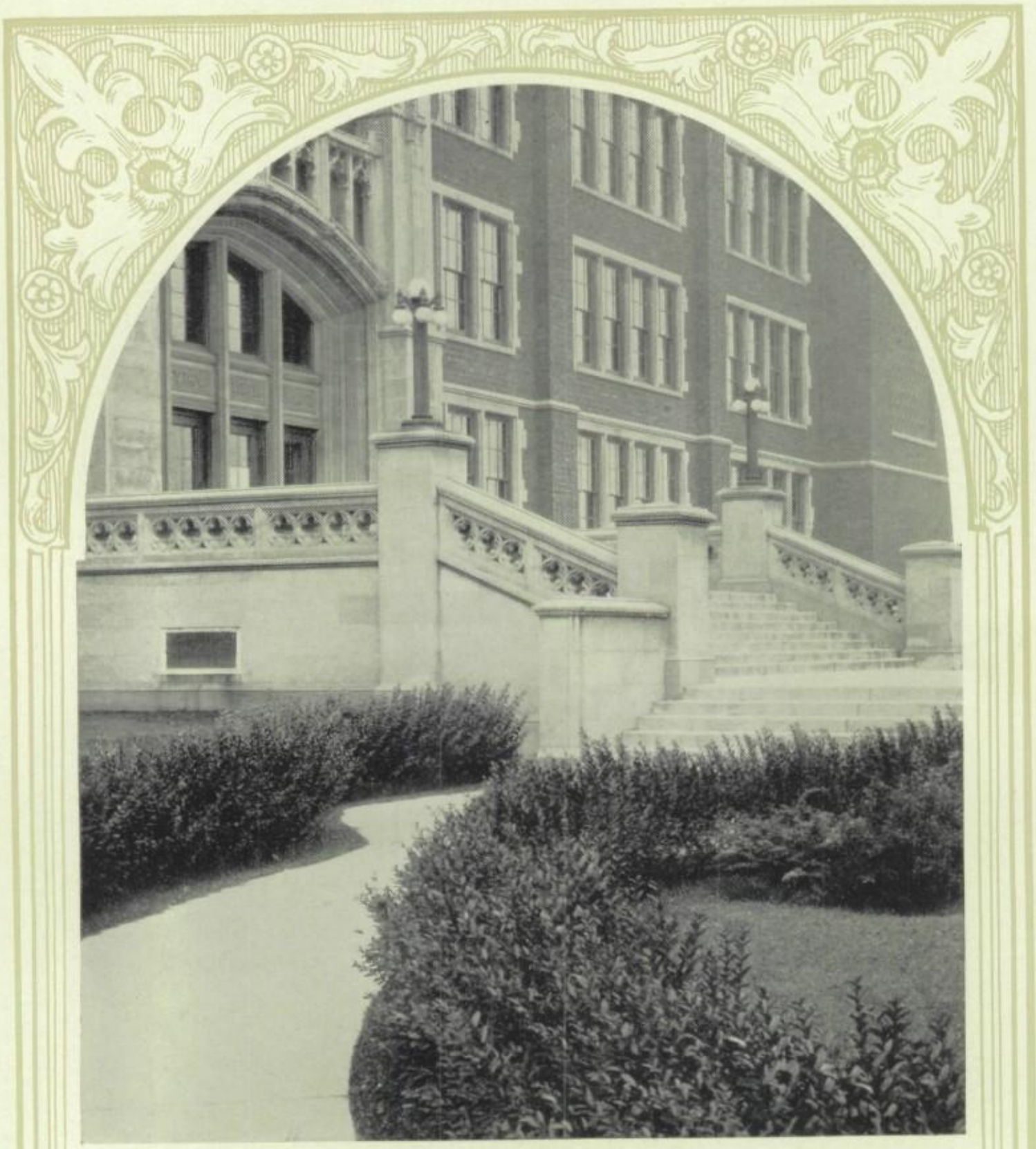
Foreword

AS ITS GIFT to the school, the class of 1926, upon its graduation, presented a mural painting, an allegorical representation of the spirit of Bay View, the community and the school. The Spirit, symbolizing all that is beautiful and true, has Industry, the community, behind her and at her feet, ready to support her materially in whatever may be her need. A glorious vision of life is hers, and to the Student under the slender, and as yet barren Tree of Knowledge, she is the embodiment of all that is ideal. He, realizing his own limitations, under her guidance, will become possessed of the determination to develop a love of truth, an appreciation of beauty, a productive imagination, initiative, and the spirit of sportsmanship, camaraderie, joy in life, and service, which will make him worthier of the citizenship he will eventually attain. It is our hope that the year book of the class of 1926 will worthily reflect this Spirit of Bay View.



Beauty

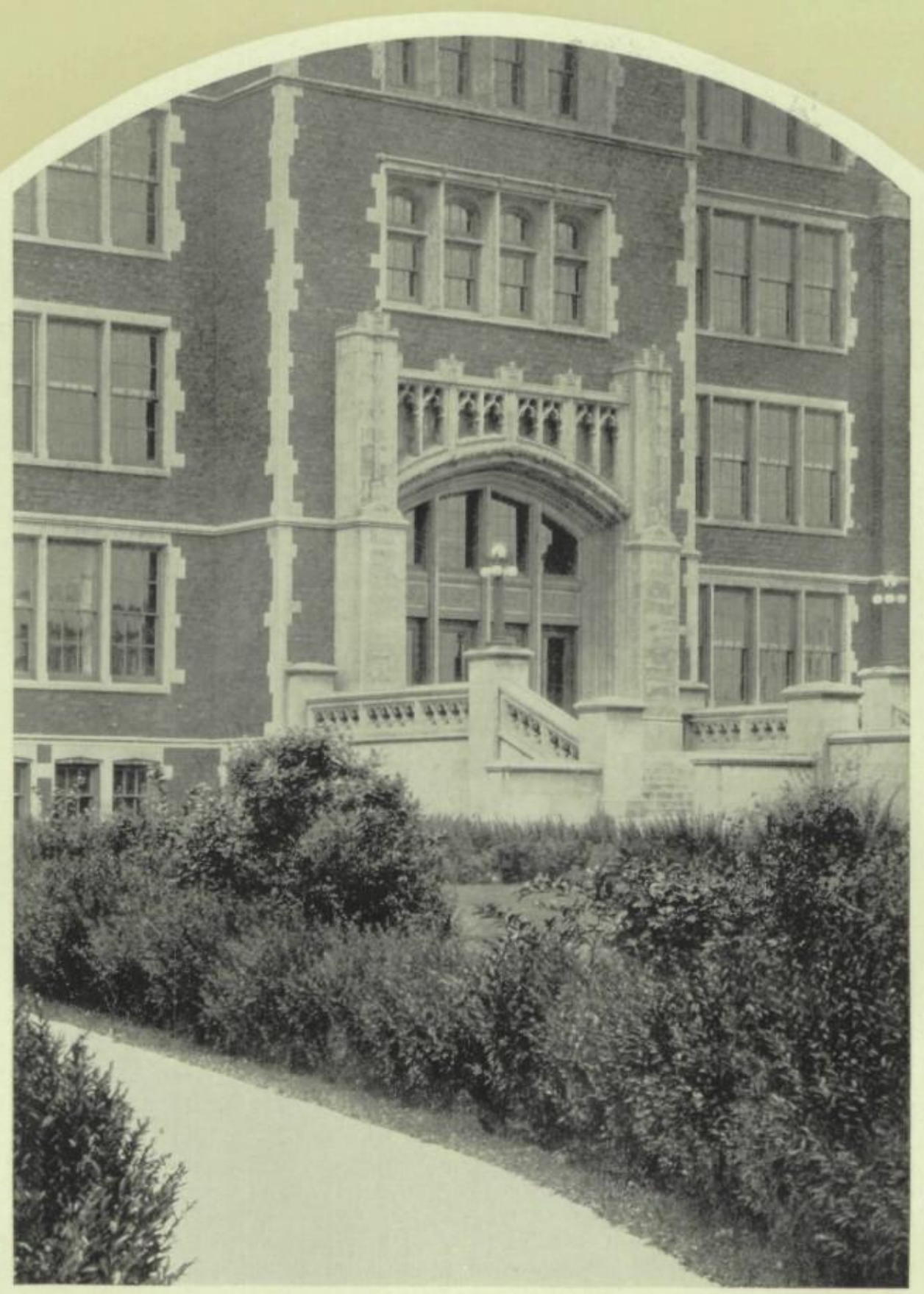
As cherished as any of man's uncounted gifts is that of beauty and the ability to appreciate it. There is the beauty of wild woods and joyously blue skies, the beauty of glistening well-kept lawns, dotted with blossoming shrubs, the beauty of tall, dark smoke-stacks outlined against the white flecked and sparkling blue of the lake; the beauty which the community does its utmost to create and preserve. There is the beauty of the soul, of the swiftly developing mind coloring as if to the brush of a master, the beauty found in comradeship, in helping others; that is the gift of the school. How much is due the school which developed in us the power to love and appreciate beauty; for to see beauty, to understand it, means inevitably to live it.



Beauty

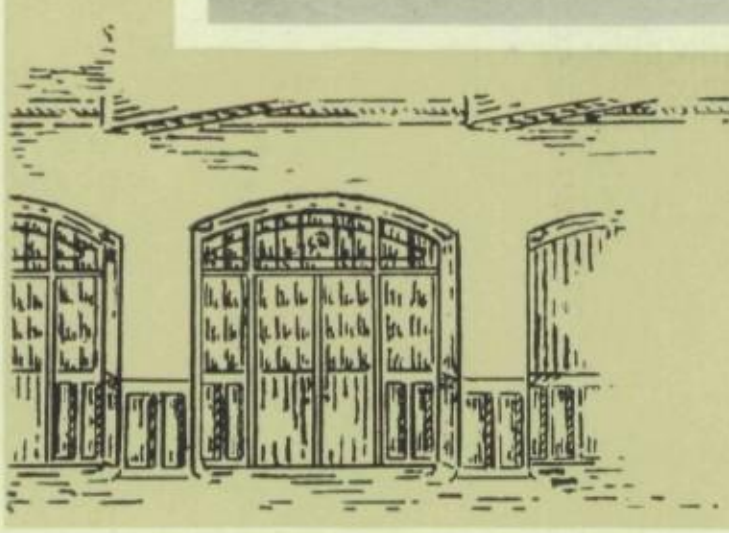
Built of stone and mortar,
but never inanimate to
those who pass beneath
its portals.

Link arms with me and
saunter up the walk
to chatter with
loitering groups.



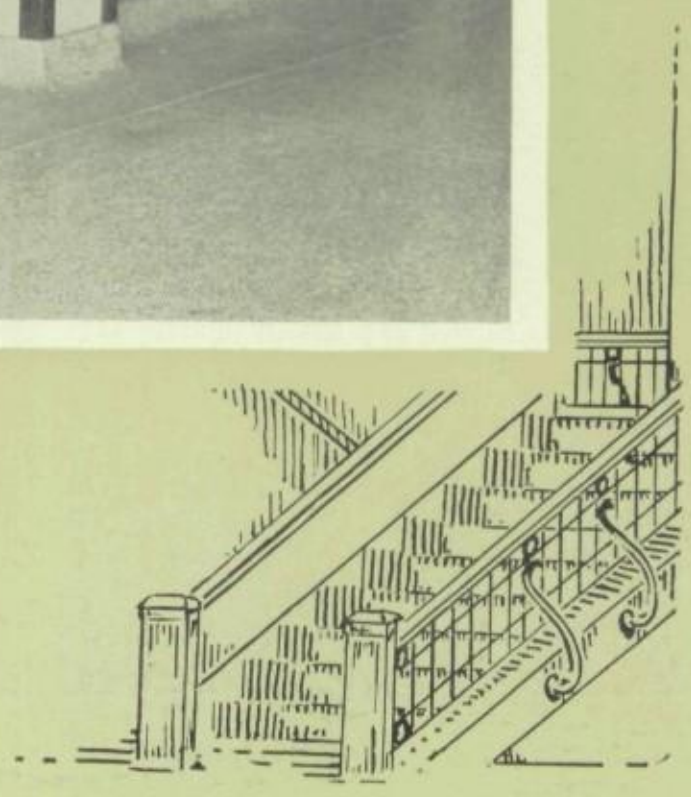
The last lap of the late straggler;
may life's accomplishments
look as joyful to him.

The "first heat" for future champions and record-breakers.

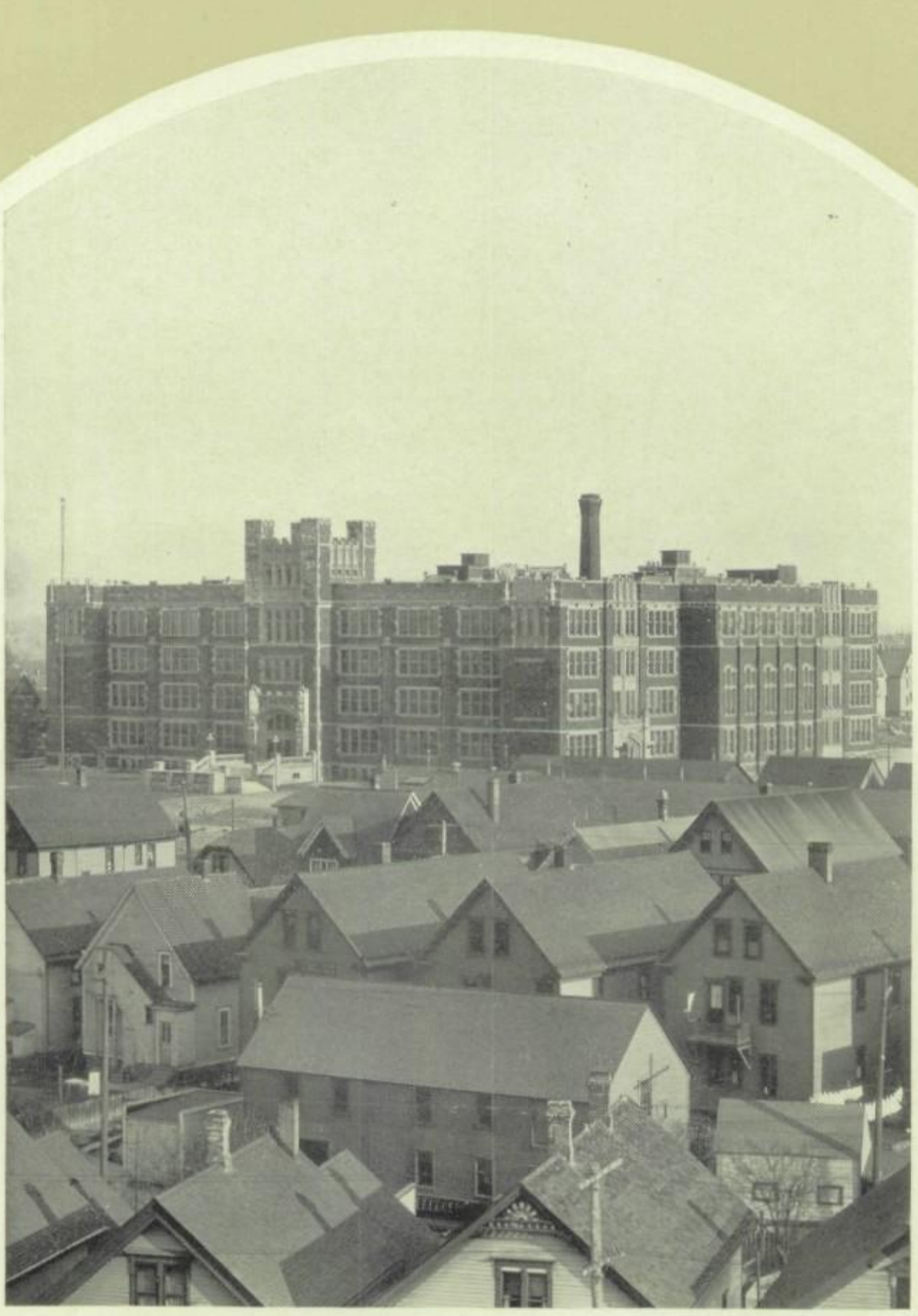


All are hosts to greet their guests, and high hospitality rules.

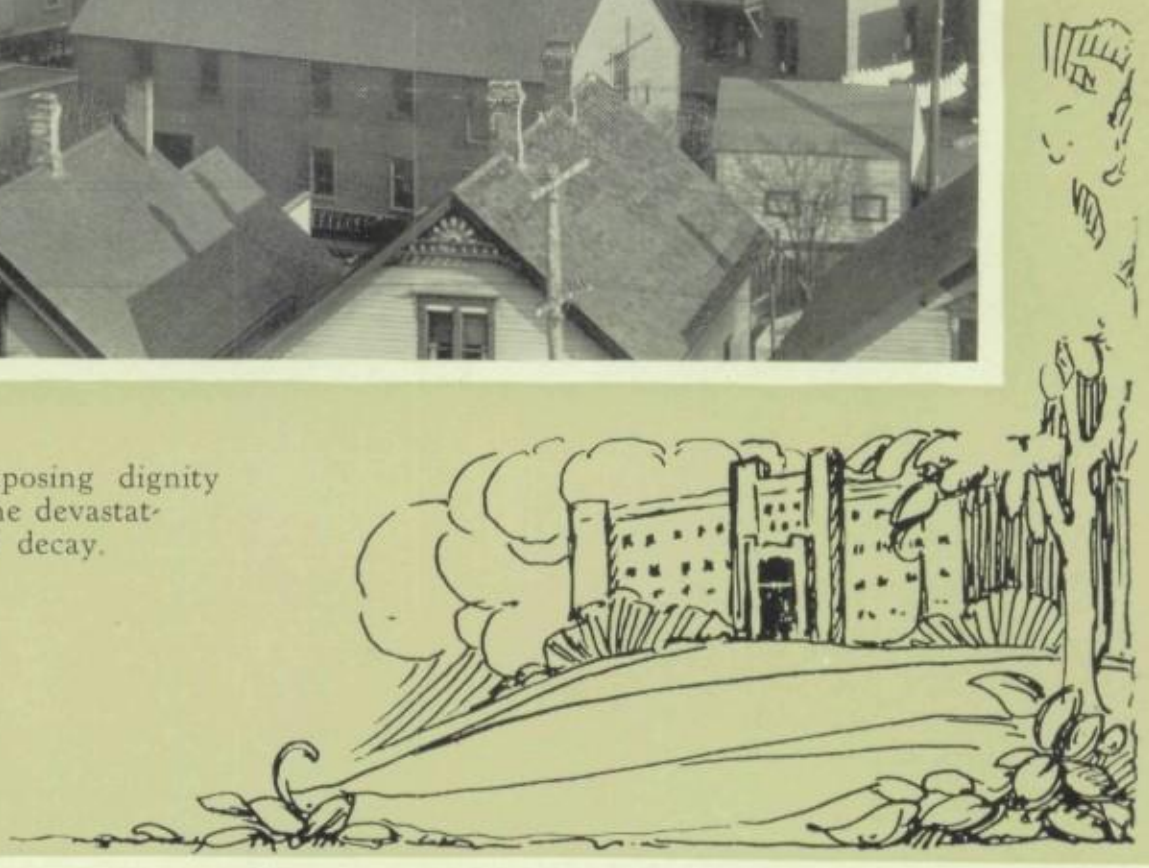
They ascend and descend throughout the years; I watch them come and go.

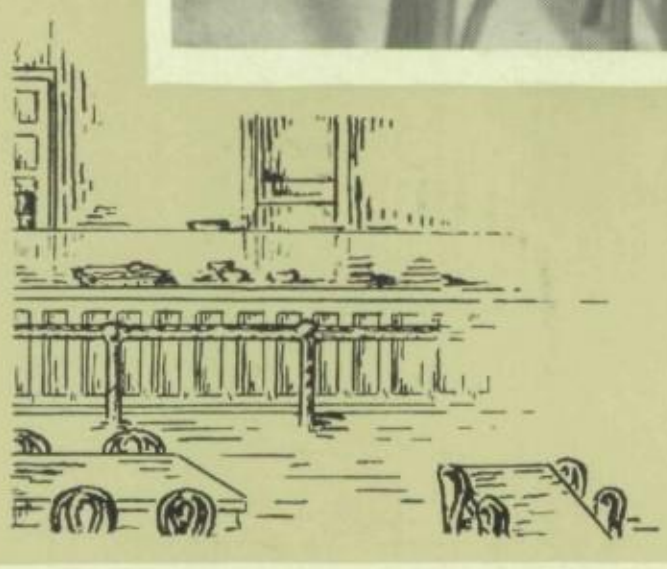


Loyalty is master; strength,
swiftness, and pluck
are eager servitors.



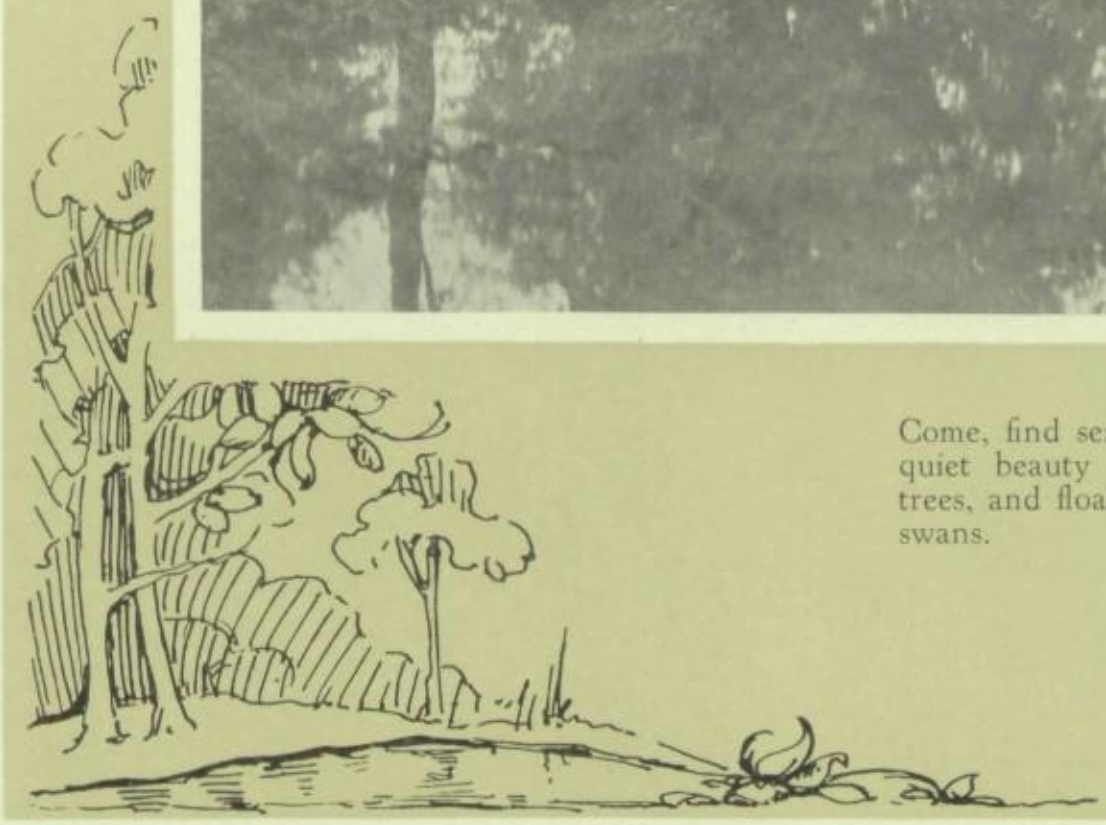
May its imposing dignity never feel the devastating hand of decay.





"A pause in the day's occupation"; or that yearned-for dinner hour.

A wee trickle of water
beneath stone bridge,
all fathered by
guardian trees.

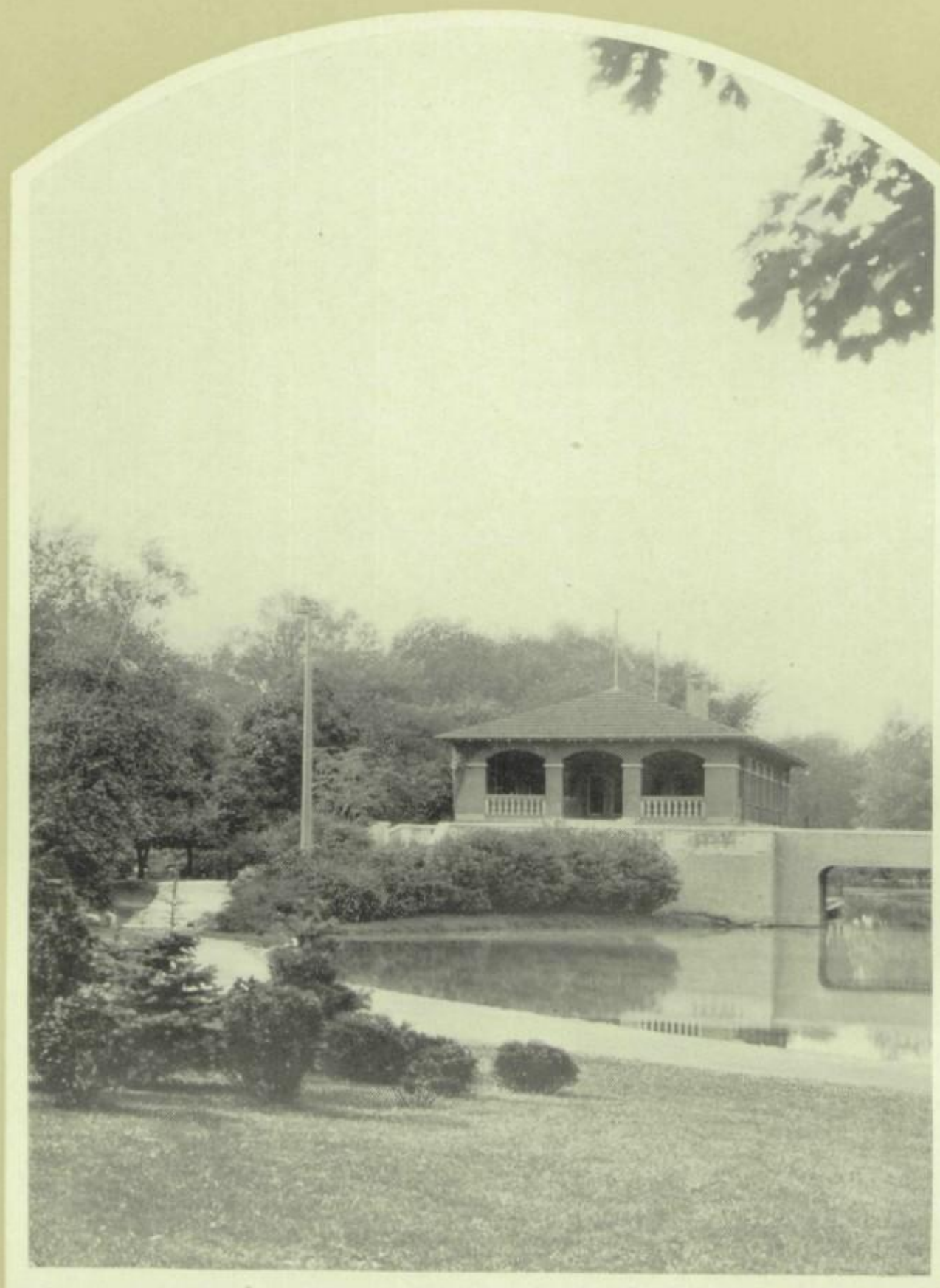


Come, find serenity in the quiet beauty of lagoon, trees, and floating swans.

One tiny rumble from a passing car reveals the hidden bridge.

Created by man's love for nature, in the midst of rushing activity and matter-of-fact life.

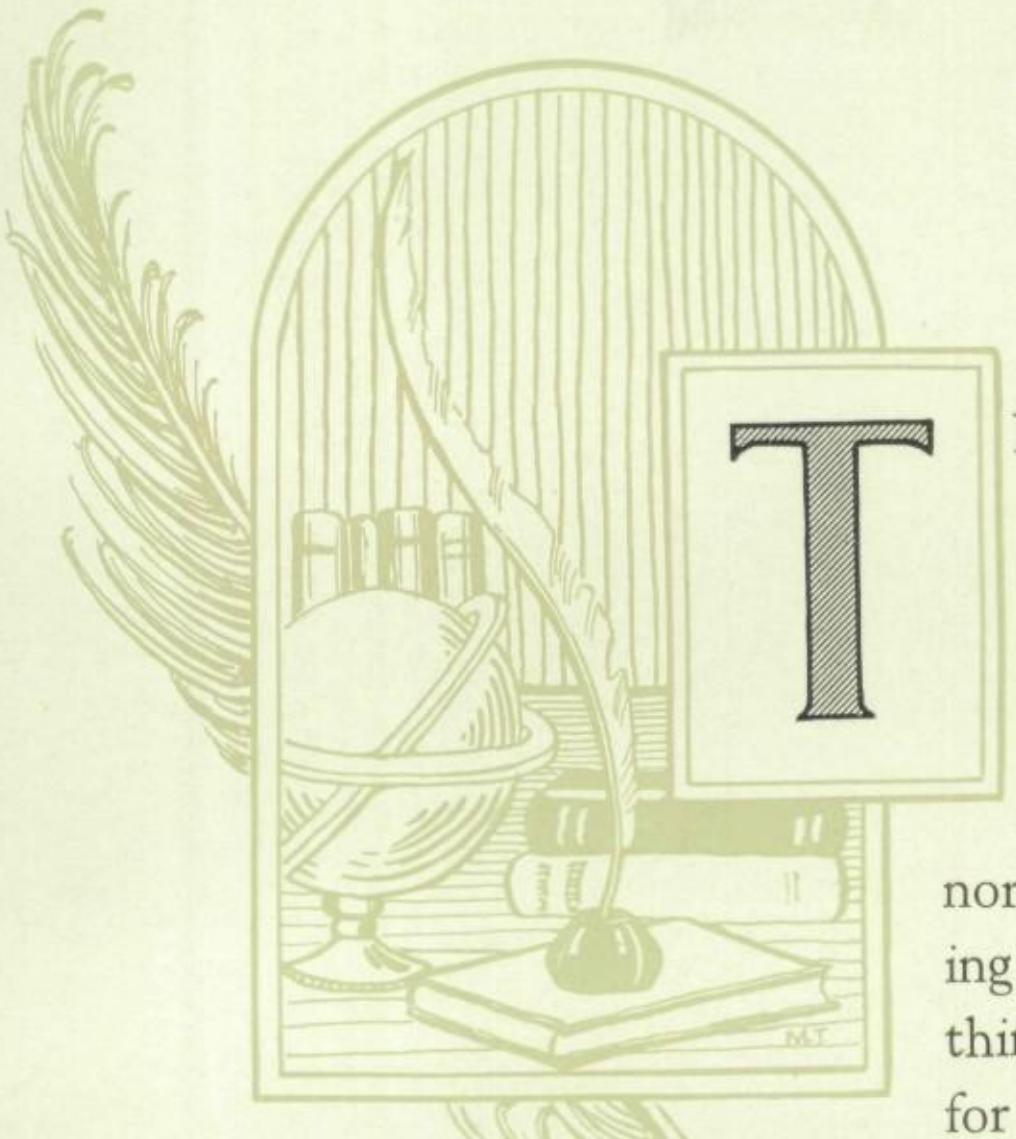
Wisconsin granite made you, trees
shelter you—our memorial to
those who held principle
dearer than life.



A haunt for devotees
of skating, rowing,
and canoeing.

TRUTH

FACULTY



Truth

THE SIMPLE SINCERITY of truth is something for which the whole world seeks, for truth is not accidentally stumbled upon without effort, nor is it an unearned blessing from heaven; it is something which must be sought for earnestly. Neither is truth a thing to be handed down from one to another, for truth can be understood only through one's own endeavors. Ideals fade, philosophy wavers, but truth remains unchanged. The truth of past ages is heaped before us, the stores of ancient wisdom, the fruit of inspired thought —all for the taking. The truth of coming ages lies hidden, waiting to be discovered. If we have a willingness to be satisfied with nothing less than the truth, we have only to seek and it is ours.

The Spirit of Bay View

THROUGHOUT THE AGES, the civilizations of various nations have been determined by a certain guiding spirit which they had established as their ideal and which in turn shaped their destinies. Very early in the history of mankind certain standards of individual and community conduct tending toward loftier purposes became established codes for living. In the course of time, we note a transition from a regard for the material to a concern for the spiritual. As this veneration for the latter grew, it assumed the form of worship.

The ancient oriental peoples turned to a nature and idol worship. By the time the Tribes of Israel appeared on the scene, the existence of an Almighty Spirit, which controlled the destinies of men, had already become recognized. The Greeks and Romans, though heathen in our sense of the term, fostered the ideal of the good and the beautiful. With the dawn of the Christian era we find a new ideal implanted in the hearts of men: "Love thy neighbor as thyself". We call it "Altruism", the attitude of brotherly love toward our fellow-men. It became the watchword of Christianity. As the carrier of this ideal, Christianity hand in hand with our civilization, through the past two thousand years, has carried its standard to the remote corners of the earth.

One of the many modern manifestations of this teaching is education, education for service. It begins with early youth and continues throughout the span of life. What we have of civilization today, all our achievements and attainments, is directly traceable to the wonderful deeds of the pioneers, who were responsible for the spread of Christianity throughout the world of their time, and subsequently throughout the whole world of today. We can hardly realize and appreciate the tremendous power and influence of present-day education.

And so, in our own limited sphere of the Bay View High School, this same force of education is wielding its power for the improvement of mankind. As so beautifully pictured in our new mural decoration, presented by the Class of 1926, she is offering to our youth the opportunity to gain knowledge, for knowledge is power. The power sought is not for self-aggrandizement, but is for the purpose of increasing our ability to acquire still further attainment, which we in turn can develop and turn to the greater and loftier purpose of serving our fellow-men. Then indeed shall we become the standard-bearers of that altruism, for which America already stands foremost among the nations of the earth. May it be the aim of every student in the Bay View High School to acquire as much true education as possible, and throughout life to convert it into a force for the promotion of the welfare of humanity. May that be the guiding spirit that animates us during our presence in this school, as well as upon our journey through life.

G. A. Fritsche

G. A. Fritsche

Miss Ziegler Miss Watson Miss Pierson

The English Department

IN THE BELIEF that fairly adequate verbal expression is within the reach of all, the high school course in English is planned to give students the ability to express their thoughts clearly in speech and in writing. To this end, during the first two years emphasis is laid on grammar and the mechanics of writing, and throughout the four years, students are trained to develop their powers of self-expression.

In addition to this, however, they are given carefully supervised reading, and are encouraged to enjoy the realm of the imagination opened to them through an acquaintance with the great writers of the past and the present. Some of this reading is done largely for pleasure; some is the subject of intensive study. From short, simple, narrative prose and poetry they pass to such classics as *The Odyssey, Midsummer Night's Dream, Silas*

Mr. Weihe Miss Roberts Miss Calvert Mr. Hill

Mrs. Radke | Miss Zarling | Miss Lane | Miss Evans

Marner, The Lady of the Lake, and The Tale of Two Cities. These, in turn, are followed by a course of reading which aims to inculcate such American ideals as good sportsmanship, initiative, equality, and consecration to the service of humanity. A study of the short story and the essay precedes a survey of early and modern American literature; and this yields, in the fourth year, to a definite approach to the study of English literature, particularly that of the eighteenth and the nineteeth century.

This ample reading, combined with training in speech and writing, develops, in the course of time, correct habits which are not repressive; and with the increasing understanding of the meaning of the printed page, there comes, through appreciation of the thought of others, a stimulus to original thinking and that unique pleasure born of the consciousness of mental growth.

English Class in Session

Miss Troeger | Mr. Korn | Mr. Johnson | Miss Sennett

The History Department

THE STUDENT OF HISTORY believes that knowledge of social, political, and economic problems of life can be obtained only by studying these same problems that have confronted man throughout the ages.

The Ancient and Medieval History Courses attempt to present a picture of the life problems of the nations that have laid the foundation of our modern civilization. Modern European and American History tell the story of the progress that has been made in solving these problems by the leading nations of the world today.

If the student of history is able to retain a "little knowledge" from these courses offered in the high school, he will be able to solve some of the present day problems in the light of the past.

The history courses aim, therefore, to help the student to develop a critical attitude toward existing conditions; to make him realize that progress in the history of man's social, political, and economic problems has taken place and continues to take place even more rapidly today than during any of the previous ages of history.

Modern History | Mr. H. E. Smith | Social Problems

Mr. Straube | Miss Helff | Miss Duggan | Miss Haug

The Foreign Language Department

THE CLAIM for the importance of Latin rests on the basis that our own language and some of our customs are largely a Roman inheritance. To get a first-hand knowledge of that Roman civilization which has moulded modern civilization is an important reason for the study of Latin. In the Latin language we find a better understanding of our own language, training in thought and expression, and the foundation of most principal modern languages.

Modern languages are the key to the future plans of our students. German, French, or Spanish will be indispensable for the student of history, science, medicine, or law. Commercial students with a knowledge of one or more foreign languages will have greater chances for obtaining leading positions in first-class business concerns in this modern era of international commercial intercourse. The knowledge of foreign languages is a source of general education and recreation, a powerful aid in reading ancient and modern classics, and in traveling.

Spanish Class

Miss Kieckhefer Miss Welsh Miss Jameson Miss Rossiter

The Mathematics Department

ONE OFTEN HEARS the saying, "Talk is cheap; it is figures that count". With this in mind we wish to emphasize the importance of a thorough training in mathematics. This is offered in the four year course presented at Bay View High School. No matter what life-work one follows, one will find that the science of mathematics has offered the best training that one can secure to meet the problems of life.

Students will be everlastingly grateful for the ability this department develops to interpret the graphical presentation of data, to arrange facts in a logical manner so as to arrive at an incontestable proof, to appreciate the perfection to be found in all design and architecture, and lastly, to be precise and concise in statement of fact.

New equipment enables the department to offer instruction in surveying, thus making it equal to that in any secondary school in the country.

Trigonometry Mr. Crawford Geometry

Mr. Sawyer | Mr. Kyper | Mr. Gillo | Mr. Morris

The Science Department

MANKIND has always been curious. People have never ceased to wonder. The stars are still objects of wonder even though we know exactly what they are. Our ancestors, however, did not know. They made up stories to explain all about them. Only the queer and odd paid no attention to these myths. Their lot was not easy; people laughed at them; they were even put to death.

Today these people are known as scientists. In the Bay View High School there is a Science Department. Here we strive to make the pupil curious. We want him to wonder. We then guide him in forming his conclusion. The pupil learns to do by doing in our excellent laboratories.

The Spirit of Bay View is to give Service. The youth of Bay View may come to the Science Department of our school and gain a background of scientific lore that will equip him for a full and useful life of service to his fellow man, if he will but do his share.

Physics | Miss Ross | Chemistry

Mr. Coubal Mr. Costello Mr. Osterndorf Mr. Williams

The Commercial Department

"Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the state, servants of fame, and servants of business."

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT of a modern high school is of great importance to the business of the community, the city, and the state; for the business wheels of the future will revolve about those students who have been trained commercially. Taking the comparatively undeveloped youth and fitting him, in the course of four years' training, into an efficient, alert, dependable, and tactful stenographer, junior accountant, typist, secretary, bookkeeper, or office assistant is the goal for which it functions.

The student is not plunged directly into an intensified study of commercialism. The department is divided into two sections: the elementary and the advanced. In the former, the student becomes acquainted with a rudimentary knowledge of business requirements. Commercial arithmetic,

Miss Apel Miss O'Callaghan Miss Albert Miss Vrana

Miss Hansen Miss Bersch Miss Schlueter Miss Oelhafen

spelling, penmanship, business forms, and commercial geography comprise the foundations for the advanced subjects of bookkeeping, economics, salesmanship, stenography, accounting, office practice, and business law. The classrooms for these subjects are, in most cases, model offices where the student is surrounded by an atmosphere of activity and personal reliance. Splendidly equipped commercial laboratories possessing the latest model typewriters, calculating, bookkeeping, and listing machines, filing outfits, check writers, mimeographs, and an Ediphone make the setting as nearly like a business office as is possible.

A very complete commercial library contains the most recent office reference and economic textbooks, industrial exhibits, and a projecting machine for the illustration of commercial lectures. A phonograph with specially planned records is used in the beginner's typewriting room to facilitate speed and rhythm.

A study of the theoretical, and the practical application of it, form, altogether, the entire work of the department. Every effort is made to produce worthy representatives of the Commercial Department.

Calculation Mr. J. J. Smith Dictation

Mr. Berg Mr. Lorentz Mr. Barta Mr. Weller

The Manual Arts Department

THE MANUAL ARTS COURSES enable the student to learn by doing. The several branches of woodworking and finishing, metal working, and mechanical drawing are well equippend with modern tools, machinery, and appliances. Factory trips and motion pictures supplement the regular work.

In bench woodworking and wood-turning the student, through the use of tools, acquires skill, resourcefulness, and a sense of proportion of mass and contour. Metal-working, in iron and steel, includes work on a screw-cutting lathe, forging, and tempering. Cabinet-making acquaints the student with design, general mill-room practice, and the complete use of power driven, wood-working machinery. Mechanical drawing is taught throughout the four years, and correlates with all shop work. It is a universal shop language, understood by engineer and workman, the real beginning of towering skyscrapers or huge engines.

Mechanical Drawing Class

Miss Suckow Miss Snow

The Household Arts Department

IT IS THE AIM of the Household Arts Department not only to prepare girls to become future home makers, but also to train them to be more useful, contented, and appreciative members of their home and the community.

The food courses, by a study of the composition and preparation of foods, the essentials of an adequate diet, and the relation of foods to health and physical development, enable the girls to select their food wisely and to form good health habits, besides making it possible for them to plan intelligently for the feeding of the family. The course also aims to create a higher standard of home life, to train for worthy home membership, and to develop an ability to systematize routine duties.

Likewise, the clothing course, besides teaching simple construction of garments, teaches the girls how to buy more wisely, by developing an ability to judge qualities, to become more discriminating in taste, and to care for articles after purchasing.

A Class in Cookery

Miss Miller

Mr. Niefer

The Fine Arts Department

MUSIC and art are the means by which the finer feelings may best be expressed. To teach these arts, then, is to develop the soul, and for this reason they have been looked upon by schools as excellent studies for expressing individuality.

The teaching of music in the high school provides adequate training for those who wish to make music a profession. Our department offers classes in harmony, theory, appreciation and history of music, and also sponsors the band, orchestra, and glee club.

The aim of the art course is to enrich the lives of the pupils with the refining influence of art in all things—the home, dress, parks, public buildings—thereby raising the level of community citizenship. It sets up standards which will act as guides in choices involving color, design, appropriateness. It equips the individual with a possible and positive means for the enjoyment of leisure, and also discovers and encourages the child of special ability.

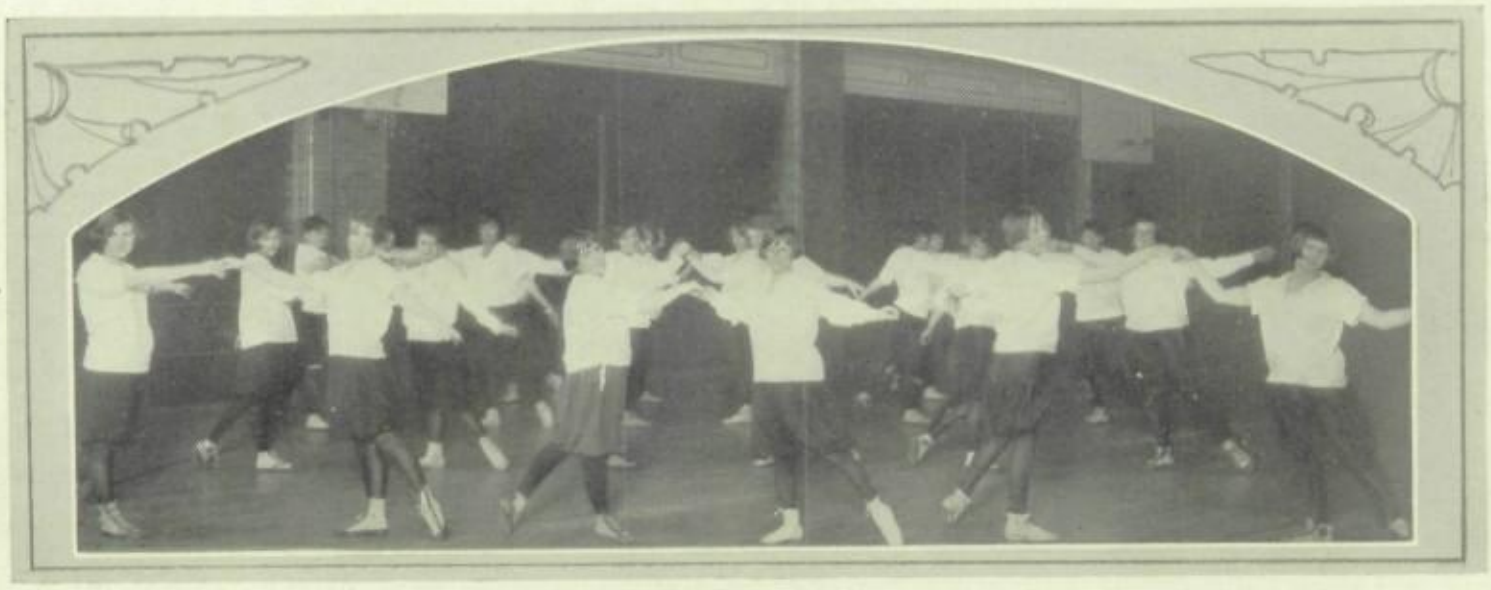
Free-Hand Drawing Class

Mr. Kevin | Miss Statz | Miss Pammel | Mr. Royal

Physical Training

SINCE the Great War, when the physical unfitness of the American people was so vividly made manifest, the nation through the pressure of public opinion and through legislation has made physical training practically compulsory in most of the schools in the country. Consequently, the new Bay View High School has two fully equipped gymnasiums and two sanitary swimming pools.

Organized exercise and play develop skill, courage, strength, and speed of eye and body. Swimming is the best of exercise, giving the greatest symmetrical development for the least degree of strain and expended energy. The overcoming of fear of the water, the learning of a sport that can be enjoyed in later years, and the gaining of ability to save lives are a few other important benefits derived. Through physical training will be developed a coordination between mind and muscle, which will give grace, poise, and a body able to carry out the dictates of the mind.



Girls' Physical Training Class

Miss Grob

Miss Wittig

The Library

"Books, as we know,
Are a substantial world."

ON the second floor, where it is easily accessible to all, we find the Bay View High School Library, which serves both faculty and students as a source of material for reference and collateral reading. This is its prime purpose, as it supplements the material found in the text books.

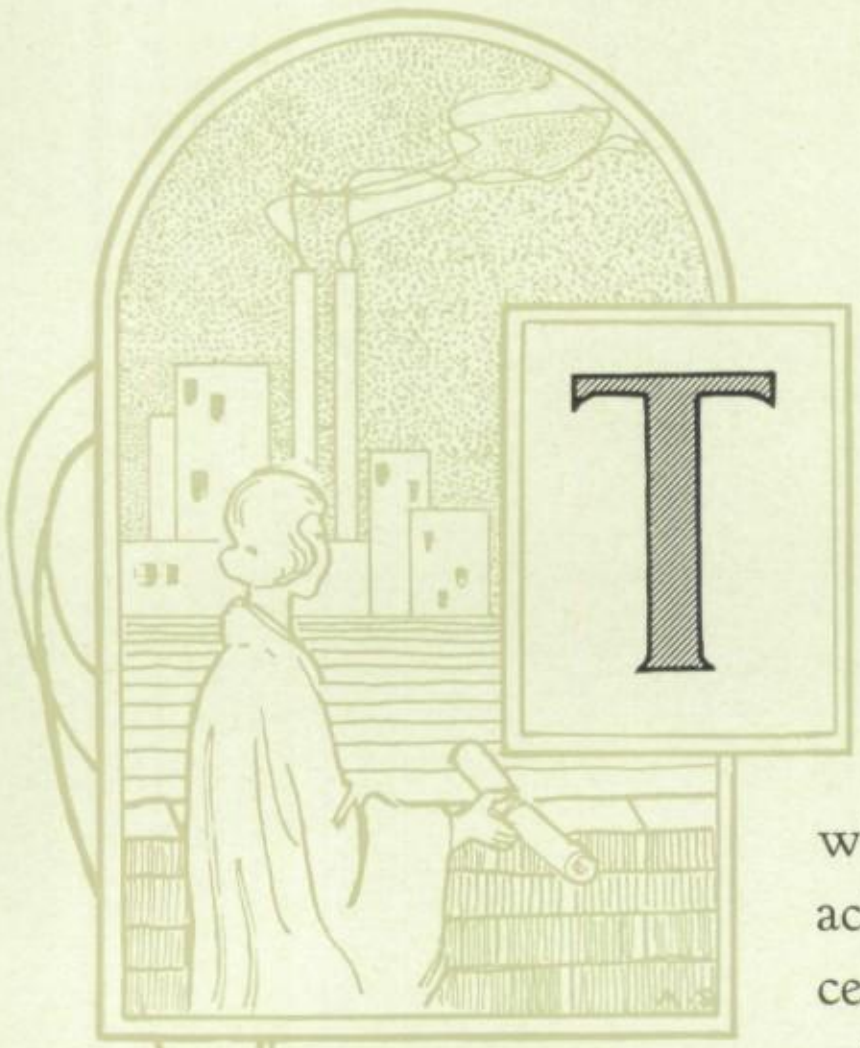
Since its establishment in the new building in 1922, the library boasts an increase of 4265 volumes, 82 new subscriptions to periodicals, and constantly growing pamphlet, picture, and map files. In consequence, statistics show an increase in the use of the library as well as in the content, and we find that the circulation has increased at an approximate rate of 10,000 per school year.

Truly, then, if "books, as we know, are a substantial world", Bay View High School is well equipped, as its library is one of its essential features.

The Library

ADVENTURE

SENIORS



Adventure

THE RADIANT LIGHT of adventure is constantly piercing the protecting cloud of school life that shields us from the outside world. It brings with it hints of glorious achievements, of glowing successes. It is that alluring ray which the senior will follow into the world. In his step is the lithesomeness of the unconquered; in his eye, the gleam of immeasurable hope. He dreams of the fulfillment of vague, will-o'-the-wisp desires. His hope for the future, his unquenchable buoyancy, his love of adventure, together with the tempering quality of vision --- that quality which will make him choose his adventure wisely, and which will guide him in the fulfilling of his dreams --- will gain for him his ultimate goal in the Great Adventure called Life.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

W. C. Knoelk

Entrance March—Athalia ..... Mendelssohn
Orchestra Selection ..... Bay View High School Orchestra
Address of Welcome ..... Joseph B. Swiderski
Piano Solo ..... Margaret A. Stueber
Essay—The Spirit of Bay View ..... Harry A. Karl
Music—a) To a Wild Rose ..... Mac Dowell
b) In Pillow Town ..... Elliott

Girls' Glee Club

Presentation of Class Memorial ..... Theo P. Otjen
Acceptance of Class Memorial ..... Isabelle E. Boinski
Violin Solo ..... Lavern A. Goetzinger

Accompanist—Dorothy E. Kramer

Commencement Address ..... Mr. William C. Knoelk

Assistant Superintendent of Schools

Award of Honors and Presentation of Diplomas.
Exit March ..... Bay View High School Orchestra

Reception in Gymnasium

J. Swiderski H. Karl M. Stueber L. Goetzinger T. Otjen

H. Karl J. Swiderski I. Haushalter T. Otjen L. Hautz

Honor Students

SCHOLARSHIP AND SERVICE! These two ideals, when closely intertwined, constitute the basis upon which Bay View chooses her honor students. In the Class of 1926, twelve students were awarded medals for service and scholarship.

The Bay View Advancement Association medal, which symbolizes achievement and merit, was awarded to Harry Karl and also to Joseph Swiderski, rivals for honors since grade school days. This is the first time in the history of our school that this medal has been awarded to more than one student.

The "W" Club medal, which symbolizes ability in both scholarship and athletics, was awarded to Theo Otjen, captain of the 1926 track team.

Bay View High School medals were awarded as follows: gold medal—Irma Haushalter,Lawrence Hautz; silver medal—Betty Burd, Dorothy Mangold, Esther Siebert, Donald D. Hickman; bronze medal— Ruth Hyde, Alice Schumacher, La June Plennes.

D. Mangold E. Siebert B. Burd D. D. Hickman

FEBRUARY CLASS-1926

February Graduates

CAMILLA M. BAXTER....."Camilla"
From Mound Street School.
English Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table; "Daddy Long Legs"; "The Boomerang".
Great Adventure: To be an actress.
"Why don't the men propose, my dear?
Why don't the men propose?"

LUCY B. BECKER....."Bobby"
From Sacred Heart School.
Stenographic Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club.
Great Adventure: To be an office girl.
Joy-in-Life: Reprimanding under-classmen.
"A girl wearing blue
Should always be true."

WALTER P. BEHLENDORF....."Fritz"
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Secretary '24; Radio Club; Round Table; Senior Class Commission '26; Oracle, Bookkeeper '23, '24, '25.
Great Adventure: To be an efficient bookkeeper.
"He plays in the garden of pleasure,
But harks at duty's call."

FREDRICK W. BEHLING....."Fred"
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Joy-in-Life: Collecting absence sheets.
"Stately and tall, he moves through the hall,
The chief of a thousand for grace."

GERTRUDE G. BROCKEL....."Gert"
From Mound Street School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club, Treasurer '24; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Organization Staff '24, '25.
Great Adventure: To have "Jack" a member of the family.
"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

February Graduates

MABEL E. CHRISTOFFERSEN....."Mibbs"

From Dover Street School.

English Course.

Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Local Reporter '25.

Great Adventure: To convince everyone that black is white.

Joy-in-Life: Arguing.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or will
To turn the current of this woman's will."

ALICE C. EDWARDS....."Al"

From Dover Street School.

Science Course.

Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table; Oracle, Local Staff '24, '25; Humor Staff '25.

Joy-in-Life: Talking.

"Corridors were made to walk in,
Not for maids to talk in."

WALTER FRANKWICZ....."Chubby"

From Lincoln High School.

Elective Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club.

Great Adventure: To impart some of his knowledge to others.

Joy-in-Life: Hustling to his classes.

"From the table of his memory
He'll never wipe away all books."

FRANCES G. GRESA....."Fran"

From South Division High School.

Elective Course.

Glee Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.

Great Adventure: To be the head saleslady at Chapman's.

Joy-in-Life: Entering contests.

"She always gets her lessons—
An idea which isn't a bad one, after all."

RUTH M. HYDE....."Ruth-Mary"

From Mound Street School.

English Course.

Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club, President '25; Round Table; Senior Class Commission; "The Boomerang"; Oracle, Bill Clerk '25; Bronze Medal.

Joy-in-Life: Calling the Girls' Club to order.

"Though on pleasure she is bent,
She hath a wondrous mind."

February Graduates

ALPHONSE J. KRUEGER....."Al"
From St. Augustine's School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Mailing Clerk '25.
Great Adventure: To be a hermit.
Joy-in-Life: Keeping quiet.

"'Actions speak louder than words,'
That's the reason 'Al's' seldom heard."

AUGUSTA KUTNYAK....."Gusta"
From Tippecanoe School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a hairdresser.
Joy-in-Life: Reciting.

"Good scholarship—
Why, that's her middle name."

LEONA E. KUTZ....."Leona"
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Bill Clerk '25.
Joy-in-Life: Keeping silent.

"Words are like leaves; and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

JACOB J. LEVIN....."Jake"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Booster Club.
Joy-in-Life: Getting 90 in all subjects.

"Oh, bed! Oh, bed! Delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head."

ISABEL S. MARKLAND....."Sara"
From Trowbridge Street School.
English Course.
Girls' Club, Secretary '25; Dramatic Club; Round Table; "The Boomerang"; Declamatory Contest '22; Oracle, Advertising Solicitor '24.
Great Adventure: To be an elocutionist.
Joy-in-Life: Acting.

"She plays away our sorrows,
And plays away our care."

February Graduates

RUTH L. McCALL....."Mac"
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Humor Staff '23, Literary Staff '24.
Great Adventure: Getting the shorthand speed record.
Joy-in-Life: Being happy-go-lucky.

"Happy-go-lucky, fair, and free,
Nothing there is that bothers thee."

RUTH T. MEREDITH....."Ruth"
From Mound Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club, Treasurer '24, '25; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Dancing with Orville.

"None knew thee, but to love thee;
Nor named thee, but to praise."

LORETTA E. NIEMANN....."Loretta"
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Talking about her latest.

"Full of fun, and mischief, too,
Doing things she shouldn't do."

MILDRED A. OLSON....."Milly"
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Art Staff '24, '25.
Great Adventure: To be tennis champion.
Joy-in-Life: Participating in athletics.

"A creature, not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food."

DOROTHY E. PETROWSKY....."Dorth'
From Tippecanoe School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To know all present day history problems.
Joy-in-Life: Looking for "Mugs."

"Oh, Solitude! Where are thy charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?"

February Graduates

RUTH PILLAR.....“Ruth”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Round Table; Oracle Story Contest ’25, first place Oracle Story Contest ’26.
Great Adventure: To be a novelist.
Joy-in-Life: Writing stories for the Oracle.

“Study is her second name;
Why can’t we all have the same?”

LA JUNE G. PLENNES.....“Shorty”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table; Bronze Medal.
Joy-in-Life: Pleasing everyone.

“Mild are her manners, and gentle is her heart,
She always pleases by doing her part.”

LOUIS F. POLCZYNSKI.....“Louie”
From Central Continuation School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club.
Great Adventure: To be the head of a firm.
Joy-in-Life: Being the history shark.

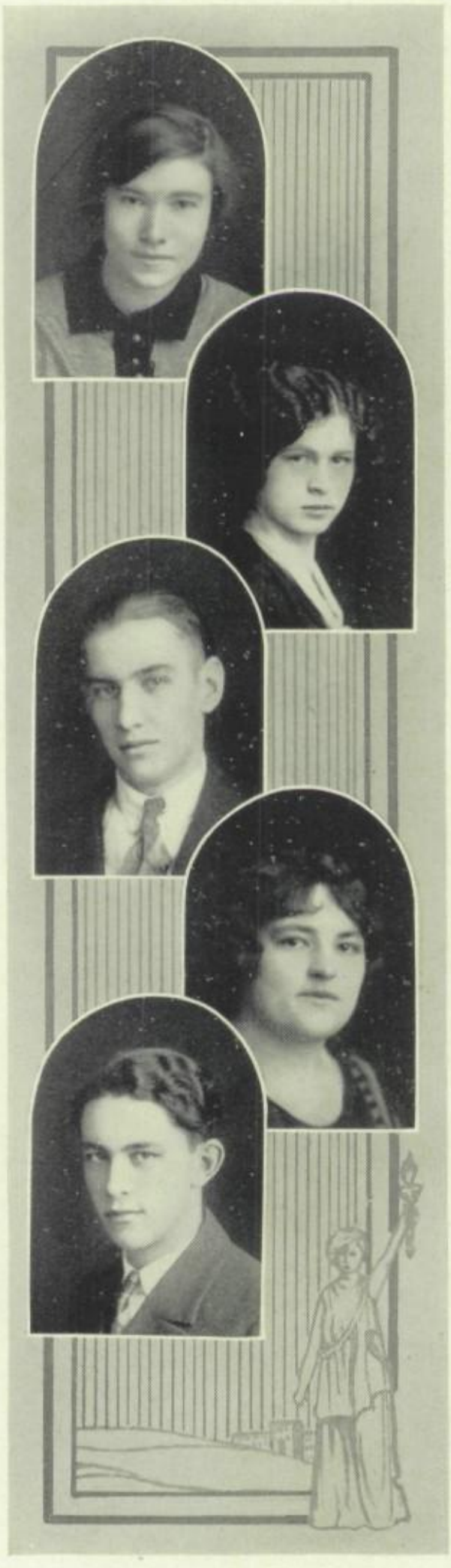
“A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.”

MYRTLE L. POSSELL.....“Myrt”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table; Oracle, Bill Clerk ’25, ’26.
Joy-in-Life: Helping Ruth.

“The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.”

EDWARD A. SCHNEIDEWIND.....“Ed”
From Dover Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys’ Club; Class Commission; Football ’23, ’24.
Great Adventure: To be a business man.
Joy-in-Life: Watching his change at the Bookstore.

“Happy am I, from care I’m free!
Why aren’t they all contented like me?”



February Graduates

IRMA SCHROETER.....“Irma”
From New Coeln School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To have a farm all her own.
Joy-in-Life: Being a good listener.

“Serene and calm, and very sweet,
But then, you know, ‘still waters run deep.”

HENRIETTA E. SHANNON.....“Hank”
From Mound Street School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club, Secretary ’24; Dramatic Club; Round Table; Booster Club; “Daddy Long Legs”; “The Boomerang”.
Great Adventure: To patent her smile.
Joy-in-Life: Trying to make others believe she isn’t Irish.

“Always talking, never still,
So through life she goes.”

MARGARET A. STUEBER.....“Margie”
From Lincoln Junior High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Orchestra; Round Table; third place Junior Story Contest ’24; Commencement Program.
Great Adventure: To rival Paderewski.

“Music in her fingers, rhythm in her toes;
She can make music wherever she goes.”

MARGARET C. TETZLAFF.....“Marg”
From South Division High School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
are always heard.

“Although quiet and calm is this classmate,
She does not leave her work to fate.”

GRACE E. WRAATZ.....“Gracie”
From Tulsa, Oklahoma, High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To go back to Tulsa.
Joy-in-Life. Dreaming of other days.

“Quietly she wends her way,
Doing kindnesses every day.”

W. Behlendorf R. Hyde E. Schneidewind

Senior Class Commission

THE SPIRIT OF BAY VIEW speaks through the *Oracle!* The tenth Spirit of Bay View waved her wand and hastened Time in his flight, the occasion for electing a senior class commission rapidly drew near. Then this sturdy class, with visionary outlook, set about to determine who would be capable of guiding a body of more than one hundred students through various undertakings.

The Spirit of Bay View counseled wisely and students of recognized leadership and vision were selected as honorary commissioners for the Class of 1926.

The February Class Commission: Ruth Hyde, Edward Schneidewind, and Walter Behlendorf.

The June Class Commission: Edith Reichhardt, Lawrence Hautz, Donald D. Hickman, Theo. Otjen, and Arthur Strassman.

The graduating class this year has the honor of being the first to attend school at our "Castle on the Hill" for four full years. What glorious years they have been!

A. Strassman L. Hautz E Reichhardt D. D. Hickman T. Otjen

JUNE 1926 GRADUATES

June Graduates

THERESA M. ADAMEK....."Tweedy"
From North Division High School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Latin Club, Praetor '24; Round Table; Oracle, Organization Staff '25, '26; Senior Editor.
Great Adventure: To be able to keep quiet.
Joy-in-Life: Being heard everywhere.

"A merry smile for everyone,
A rippling laugh so full of fun."

EDWARD ANDREWS ....."Eddie"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Football, Emblem.
Great Adventure: To know Latin as well as his instructor.
Joy-in-Life: Being in a freshman home room.

"And who would not say,
Blessed is the man who invented sleep?"

RALPH A. ANDRZEJEWSKI ....."Ralph"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Booster Club; Track '26.
Great Adventure: To patent his swagger.
Joy-in-Life: Being a modern Beau Brummel.

"But 'twas a maxim he had often tried,
That right was right and there he would abide."

SALLY ARMBRUSTER ....."Sally"
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club, Vice-President '25; Dramatic Club; Round Table; Secretary '25; Oracle, Advertising Solicitor '24, Literary Staff '25; Booster Club.
Great Adventure: To set the styles for girls.
Joy-in-Life: Smiling at "Buck."

"What's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head?"

June Graduates

GERALDINE H. BERGMANN....."Jerry"
From Hanover Street School.
Elective Course.
Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a good cook.
Joy-in-Life: Singing in the Glee Club.
"Oh, how she longs for the day to come,
When she can cook for some dear one."

DAVID J. BESSEY....."Jim"
From Thompson Avenue School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Advertising Staff.
Great Adventure: To be an all-around man.
Joy-in-Life: Running in and out of St. Francis.
"Concern yourself with but today,
Grasp it and teach it to obey."

JOHN BEYERSTED ....."Jack"
From Washington High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Science Club.
Great Adventure: To go out to the wild and woolly west in an antique "flivver."
Joy-in-Life: Playing basketball.
"Jack thinks mostly of the Golden West,
Where his heart at last will be at rest."

MARGARET M. BLANTZ....."Margie"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table; "Icebound".
Great Adventure: To be a school ma'am.
Joy-in-Life: Talking.
"What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while."

MARY M. BLANTZ....."Red"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To get even with those who call her "Red".
Joy-in-Life: Making others wait.
"She hath a merry tongue—forsooth."

June Graduates

ALFRED E. BRANDT.....“Al”

From St. Lucas' School.

Accounting Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '25; Dramatic Club; Orchestra; Round Table; “The Boomerang”; Football '24, '25; Emblem '25; Track '23, '24, '25, '26; Emblem '26.

Great Adventure: To settle down with “Adele”.

“If she undervalues him,
What cares he how fair he be?”

IRENE M. BRZOSTEK.....“Iky”

From Greenbush Street School.

English Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.

Great Adventure: To change that unpronounceable name.

“A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet.”

BETTY M. BURD.....“Betty”

From Trowbridge Street School.

Latin Course.

Dramatic Club; Girls' Club, Vice-President '25; Latin Club, Secretary '24; Round Table; Oracle, Humor Editor '25, '26; “Icebound”; Silver Medal.

Great Adventure: To belong to a sorority.

“This is no fit place for me;
Heaven is my home.”

ROSE M. CHERTWEZNIK.....“Rosie”

From Sacred Heart School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.

Great Adventure: To make “him” happy.

Joy-in-Life: Being with “Bunny”.

“A rose in life's garden of girls.”

SYLVIA C. DAEHN.....“Sylvia”

From Immaculate Conception School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table; Oracle, Local Staff '25, '26; Assistant Stenographer '25, Stenographer '26, Assistant Senior Class Editor.

Joy-in-Life: Working in the Oracle Office.

“To be efficient in a quiet way,
Is her aim throughout each day.”

June Graduates

LOUIS G. DE GRACE.....“Louie”
From St. Matthew’s School.
English Course.
Boys’ Club; Round Table; Oracle, Humor ’25, ’26, Literary ’25, ’26.
Great Adventure: To be a man of affairs.
Joy-in-Life: Saying “All aboard.”
“Most people are seen,
But ‘Louie’ is always heard.”

SYLVIA C. DERSINSKI.....“Cecelia”
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club; Round Table; Oracle, Assistant Stenographer ’25, Stenographer ’26, Local Staff ’25.
Joy-in-Life: Blushing when teased.
“Her life is a revolving dream,
Of languid and sequestered ease.”

MARYANNA B. DOBLESKA.....*“Marion”*
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Girls’ Club; Glee Club; Round Table; Art Staff.
Great Adventure: To be a great artist.
Joy-in-Life: Being monitor in East.
“A flattering artist who made it her care,
To paint men as they ought to be, not as they are.”

RUTH E. EGLE.....“Ruthie”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls’ Club, Sergeant-at-Arms ’25; Glee Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a good housewife.
Joy-in-Life: Arguing.
“Try to argue if you can,
For she can beat any man.”

RUTH K. EIMERMAN.....“Ruthie”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Girls’ Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table; “Daddy Long Legs”; Local Staff.
Great Adventure: To be able to be understood.
Joy-in-Life: Talking to “Corinne.”
“Now teasing, now vexing,
And surely always perplexing.”

June Graduates

ALBERT W. ESTES.....“Al”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Mathematics Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club.
Great Adventure: To set the world's record of silence.
Joy-in-Life: Being “mum”.
“He felt right at home among books.”

HELENE F. EVENSON.....“Helen”
From Luxemburg High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club.
Great Adventure: To be a shorthand teacher.
Joy-in-Life: Typing.
“Oh, but her fingers can surely fly
Over the keys of the typewriter.”

FRIEDA E. FELBER.....“Fritzie”
From Humboldt Park School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To join the housewives' club.
Joy-in-Life: Talking to “Chet”.
“A little work, a little play,
To keep us going every day.”

VICTOR H. FIELDS.....“Vic”
From Dover Street School.
English Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club; Football '23, '24, '25, Emblem '24, '25; Track '23, Emblem '23, '26.
Great Adventure: To administer unto the sick.
Joy-in-Life: “Charlestoning”.
“Doctor, merchant, lawyer, chief,
Guess I'll be a doctor.”

MILTON E. FLINT.....“Milt”
From Second Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Newsboys' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To win that doctor's daughter.
Joy-in-Life: Keeping company with books.
“Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep.”

June Graduates

RUTH L. FLINT....."Ruthie"
From Second Avenue School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To grow taller.
Joy-in-Life: Dancing.
"The smiles that dance in her eyes
Are like the sunbeams on the sea."

ELMER H. GATZ....."Gatz"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Secretary '25.
Great Adventure: To own a theater.
Joy-in-Life: Being usher at the "Lake".
"His noble negligence teaches
What other souls despair to reach."

CHESTER F. GELHAR....."Chet"
From St. Anthony's School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To rise to fame.
Joy-in-Life: Blushing.
"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will."

HARVEY C. GLASFORD....."Glass"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To own a beauty shoppe.
Joy-in-Life: Raising a mustache.
"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth a world without a name."

LAVERN A. GOETZINGER....."Lavern"
From La Crosse High School.
English Course.
Boys' Club; Orchestra; Commencement Program.
Great Adventure: To rival Heifetz.
Joy-in-Life: Coming to school only mornings.
"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory."

June Graduates

LORRAINE A. GREEN....."Bunny"

From Sacred Heart School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.

Joy-in-Life: Chewing gum.

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

ROY GRIGG ....."Roy"

From Wauwatosa High School.

Elective Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club.

Great Adventure: To embark on the ship of success.

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mine of phrases in his brain."

GLADYS H. HARRINGTON....."Gladie"

From Trowbridge Street School.

English Course.

Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table; "Daddy Long Legs"; "Icebound"; Declamatory Contest '23, '26; Oracle, Humor Staff '23.

Great Adventure: To be an elocutionist.

"You'd scarce expect one of her age
To speak in public on the stage."

IRMA L. HAUSHALTER....."Wah Wah"

From Dover Street School.

English Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Oracle, Literary Staff '24, '25, '26, Assistant Stenographer '25, Office Manager '25, '26; Gold Medal.

Joy-in-Life: Being with "Irene".

"Her happy disposition will bring her joy some day."

LAWRENCE HAUTZ ....."Laurie"

From Dover Street School.

Elective Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Treasurer '25; Latin Club, Praetor '25; Radio Club; Round Table, Sergeant-at-Arms '24, Vice-President '25; Booster Club; Cheer Leader '24, '25; Oracle, Advertising Solicitor '24, Advertising Manager '25, Business Manager '25, '26; Gold Medal.

"He could relate, orate, debate,
We'll expect him soon to stump the state."

June Graduates

VIOLET R. HAVEY.....“Vi”

From Tippecanoe School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '25, '26; Round Table; Oracle, Bill Clerk '25, '26; Organization Staff '26; Stenographer '26; Booster Club.

Great Adventure: To be champion volley-ball player.

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye.”

MARGARET C. HAWKINS.....“Peg”

From St. John's Cathedral School.

English Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club, Secretary '25; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Booster Club.

Joy-in-Life: Being with “Frannie”.

“Friendly toward all with manner sweet,
The kind of girl you like to meet.”

THEODORE A. HELLER.....“Ted”

From Milwaukee County School of Agriculture.

Science Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Radio Club.

Joy-in-Life: Teasing the girls.

“He was of stature rather tall,
And would grace most any hall.”

LIBBY D. HERRO.....“Lee”

From Windlake Avenue School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.

Great Adventure: To be champion typist of the world.

Joy-in-Life: Being demure.

“She had no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a life like ours.”

DONALD B. HICKMAN.....“Don”

From Mound Street School.

Science Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Science Club, Council; Oracle, Organization Staff '24; Football '24, '25.

Joy-in-Life: Sitting near his “girl”.

“In life's earnest battle they only prevail,
Who daily march onward and never say fail.”

June Graduates

DONALD D. HICKMAN....."Don"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Vice-President '25; Dramatic Club, Vice-President '26; Round Table, President '25, '26; Class History; Silver Medal.
Great Adventure: To be a leader among men.
Joy-in-Life: Being bashful.

"His mind to him a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein he finds."

WALTER H. HINTZ....."Wally"
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Radio Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: To be free from care.

"Life's no better if we worry,
Life's no longer if we hurry."

GEORGE HORAITIS ....."Bridgetender"
From Park Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Track '25, '26; Cross Country '24, '25; Emblem '25.
Great Adventure: To add a volume to Webster.

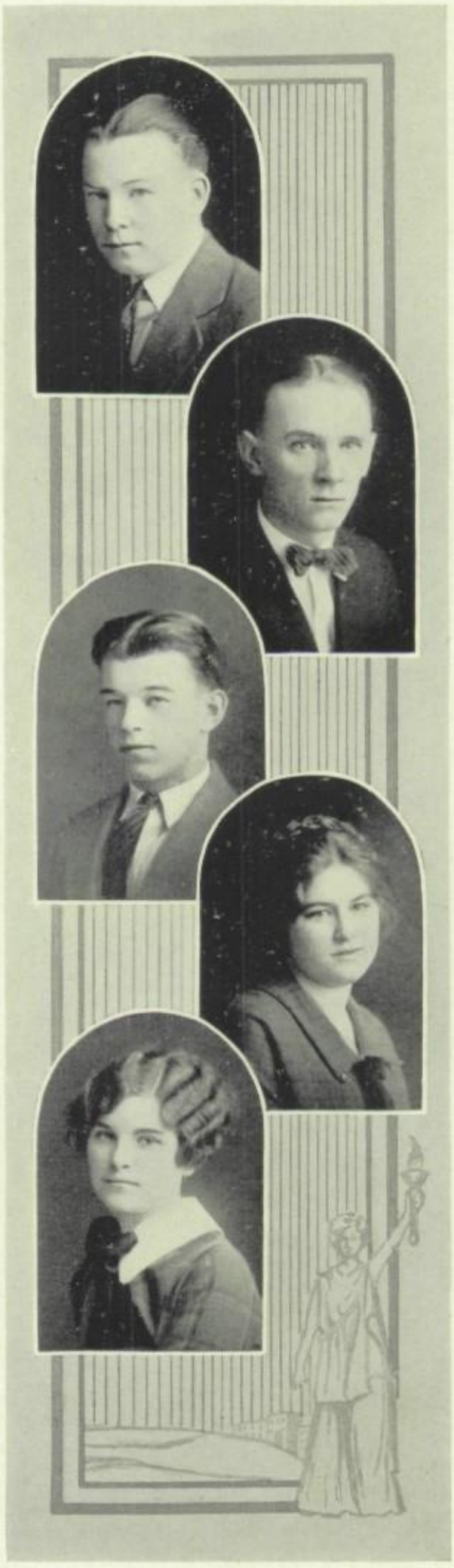
"And don't confound the language of the nation
With long words in 'osity' and 'ation.'"

RUTH A. HOWELL....."Ruth"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a capable teacher.
Joy-in-Life: Waiting for "Esther".

"Men may come and men may go,
But she goes on forever."

ESTHER V. HUMMEL....."Esther"
From Park Street School.
Accounting Course.
Girls' Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Being as still as a mouse.

"Those about her
From her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."



June Graduates

JOSEPH H. IGNOWSKI....."Joe"
From St. John Kanty's School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Radio Club; Track '25, '26; Cross Country Emblem '25.
Joy-in-Life: Working on the comptometer.
"His name should be 'Comrade,'
For a good friend is he."

GORDON F. JESS....."Jentz"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Assistant Subscription Manager '24, '25, Humor Staff '23, '24; Track '24, '25, '26; Football '25.
Joy-in-Life: Distributing Oracles.
"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

ELMER M. JOHNSON....."Al"
From Fernwood School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Radio Club; Booster Club; Track Manager '24.
Great Adventure: To be a successful salesman.
"He mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth,
If he had any faults he has left us in doubt."

HARRY KARL ....."Harry"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club, Treasurer '26, Vice-President '25; Latin Club; Round Table; "Daddy Long Legs"; Declamatory Contest '23, '26; Oracle, Editor-in-Chief '26, Organization Staff '23, '24, Organization Editor '25; Football Manager '24; B. V. A. A. Medal; Commencement Program.
"He will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them."

HERBERT D. KEELER....."Keeler"
From Southeastern High School, Detroit, Michigan.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Track '24, '26; Football '24, '25, Emblem '25.
Joy-in-Life: Practising for the game.
"But there's nothing so sweet in life
As life's young dream."

June Graduates

CLAUDE A. KELNHOFER....."Claude"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Orchestra.
Great Adventure: To join a real dance orchestra.
Joy-in-Life: Playing jazz.
"Life is a jest and all things show it,
He thought so once, but now he knows it."

HAZEL M. KERNER....."Hazel"
From Second Avenue School.
Science Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Secretary '25.
Joy-in-Life: Trying to appear businesslike when secretary of the Round Table.
"She that was fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

LEROY J. KERNER....."Leroy"
From Humboldt Park School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Football Emblem '23, '24, '25, Captain '25, Track Emblem '24, '25.
Joy-in-Life: Writing themes for English VIII.
"Hurrah to our own captain,
The captain that's good and true."

MARJORIE G. KIEFER....."Marg"
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Oracle, Advertising Solicitor '24.
Great Adventure: To wear a nurse's uniform.
"A maid who was quite full of fun,
E'er her school days were begun."

EDMUND C. KITKE....."Eddie"
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table; Oracle Mailing Clerk '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To work in a postoffice.
Joy-in-Life: Being a friend to everyone.
"He is a jolly pal when things are gay,
And a patient pal when things go wrong."

June Graduates

ADELE H. KLATT....."Dell"
From St. Lucas School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To own a little home.
Joy-in-Life: Sending shy glances to "Al".

"But to see her was to love her,
Love but her and love forever."

LUELLA A. KLEVENOW ....."Lou"
From Tippecanoe School.
Elective Course.
Girls' Club; Dramatic Club.
Great Adventure: To teach the "kiddies".
Joy-in-Life: Sauntering with "Esther".

"Nor quiet nor loud nor short nor tall,
But a pleasant mingling of them all."

FREDA F. KNUTSON ....."Fritz"
From Second Avenue School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be able to conquer her fear.
Joy-in-Life: Evading Mr. Korn.

"A countenance in which doth meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

PETER M. KOWNACKI....."Pete"
From Hanover Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Track Manager '25, '26, Emblem '25.
Great Adventure: To settle "cases".
Joy-in-Life: Working.

"Faithful in least,
Faithful in much."

ALICE J. KRYZINSKI....."Alice"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Science Course.
Girls' Club; Glee Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a critic of women's clothes.
Joy-in-Life: Writing up chemistry experiments.

"Some work hard and some work not;
With the ones between she casts her lot."

June Graduates

CLEMENS R. KWAPISZEWSKI....."Clem"
From Pulaski High School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Track, Cross Country Emblem '25.
Joy-in-Life: Correcting English themes.
"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

HOWARD W. LAMBERT....."Howie"
From Humboldt Park School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Round Table, President '26; Latin Club, Lictor '23; Track '25; Cross Country Emblem '24.
Great Adventure: To live up to his ideal.
Joy-in-Life: Collecting absence sheets.
"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens."

VIRGINIA B. LAYTON....."Ginny"
From Dover Street Schooi.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Oracle, Literary Staff '23, '24, Advertising Solicitor '25, '26.
Joy-in-Life: Gettings "Ads" for the Oracle.
"'Ads,' did you say?
Ginny'll be there right away."

ANNETTE E. LEVIN....."Ann"
From North Division High School.
English Course.
Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table; Oracle, Advertising Staff '23, '25.
Joy-in-Life: Coming tardy.
"Better late than never."

WALTER W. LINDEMAN....."Lindy"
From Arsenal Technical High School.
Mathematics Course.
Boys' Club; Dramatic Club, Secretary '26; Latin Club, Treasurer '24, '25, Consul '25, '26; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To learn the meaning of "lugubrious".
Joy-in-Life: Rejoicing over the fact that Latin is the least of his worries.
"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good."

June Graduates

STANLEY L. MACIOLEK....."Snubby"
From St. Cyril and Methodious School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Radio Club.
Great Adventure: Keeping accounts.
Joy-in-Life: "Tuning in".

"If silence be the speech of love,
Then surely here is a lover of the good."

DOROTHY G. MANGOLD....."Dot"
From Mound Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Round Table, Secretary '26; Oracle, Art Assistant '23, '24, '25, Art Editor '25, '26, Literary Staff '24; Silver Medal.
Great Adventure: To be a renowned artist.

"In framing an artist, art hath decreed,
To make some good, but others to succeed."

HARVEY MANSKE ....."Harv"
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '26; Radio Club; Round Table; Football, Emblem '24, '25, Track '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To be known for his famous touchdowns.

"As a football man he's quite some star,
For a better pal you'll need to look far."

MILDRED L. MARTIN....."Milly"
From Hanover Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To have a loud voice.

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

GILBERT G. MATTHEWS....."Gil"
From Savanna Township High School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Track '26.
Great Adventure: To let others know he's there.

"To be of service rather than to be conspicuous."

June Graduates

SAMUEL M. McGINNIS....."Sam"
From Fernwood Avenue School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club, Treasurer '26; Round Table; "The Boomerang"; Track '26.
Great Adventure: To join a stock company.

"Strange to the world,
He wears a bashful look."

HAZEL G. MEDDAUGH....."Mickey"
From Second Avenue School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle Advertising Staff '23, '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To be a cookie manufacturer.

"Eat did you say?
All right, let's begin."

ARTHUR A. MIELCAREK....."Art"
From Windlake Avenue School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Round Table; Track '26.
Great Adventure: To be a chemist.
Joy-in-Life: Making "analyses".

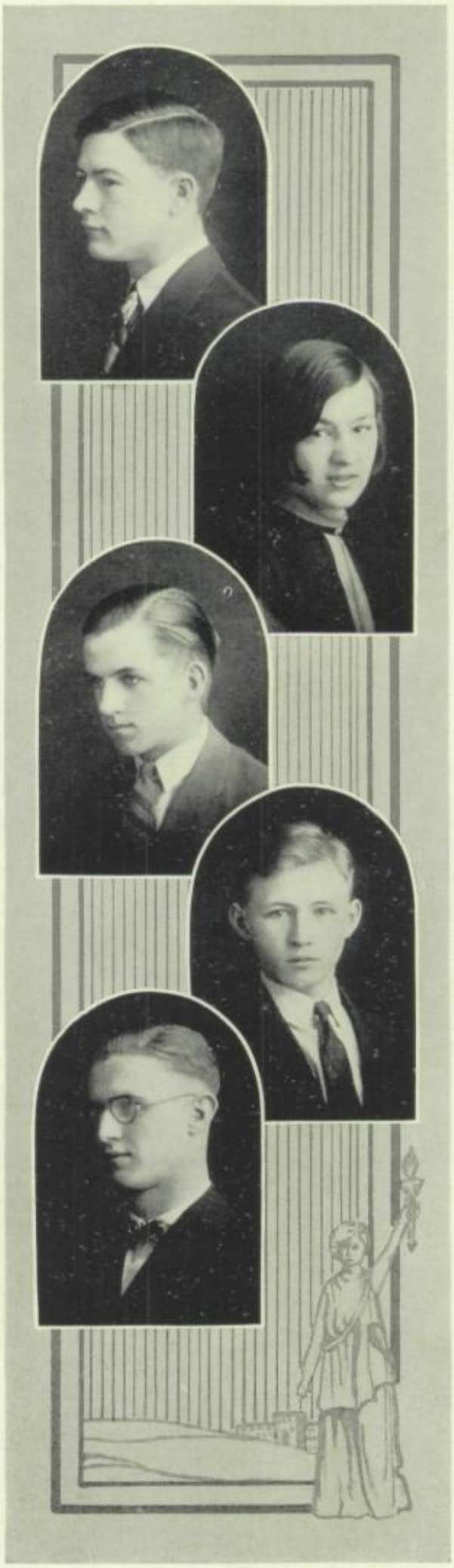
"They always win the golden day,
Who listen much and little say."

EDMUND C. MIERZWA....."Ed"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Track '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To portray Macbeth.
Joy-in-Life: Smiling.

"A friend to all;
An enemy to none."

CLARENCE C. MILLER....."Clarence"
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To build that dreamed-of home.

"We grant although he had much wit,
He was very shy in using it."



June Graduates

LENORE F. MILLER....."Jerry"
From Humboldt Park School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Being bashful.
"So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce can wish it less."

JOHN C. MOKELKE....."John"
From St. Anthony's School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To be a comedian.
Joy-in-Life: Being funny.
"Earnest in every endeavor,
A hard worker, and a good fellow."

GERTRUDE A. MORITZ....."Gert"
From St. Augustine's School.
Science Course.
Glee Club; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Having another marcel.
"Oft, when I saw her, would return
The sweetness of an olden rhyme."

HARRY H. MUEHL....."Usher"
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '25, '26; Round Table, Sergeant-at-Arms '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To be a movie producer.
"In life's earnest battle they only prevail
Who daily march onward and never say fail."

LUCILLE E. NARLOCK....."Freshie"
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To show others she isn't "Fresh".
Joy-in-Life: Doing bookkeeping.
"Charm strikes the sight,
But merit wins the soul."

June Graduates

ESTHER J. NORDBY....."Esther"
From Hanover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table; Class Will.
Great Adventure: To be a novelist.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven."

OLOF P. NORDSTROM....."Ollie"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Cross Country '21, '22, '23.
Great Adventure: To make all doors fit his stature.

"Oft he burned the midnight oil,
But not for studying."

THEO. OTJEN ....."Ted"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '24, Secretary '24, '25; Dramatic Club, Treasurer '25; Latin Club; Radio Club; Round Table, Sergeant-at-Arms '25; "Dulcy"; "The Boomerang"; Oracle, Literary Staff '23, '24, '25, '26; Football '24, '25, Emblem '25, Manager '23, Track Emblem '24, '25, '26, Captain '26; "W" Medal; Commencement Program.

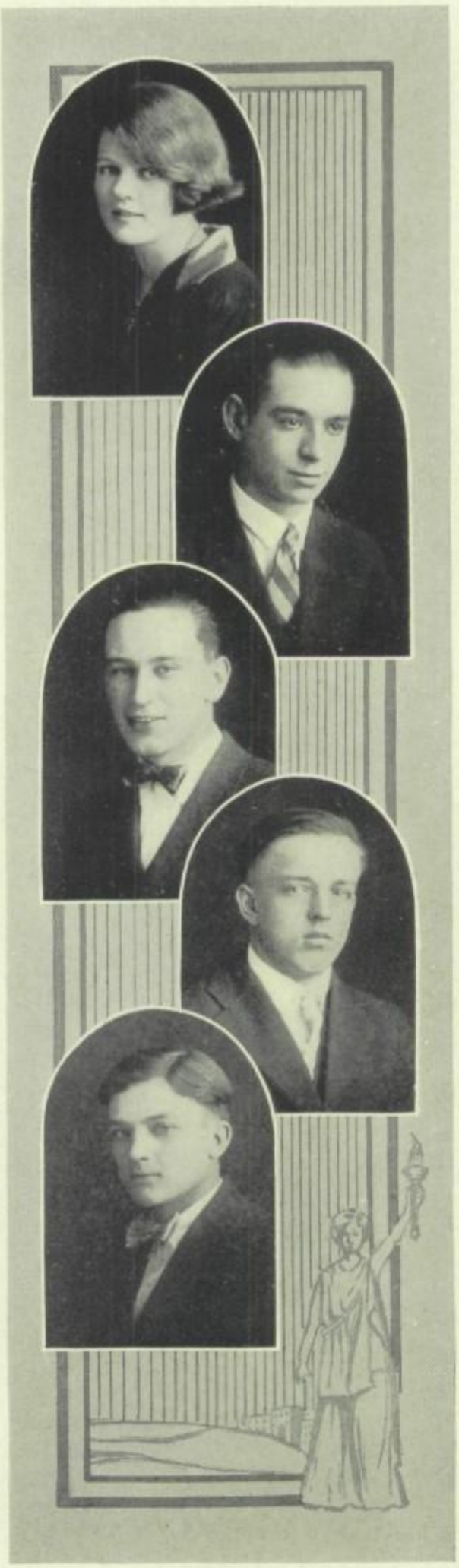
"Rather athletic, slender, and tall;
A good chum and a friend to all."

EUGENE A. PARADOWSKI....."Eugene"
From Windlake Avenue School.
English Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Track Emblem '24, '25, '26, Cross Country Emblem '23, '24, '25.
Great Adventure: To become another Nurmi.

"What would our track team be without this lad?
We shudder to think of anything so sad."

EDWARD C. PLATH....."Eddie"
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To get even with Shakespeare for writing "Hamlet".

"Oh, that this too, too deep, dull play would melt,
Thaw, resolve, and turn into a dew."



June Graduates

MAY E. POSSING....."May"
From Mound Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '24, '25; Round Table; Booster Club.
Great Adventure: To be a "gym" teacher.

"The joy of her life is gym;
She goes at it with vigor and vim."

MARY E. REICHHARDT....."Ede"
From Peoria High School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club, President '26; Glee Club; Latin Club; Round Table; "Daddy Long Legs"; "The Boomerang".
Great Adventure: To make "someone" happy.

"Nature made thee to temper man,
Without thee men had been brutes."

NORWOOD E. RETZLAFF....."Nor"
From Mineral Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Vice-President '26; "Icebound"; Dramatic Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Talking fast.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?"

JOHN R. REUTER....."John"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Golf Club; Radio Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be champion golf player.

"He is a quiet person, studious withal,
In disposition staid, and not so very tall."

RALPH F. ROENSCH....."Monk"
From St. Augustine's School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Treasurer '24, President '26; Dramatic Club; Golf Club; Latin Club, Consul '25, '26; Round Table; "Dulcy"; "Daddy Long Legs"; Football '22, Emblem '23, '24, '25, All City Team '24.
Great Adventure: To become a famous critic of football.

"Always merry, never glum,
Makes a bright and cheerful chum."

June Graduates

NAN D. ROWAN.....“Nan”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Never having anything to do.
“A simple maid and friendly, too,
Her smile is big enough for two.”

MAYBELL E. SCHIEBEL.....“May”
From St. Lucas' School.
Stenographic Course.
Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be head saleslady at some department store.
Joy-in-Life: Cutting stencils.
“Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike.”

ARMIN A. SCHILD.....“Army”
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Oracle, Art Assistant '25, '26; Football.
Joy-in-Life: Writing themes on “cows”.
“He strove with none; for none was worth the strife,
Nature he loved, and next to nature, Art.”

RUBY F. SCHMIDT.....“Ruby”
From Grant Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To lend a helping hand to everyone.
Joy-in-Life: Having conflicts.
“To those who know thee not, no words can paint;
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.”

ISIDORE M. SCHNEIDER.....“Izzy”
From Dover Street School.
Elective Course.
Boys' Club; Latin Club; Radio Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To make use of his knowledge of history.
“This boy believed in quietude,
And not in looking like a dude.”

June Graduates

EDWARD H. SCHULZ.....“Ed”
From Windlake Avenue School.
Accounting Course.
Boys’ Club; Cross Country Emblem ’25.
Great Adventure: To be a professional gum chewer.
Joy-in-Life: Kidding everyone.
“We hear this lad laughing,
We think he’s all fun.”

ALICE L. SCHUMACHER.....“Alice”
From Park Street School.
English Course.
Girls’ Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Bronze Medal.
Joy-in-Life: Reciting.
“Of all the girls that are so smart,
There’s none like our own Alice.”

MILDRED V. SERLES.....“Mid”
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls’ Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Listening to what Miss Pierson has to say.
“She is sometimes glad, sometimes sad,
Sometimes mischievous, but never bad.”

CHARLES C. SEXTON.....“Chep”
From South Division High School.
Elective Course.
Boys’ Club; Round Table; Cross Country Emblem ’25; “Icebound”.
Great Adventure: To win a real, lively debate.
“Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let’s be merry.”

ESTHER J. SIEBERT.....“Es”
From Mound Street School.
Elective Course.
Girls’ Club; Round Table; Oracle, Literary Staff ’25, ’26, second place Junior Story Contest ’26; Silver Medal.
Great Adventure: To be a novelist.
Joy-in-Life: Writing for the Oracle.
“A quiet and dignified manner,
In writing she bears a banner.”

June Graduates

ELINORE F. SMALLISH....."El"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Latin Club; Round Table; "Daddy Long Legs"; "Icebound"; Oracle, Advertising Staff '24.
Joy-in-Life: Teaching the second hour English class.

"As brimful of mischief and glee,
As ever a human soul could be."

JOHN J. SORENSON....."Jerry"
From Mound Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Literary Staff '24, '25, '26.
Great Adventure: To be a poet.
Joy-in-Life: Working hard.

"There is a pleasure in the poet's pains
Which only a poet can know."

ARTHUR SPIEGEL ....."Art"
From Park Street School.
Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Oracle, Chief Bookkeeper '25, '26.
Joy-in-Life: Doing work for Mr. Costello.

"Formed on the good old plan,
A true, and brave, and downright honest man."

JACOB A. STADLER....."Jake"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Latin Club; Radio Club.
Great Adventure: To be an electrician.

"My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain."

MARGUERITE M. STEFFEN....."Margie"
From St. Lucas' School.
Stenographic Course.
Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Humor Staff '25.
Great Adventure: To show others how to attain that gentle voice.
Joy-in-Life: Taking shorthand dictation.

"Her voice is ever gentle, soft and low;
An excellent thing in a woman."

June Graduates

ARTHUR J. STRASSMAN....."Art"
From St. Augustine's School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '25, Treasurer '26; Dramatic Club, President '26; Round Table; Football '23, '24, Emblem '25; "Daddy Long Legs".
Joy-in-Life: Trying to appear serious.
"Little drops of midnight oil, 'stead of grains of sand,
Make the mighty credits in the student land."

PEARL H. STRUBE....."Pearl"
From Fernwood School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a woman dentist.
"Tranquillity! thou better name
Than all the family of fame."

JOSEPH B. SWIDERSKI....."Cwybak"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Latin Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, President '25; Dramatic Club; Latin Club, Praetor '23, Consul '24; Round Table; Oracle, Organization Staff '23, '24, Literary Staff '24, Managing Editor '26; Cross Country Emblem '23, '24; B. V. A. A. Medal; Commencement Program.
"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

THADDEUS SZCZESNY ....."Ted"
From Boys' Technical High School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Band '25; Orchestra '25; Track '23, '24, '25; Emblem '24.
Great Adventure: To own a chemical laboratory.
"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

RAYMOND J. SZLACHETKA....."Ray"
From South Division High School.
Accounting Course.
Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To hold a position as chief bookkeeper.
Joy-in-Life: Writing poetry.
"Oh, this learning, what a thing it is."

June Graduates

LUCILLE V. TESCH.....“Lou”

From Park Street School

Stenographic Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To show others the right thing to do.
Joy-in-Life: Being ambitious.

“This sweet pleasant 'Lou' never makes any noise,
But stands by her mirror, practising poise.”

EUGENE H. THATE.....“Gene”

From Windlake Avenue School.

Elective Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club.
Joy-in-Life: Grinding lenses.

“Be to his virtues ever kind,
But to his faults a little blind.”

OSCAR J. THIEL.....“Oscar”

From St. Augustine's School.

Accounting Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Vice-President '25; Dramatic Club; Round Table; “Dulcy”; “The Boomerang”.
Joy-in-Life: Being with Adeline.

“When there are women in the game,
We reckon all men are about the same.”

NORMAN L. TREBILCOCK.....“Norm”

From Dollar Bay, Michigan.

Accounting Course.
Boys' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Humor Staff '26, Junior Editor '26; Track '23, '24, '26, Emblem '25, Cross Country Emblem '24, '25.
Great Adventure: To grow as tall as his namesake, Lincoln.

“Oh, for the man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be.”

AMANDA A. TYRE.....“Amy”

From Trowbridge Street School.

Science Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club.
Great Adventure: To teach in a high school.
Joy-in-Life: Being stern.

“Always happy, always kind,
She's a maid you like to find.”

June Graduates

ANNA ULDRIAN ....."Nan"
From Thompson Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To capture her heart's desire.
Joy-in-Life: Gossiping.
"Oh, what may she within her hide,
Though angel on the outward side."

LOUIS B. USZLER....."Louis"
From St. Josaphat's School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club.
Great Adventure: To obtain his M. D. degree.
"The man o' independent mind
Is king o' men for a' that."

VIOLA A. VOIGT....."Vi"
From Second Avenue School.
Household Arts Course.
Athletic Association; Glee Club; Girls' Club.
Joy-in-Life: Talking about those "church affairs".
"She knows that cooking is an art
By which to win a young man's heart."

GERTRUDE E. VOLKMAN....."Gert"
From Hanover Street School.
History Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To settle social problems.
"Here's a maid that's full of fun,
And she's bright as is the sun."

MARY M. WANGARD....."May"
From Mound Street School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be a piano teacher.
Joy-in-Life: Talking softly.
"First work and then play,
Is her motto every day."

June Graduates

MARGARET WARSCHAUER ....."Marg"
From Dover Street School.
Stenographic Course.
Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Local Staff '26.
Great Adventure: To join the Follies.
Joy-in-Life: Being a toe dancer.

"And we know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and dancing."

ADELINE C. WASHECHEK....."Addy"
From Greenbush Street School.
Elective Course.
Dramatic Club, Secretary '25; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Being escorted by "Oscar".

"Love her little, love her long
Is the burden of our song."

ALICE C. WASSERMAN....."Al"
From Grant Street School.
English Course.
Athletic Association; Girls' Club; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club, Round Table.
Joy-in-Life: Smiling.

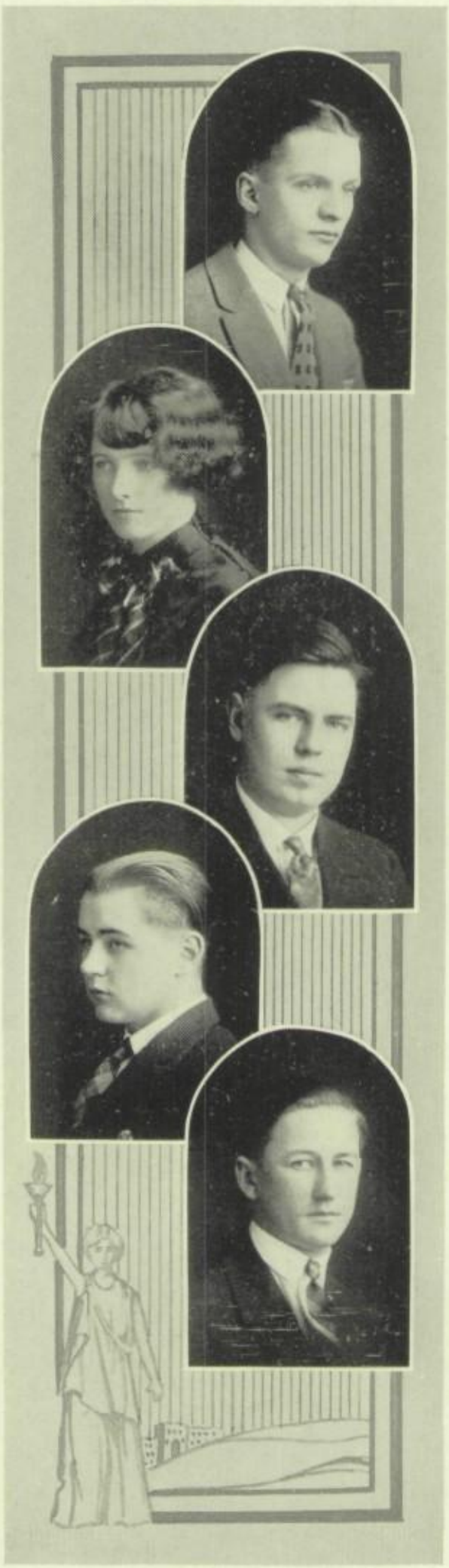
"She loves tranquil solitude,
And such society as is pleasant, kind and good."

ANITA M. WESTENBERG....."Nita"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Dramatic Club, Vice-President '25; Girls' Club; Latin Club; Round Table; Oracle, Advertising Staff '24, Organization Staff '26.
Great Adventure: To cultivate a woman's voice.

"Ever calm and collected was she,
No trouble could disturb her tranquillity."

EUGENE W. WHEELER....."Yutch"
From Dover Street School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club, Sergeant-at-Arms '25; Newsboys' Club, President '23; Round Table; Oracle, Advertising Staff '23, '24; "Icebound".
Joy-in-Life: Kidding "Jerry".

"Oh, the sailor's life is the life for me."



June Graduates

SYLVESTER S. WIECZOREK....."Wizzie"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Accounting Course.
Boys' Club; Orchestra; Track '24.
Great Adventure: To be the master musician.
Joy-in-Life: Playing jazz music.
"The drum is his pleasure, his joy, and delight.
It leads him to pleasure as well as to might."

TULLA A. WIKEN....."Tuts"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Elective Course.
Girls' Club.
Great Adventure: To hold a position as librarian.
Joy-in-Life: Being a twin to her sister.
"The sweetest thing that ever grew,
Beside a human door."

DONALD M. WILLSON....."Don"
From Trowbridge Street School.
Science Course.
Boys' Club; Radio Club, Secretary '25.
Great Adventure: To tune in on Europe.
Joy-in-Life: Bluffing.
"He's a rough and ready fellow,
Honest, manly, stout, and true."

EUGENE J. WISNIEWSKI....."Gene"
From Windlake Avenue School.
Science Course.
Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Radio Club; Round Table; Cross Country Emblem '25; Booster Club '24, Emblem '25; Track '26.
Joy-in-Life: Winking at his "favorites".
"Gene's a man from head to toes,
He makes good friends where'er he goes."

FRANCIS J. WISSING....."Brud"
From Immaculate Conception School.
Accounting Course.
Boys' Club; Round Table.
Great Adventure: To be the best accountant in the world.
"He works o'er this, and frets o'er that,
But finishes his tasks for all of that."

June Graduates

JOHN F. WOHLGEMUTH.....“John”

From Mound Street School.

Science Course.

Athletic Association; Boys' Club; Radio Club; Round Table; Junior Oracle Editor '26; Track '23, '24; Emblem '25, '26; Cross Country '23, '24, '25; Captain '24, '25.

Great Adventure: To be a college athlete.

Joy-in-Life: Running across country.

“He knows that wise is he
Who finds athletics his keenest joy.”

JOSEPH J. WYSKOCHIL.....“Joe”

From Tippecanoe School.

Elective Course.

Boys' Club; Radio Club; Band; Orchestra.

Great Adventure: To sit at a lawyer's bench.

Joy-in-Life: Practising his music.

“Success and happiness lie in his work;
From duty then he'll never shirk.”

GLADYS E. YOKUM.....“Gladie”

From Trowbridge Street School.

Elective Course.

Athletic Association; Dramatic Club; Girls' Club; Round Table; Oracle, Local Staff '26.

Great Adventure: To please “Ralph”.

Joy-in-Life: Being with “him”.

“Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?”

LEONA M. YOST.....“Leona”

From Park Street School.

Stenographic Course.

Athletic Association; Girls' Club.

Great Adventure: To work in a beauty shoppe.

Joy-in-Life: Doing the attendance work for Miss Schlueter.

“Of color she is very fond,
And oft goes wading in a pond.”

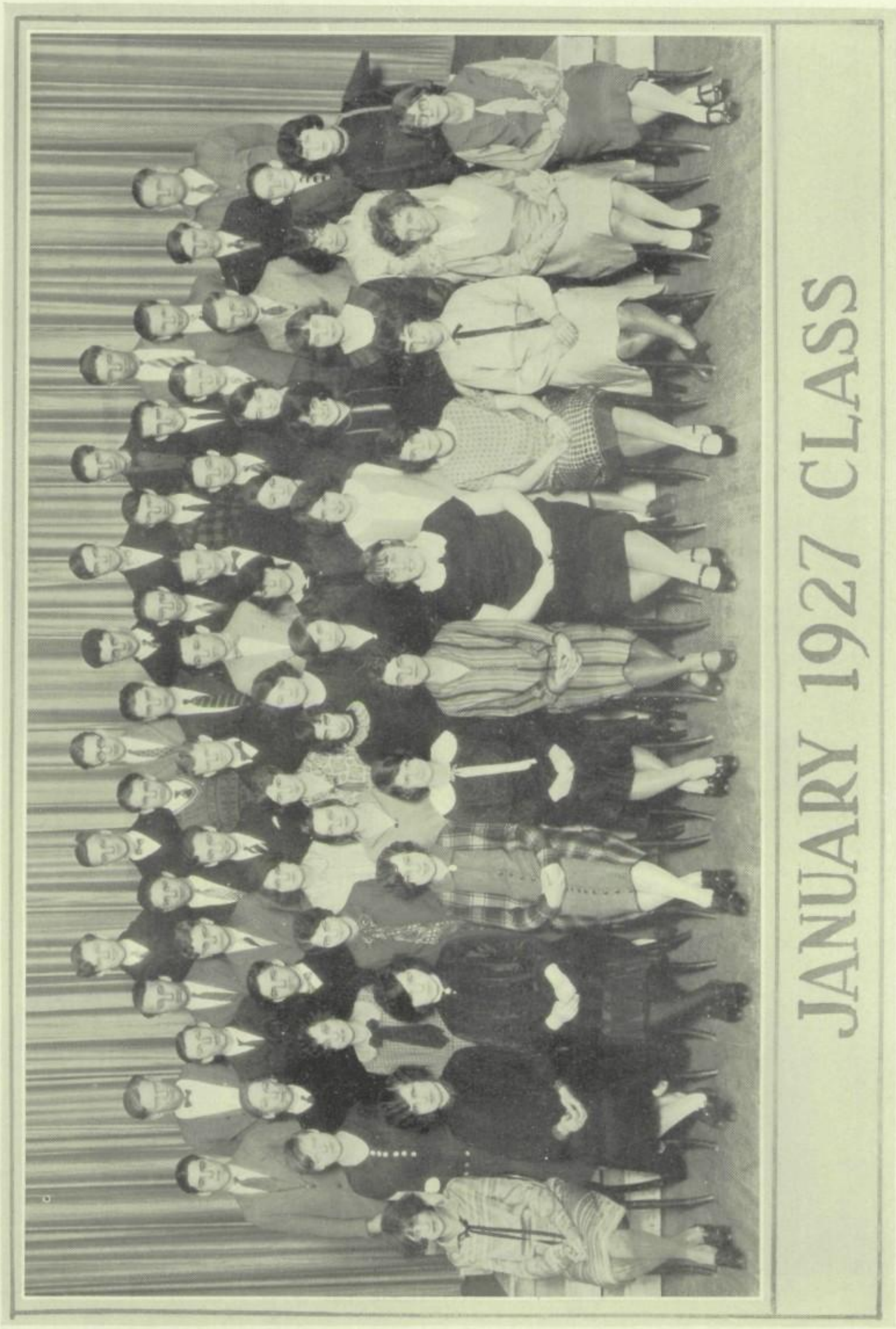
Like vain birds are these plants,
bending to catch their image
in mirrored clearness.

CAMARADERIE

CLASSES

Camaraderie

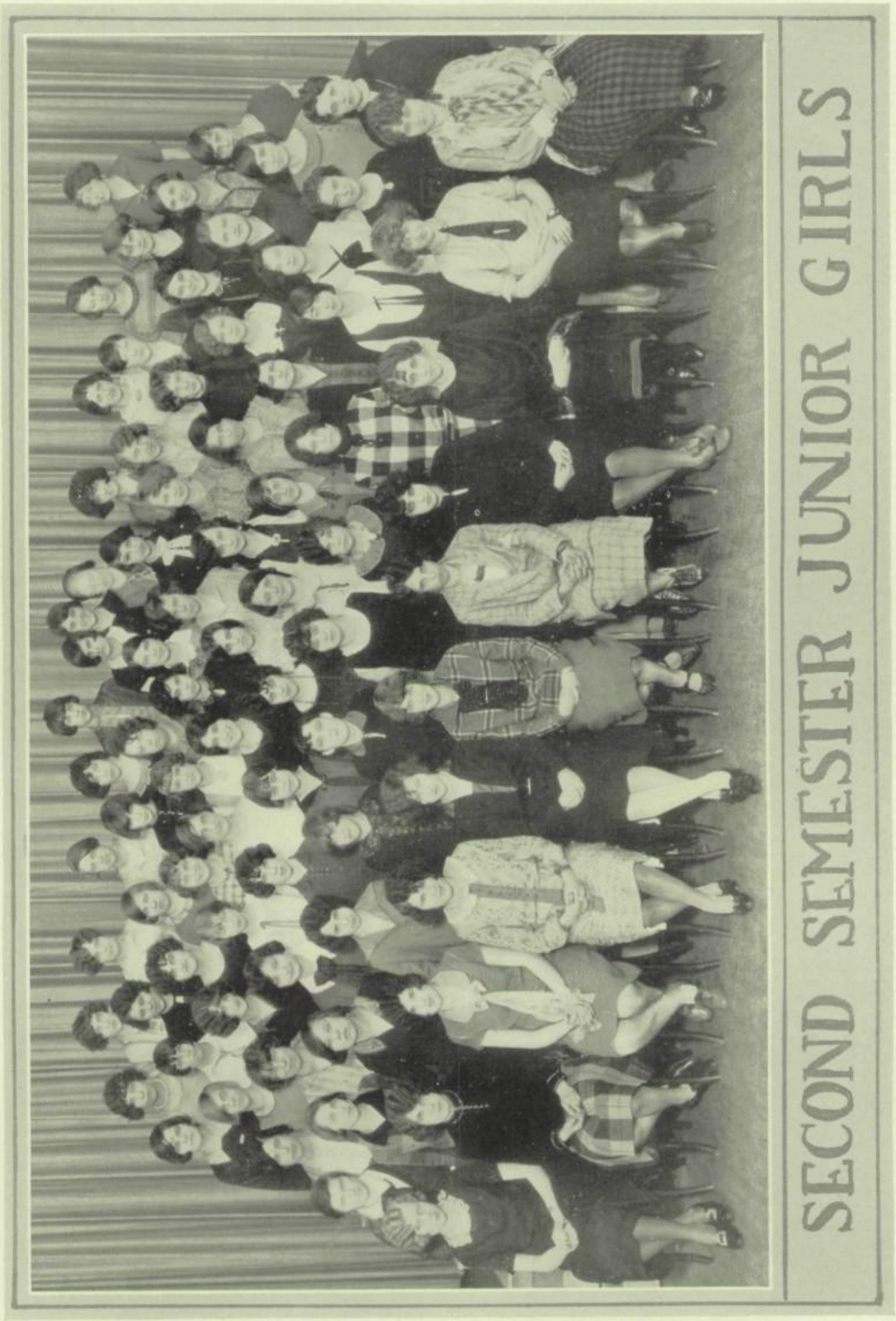
CAMARADERIE — what is it? It is the subtle spirit of sympathy and understanding that gives birth to that wonderful thing called friendship. It is the spirit of forgetting all little, outward offences and of seeing only the good in those about us. It is the spirit of giving comfort to those in need of it. It is the loss of consciousness of self in the greater consciousness of the whole. It creates school spirit, that unquenchable force which unites a thousand individual personalities of varying purposes into one great student body, working together for a common end, the ultimate good and glory of the school. It does for the school what the spirit of democracy does for the nation, and he who has felt its influence in youth will the more worthily enter upon his citizenship.



JANUARY 1927 CLASS

January 1927 Class

LeRoy M. Ackerman
Florence E. Airoldi
Myrtle A. Barrett
Erwin C. Bauer
Eunice E. Becker
Isabelle E. Boinski
Wallace J. Bowersock
Frances E. Brown
Clyde C. Burnquist
Benjamin C. Butler
Ione Campbell
Robert K. Caswell
John B. Chonowski
Arthur C. Cizon
Charles J. Clark
Gladys C. Collins
Dorthe F. Cullen
Arthur G. Czapiewski
Reuben Davidson
Joseph I. Edelstein
Donna I. Elsby
Rose M. Frangesh
Aaron M. Franklin
Revelda M. Frederick
Samuel Galanter
Louise E. Heimerl
Gilbert F. Heiderich
Joseph L. Housfeld
Kenneth M. Jacobson
Methyslaus A. Jagmin
Gordon O. Jatzek
Frayne A. Joers
Gladys M. Kellogg
Helen C. Knaak
Jane E. Knocke
Alice E. Koeling
Margaret A. Koenig
Leroy J. Kramer
Herbert L. Krause
Fern V. Kruse
Robert H. Leary
Earl A. Lieber
Herbert S. McGeahy
Walter L. Miller
Charles E. Miotke
Edwin R. Nelson
Richard H. Nelson
Loretta E. Nieman
Joseph T. Opat
Howard A. Pihl
Joseph P. Piszczek
Chester L. Polus
Irene H. Ponto
Edward N. Potter
Clarence A. Puhek
Evelyn I. Preston
Iva E. Price
Roy W. Radtke
Harvey W. Redlin
Nan D. Rowan
Denton C. Rowell
Elmer F. Schweig
Evelyn L. Senn
Ethel H. Smith
Gerald R. Stange
Catherine M. Stapleton
Viola L. Stephens
Evelyn M. Stuart
Arthur M. Stukel
James H. Swanson
Raymond E. Szopiery
Catherine B. Szymanski
Tannisse L. Taylor
Lyle W. Thompson
Christine M. Wanek
William J. Wohlgemuth
Dorothy G. Wolfe
Joseph Wysocki



SECOND SEMESTER JUNIOR GIRLS

Second Semester Junior Girls

Ruth C. Andrews
Myra E. Bahrke
Florence D. Bakke
Norma Beckemeier
Hazel A. Behlendorf
Beatrice G. Beidatsch
Meta A. Binger
Elspeth M. Blackwood
Beulah A. Boldt
Lucille H. Boll
Sadie A. Brown
Mildred E. Cludius
Helen G. Conn
Mildred E. Coupal
Viola M. DeGroot
Anne C. Dieterle
Gene T. Dighira
Myrtle R. Dostal
Dorothy E. Eidsmoe
Leona M. Finkler
Dorothy E. Flicek
Margaret A. Foljahn
Ruth A. Forrest
Annette B. Franke
Evelyn R. Frenz
La Verne C. Gehle
Leonora B. Gerdes
Alma G. Goodman
Bernice I. Graham
Mary F. Hartlieb
Lucille M. Hartnell
Loretta M. Herter
Sylvia E. Hirschboeck
Gladys E. Hoppe
Helen F. Hyde
Beatrice M. Jaworski
Agnes C. Jessen
Gwendolyn C. Jones
Jennie R. Kawczynski
Olive A. Kaye
Eugenia G. Klapa
Evelyn F. Klenke
Inez E. Koegel
Emma A. Kotze
Lucille E. Krause
Eleanor V. Leverenz
Evelyn Libowitz
Ruth E. Lindgren
Alice E. Loppnow
Electa M. Miller
Etha M. Mitchell
Mary E. Mott
Phyllis D. Nowak
Gertrude I. Ostrander
Eleanor D. Paradowski
Deborah E. Pavlick
Dorothy P. Pergande
Helen M. Platzer
Iris E. Plumley
Adeline H. Podolske
Sophie Posner
Ruth L. Regner
Elaine H. Rehwinkel
Mildred Q. Sackrisen
Irene D. Salow
Ella E. Schandelmeier
Marie L. Schloemilch
Sylvia A. Schmidt
Alice L. Suida
Mary R. Skibinski
Dorothy M. Sorenson
Rose C. Stachowiak
Carolyn L. Stevenson
Cecelia A. Szczesny
Isabelle Taylor
Dorothy G. Thomas
Ruth L. Tonkin
Genevieve Tratnick
Esther M. Winger
Ethel D. Woodman
Mildred E. Wright

SECOND SEMESTER JUNIOR BOYS

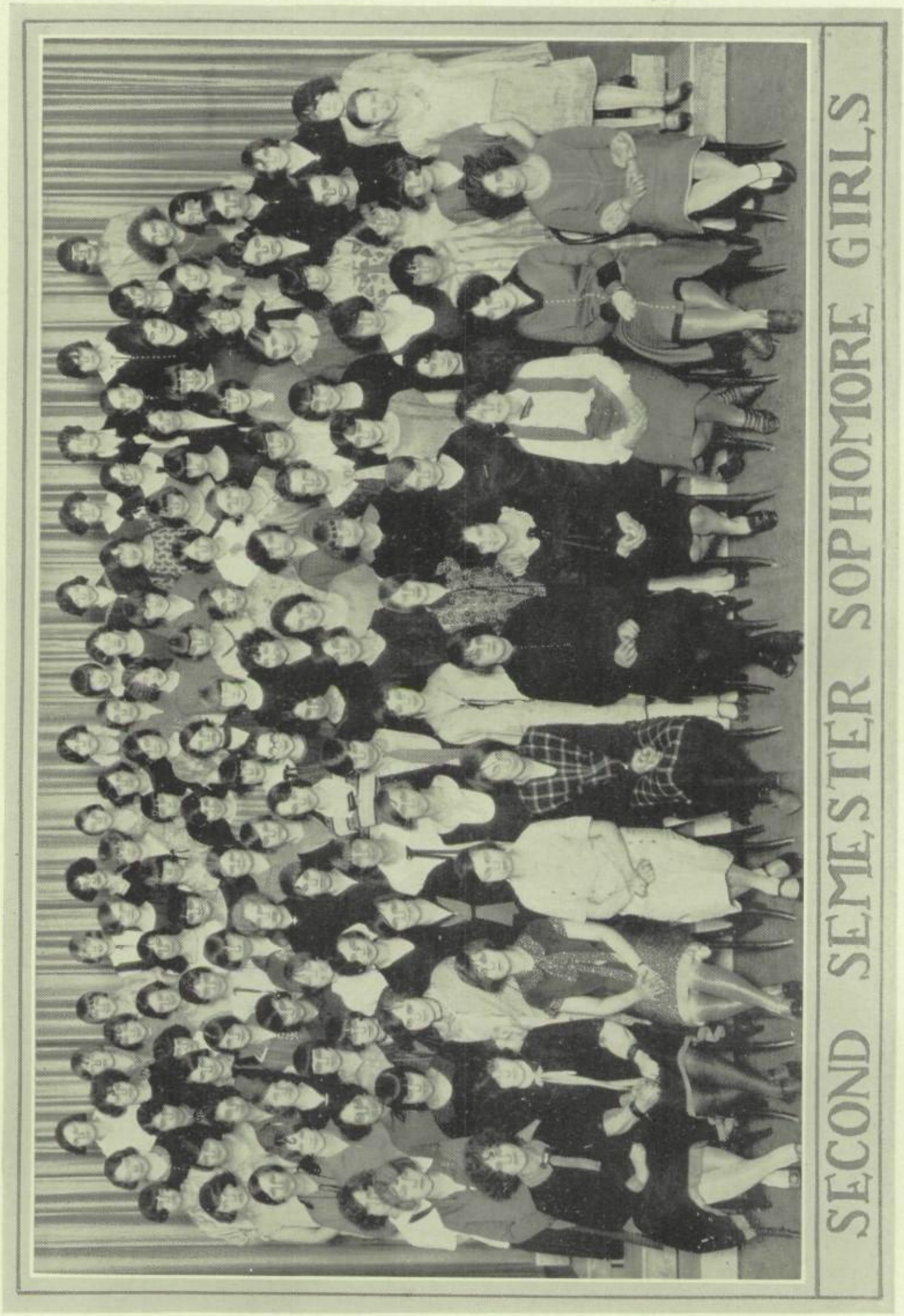
Second Semester Junior Boys

Auvrellio A. Airoldi
Herbert R. Albrecht
Henry A. Antkowiak
Rudolph J. Augustine
Edmund P. Badura
Herbert F. Bahr
Glenn W. Batten
Vernon F. Bennett
William N. Bergstrom
James F. Brazell
Dillon F. Burroughs
Charles W. Causier
George W. Cyrog
Allton O. Dannenberg
Louis G. DeGrace
Harold R. Dickinson
Clarence I. Disch
George R. Felber
Leo J. Finkler
Isadore Fishelson
Matthew J. Fitzharris
Francis Frank
Arthur F. Getzin
August J. Giaudrone
Terrance A. Gilbert
Kenneth Hansen
Otto F. Hintz
Marlin H. Hoppe
Roy E. Jacho
Walter F. Jasinski
John J. Kaczmarowski
Max H. Karl
Wesley H. Kaye
Howard S. Keeling
LeRoy Kelpin
Casper J. Koeper
Alphonse E. Kraszewski
Raymond J. Kramska
Edward C. Kuczynski
Edward C. Kwasniewski
Milton R. Leichtfuss
Peter C. Lemanske
Alfred W. Longley
Carl Lugar
Malcolm H. Lyle
Joe Mandel
Daniel A. Meurer
Raymond J. Mitten
Bernard Model
Robert G. Morris
James F. Muehl
Theo. V. Mueller
Stanley C. Multra
Walter C. Nawrocki
Ralph K. Newton
Walter Olejniczak
Eugene J. Pinkalla
Hamilton A. Pinkalla
Roger C. Posseil
William F. Quick
Edward E. Robinson
Henry G. Sanderson
Harry F. Schaetzke
Ray J. Schauer
Clarence F. Schroeder
James A. Schwartz
George K. Simonson
Elmer A. Stadtler
Earl W. Tews
Andrew F. Vogl
John E. Voight
James F. Walsh
Martin S. Weiss
Hugo W. Weisse
Frank S. Werling
Dean G. Wolff
John J. Woods
Elmer A. Zahn
Louis J. Zimmermann
George H. Zirkel

FIRST SEMESTER JUNIOR CLASS

First Semester Junior Class

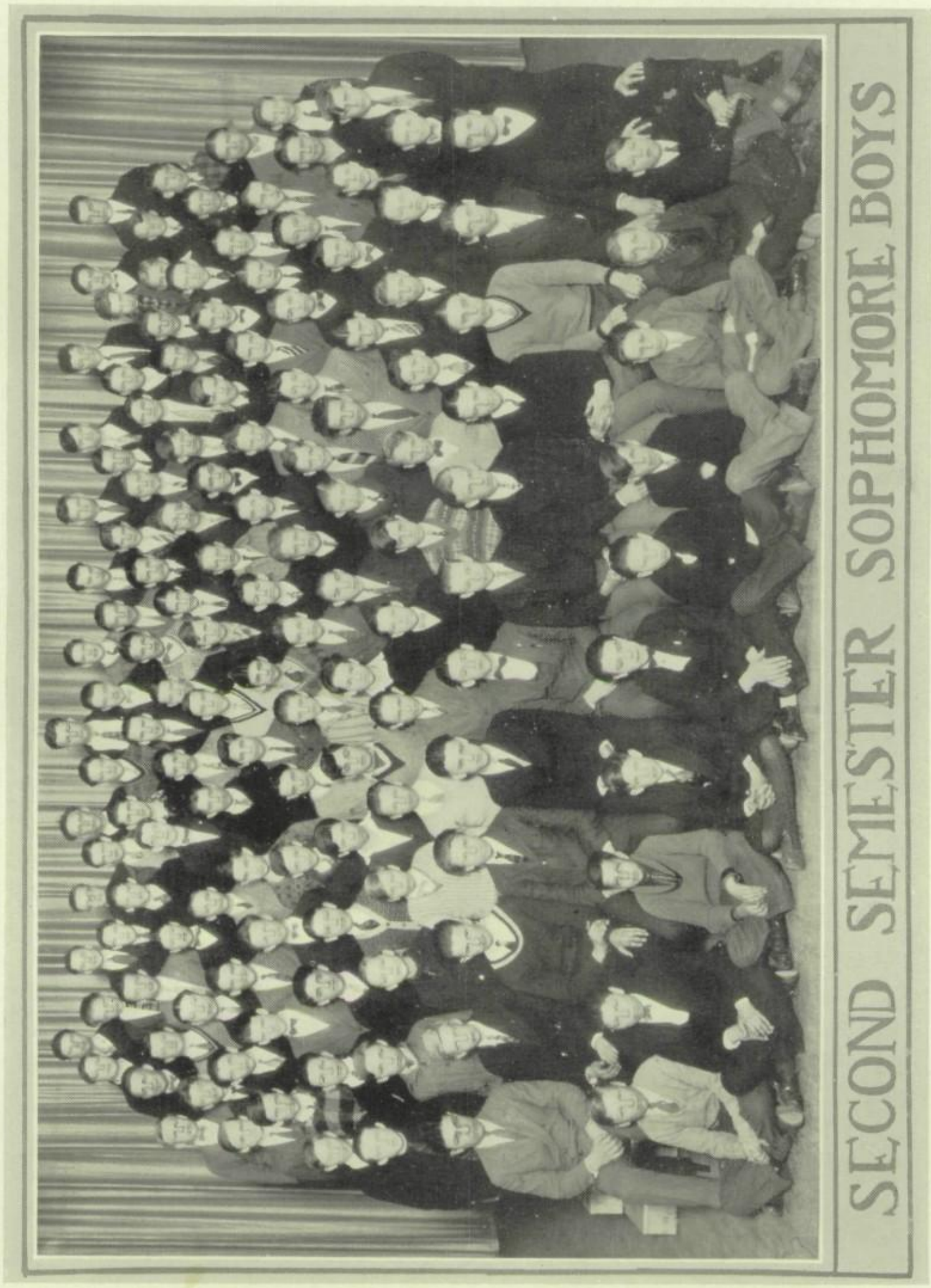
Frank Barth
Sarah Becker
Janet R. Benson
Charlotte M. Beisenstein
Charlotte C. Berenson
Lester E. Beyersdorf
Donna H. Blaine
Hazel A. Blauert
Karl C. Borgal
Esther F. Boyce
Evelyn C. Brehmer
Dorothy G. Brown
Elmer R. Busse
Esther N. Casey
Louise A. Casselman
Ethel H. Cludius
Earl J. Colby
Archie B. Czerwinski
Sylvia S. Danielski
Mildred M. Dickenson
Pearl J. Disch
Bill F. Double
Anthony L. Duszynski
Martha C. Erenz
Hilda Fisher
Mary E. Fountain
Marjorie V. Frederick
Vallory M. Fricker
Gertrude M. Ganski
Harry G. Geske
Eleanore M. Goertz
Martha M. Gorecki
Dorothy E. Greulich
Edna C. Hach
Florence H. Heileman
Laura E. Hickman
Joseph E. House
Alyce R. Huffman
Robert A. Hunn
Alois W. Imramovsky
Gordon B. Jackson
BernadineM.Janiszewski
Jerome F. Jeide
John W. Jessen
Ronald O. Jones
Henrietta M. Kaszmarek
Richard P. Kania
Earl W. Kelly
Claudine M. Klopf
Lillian L. Koch
William H. Koch
Norman E. Koenke
Lucille I. Krsewinski
Edward T. Kryszewski
Emil Kumershek
Camille L. Kwiatkowski
Marion Levin
Frances M. Lovretich
Ray A. Manning
Anita A. Marone
Mary L. Mayford
Clarence W. Michels
Frank L. Mierzwa
Howard A. Milhaupt
Gwendolyn C. Miller
Arthur H. Miller
Alex G. Mochalski
Sophie S. Pankowski
Michael C. Parajecki
Ann B. Parzych
Mathew J. Pierucki
George A. Pucel
Sylvia A. Radtke
Walter H. Salapa
Esther C. Schmidt
Ruth A. Schmidt
Albert G. Schulz
Earl F. Schwartz
Jane F. Setina
Mildred E. Sexton
Doloris G. Shults
Norman G. Singer
Don R. Smith
William O. Smyth
Virginia L. Starkey
Ralph G. Tanger
Gladys B. Terwilliger
Glenn O. Thompson
Evelyn M. Trotter
Raymond A. Tutaj
Marian E. Wilson
Carol J. Zillman



SECOND SEMESTER SOPHOMORE GIRLS

Second Semester Sophomore Girls

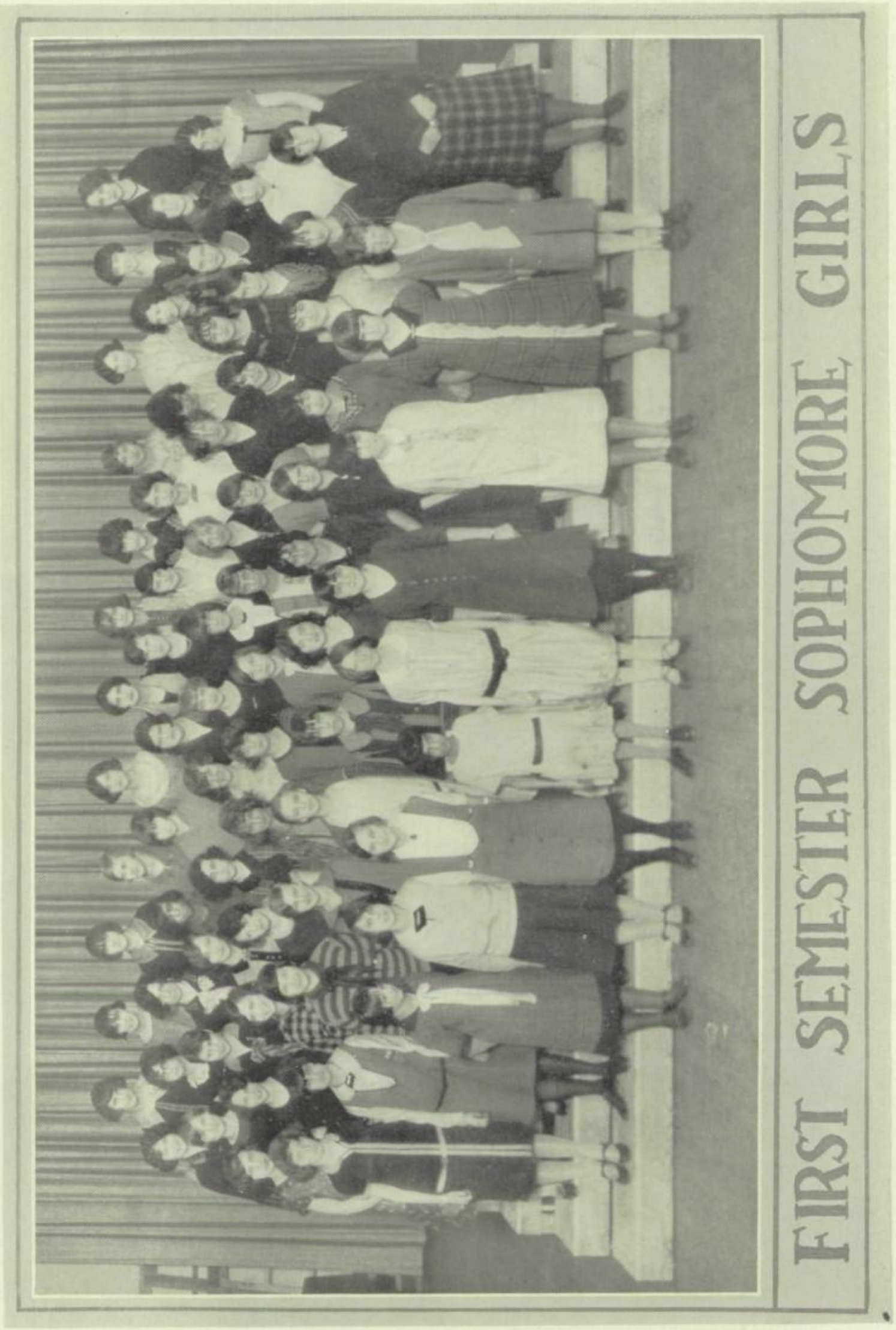
Jane A. Adamczewski
Margaret A. Ahrens
Lillian Andryeski
Gladys S. Barg
Frances W. Baxter
Lola M. Beals
Olga L. Becker
Ruth H. Becker
Madelyn P. Bessey
Agnes J. Bethke
Alfhild H. Bing
Ethel M. Bohn
Grace R. Branta
Edith N. Brintzinger
Beatrice G. Buschatz
Rosaline J. Busse
Lucile M. Calkins
Sybil H. Choinski
Elsie S. Czarapata
Ardys D. Digman
Lucile M. Eilers
Lucile H. Engnath
Marian A. Ericksen
Millie Evenson
Enid C. Favel
Marie A. Forschall
Mable L. Fritz
Phyllis A. Galasinski
Dorothy M. Gauthier
Nellie M. Gazvoda
Elenore R. Getten
Edith R. Goelz
Florence H. Goetzke
Rosaline R. Goldstein
Edna I. Goodnow
Ardine M. Gould
Emily H. Gruenwald
Mildred A. Gunther
Della A. Gutknecht
Mary Habec
Marjorie E. Healy
Gladys M. Herrmonn
Eunice E. Hess
Alice M. Hoffmann
Lenore O. House
Davida E. Huulgaard
Emily C. Kaczmarek
Elmira M. Kebbekus
Anna L. Kempa
Marian O. Kienzle
Irene D. Klima
Georgiana H. Knurr
Alice L. Knutzen
Clara E. Koehler
Florence E. Koenen
Eleanor H. Kolda
Anna E. Kolp
Hedwig M. Kolp
Wanda G. Kordys
Marie M. Kozlowska
Alice R. Kress
Florence L. Krueger
Rose H. Krueger
Arline D. Kuczynski
Adele M. Kwasniewski
Beatrice A. Lankow
Alice G. Latosinski
Mary F. Lawler
Eileen M. McFarland
May H. McLare
Cecil T. Major
Marie C. Mangan
Angeline M. Melms
Ethel E. Miller
Isabell J. Miller
Elizabeth E. Model
Eleanor A. Moore
Adeline A. Mueller
Alice E. Nimmer
Ethel M. Nylund
Ethel R. O'Brien
Eleanore C. Oleniczak
Helen A. Opat
Edna D. Owen
Sylvia B. Paul
Ruby E. Piper
Adeline D. Pufahl
Eleanore B. Pufahl
Florence L. Puls
Marian E. Prott
Sylvia E. Przynski
Frieda Redieck
Martha A. Reno
Lillian M. Roddy
Celia K. Salamonski
Phillippine C. Schlamp
Florence L. Scherbarth
Leona E. Schmidt
Beatrice H. Schreiber
Elsa B. Schweter
Ruth A. Schulze
Margaret E. Schuster
Marion M. Schuster
Dorothy K. Schwan
Edythe D. Shaw
Dorothy L. Sherman
Martha E. Stankiewicz
Florence N. Stuessi
Frema M. Taxey
Evelyn A. Techel
Elizabeth H. Thirion
Gertrude I. Thomas
Elizabeth S. Tremain
Ethel J. Van Ells
Florence J. Voight
Emily A. Wendt
Emma J. Werder
Fern L. Westcott
Mary L. Wilson
Anna M. Wilting
Virginia G. Winkler
Harriet S. Wingen
Elinor R. Wisniewski
Margaret C. Wolf
Marion E. Wolfe
Elizabeth S. Ziech



SECOND SEMESTER SOPHOMORE BOYS

Second Semester Sophomore Boys

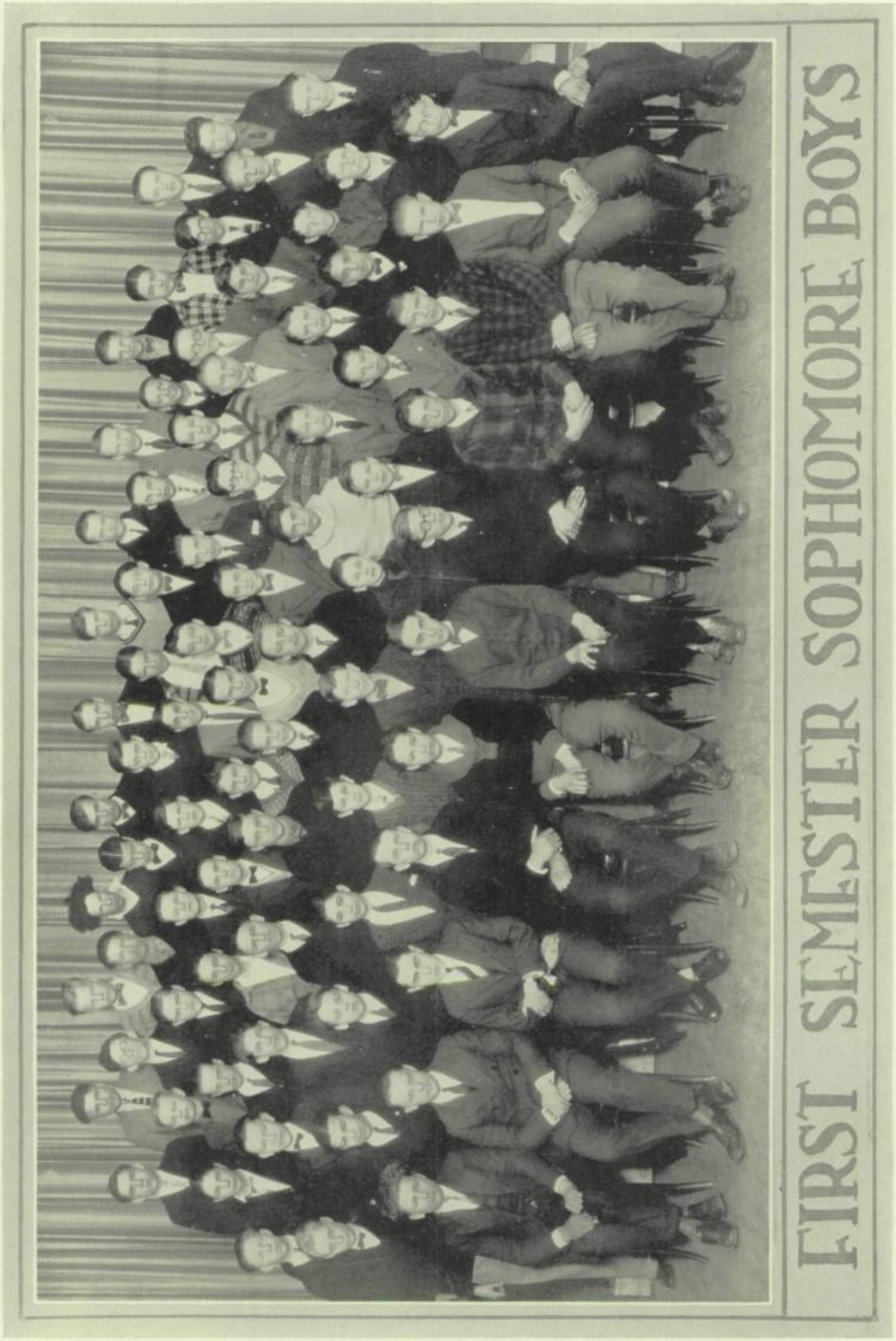
Robert C. Adams
Thomas W. Albrecht
Leon C. Alexander
Iver F. Andersen
Albert F. Assinger
Kurt R. Baars
Ernest E. Baker
Rowland H. Barloga
Orville D. Baxter
Lester H. Becker
Frank R. Bell
Frank P. Biwer
Thomas E. Blade
Ray H. Blank
Egbert K. Block
Gerald L. Bodine
Clarence E. Boettcher
Jerome E. Bolanowski
Joseph J. Borlik
George A. Borowicz
Joseph A. Brownell
Ralph J. Bureta
Walter J. Burns
John P. Campbell
Garry J. Czapiewski
Lawrence F. DeGrace
Orville N. Doerr
Howard T. Draws
Vincent F. Dykinski
Leo H. Eberhardy
Donald W. Eickler
Alfred F. Eickstaedt
Elmer H. Elser
John J. Ermenc
Frank A. Ernst
Arthur E. Falkiewicz
Earl W. Fischer
Gordon R. Fischer
Wilbert A. Fischer
John W. Fritsche
Robert J. Gatz
Max S. Grzniczak
Paul O. Hartwiz
Alois C. Jerzakowski
Lyle L. Klein
Henry T. Loomis
Edmund F. Lukszys
Kermit G. Malisch
George Marinopoulos
Casmir S. Miklaszewicz
Frank R. Money
Alois L. Mucha
Orville A. Munkwitz
Harold A. Nitz
Gilbert A. Nitz
Adam Obermayr
Robert J. Owen
Raymond E. Packee
Roy E. Palekiewicz
Harry C. Paszkowski
Frank F. Pauc
Earl J. Peters
Edward J. Pikl
Robert L. Plecash
Norman H. Raddatz
Eugene J. Rademacher
Raymond J. Radigan
William C. Reichardt
Hohn M. Rodzvila
Max E. Ruess
Erwin G. Sadoniski
Arthur A. Scaniglia
Edward B. Schultz
Charles M. Shannon
Henry J. Slojkowski
Harvey A. Soli
John R. Stachowski
William A. Stevenson
Edward N. Stollenwerk
Robert C. Strassman
Edgar K. Sundby
Raymond I. Swartout
Boleslaus J. Swiderski
Archie C. Szylakiewicz
Edward F. Szymanski
Edward L. Szymanski
Eugene E. Szymanski
Cornelius O. Tammes
LeRoy W. Taylor
Edward D. Tejkowski
Erwin O. Thate
Henry E. Thiele
David J. Tomaszewski
Oliver J. Trimborn
Joe B. Truel
Louis J. Vogl
William C. Volk
Harold E. Voss
Harry A. Wawrzyniak
John R. Wechselberg
Bert J. Wedemeyer
Harry P. Wienserski
Clarence S. Winkler
Leonard Wojtcak
Thaddeus J. Wozniak
Frank J. Wyskochil
Herbert H. Yahnke
Theodore S. Zakrzewski
Harry N. Zarek
Robert C. Zimmerman



FIRST SEMESTER SOPHOMORE GIRLS

First Semester Sophomore Girls

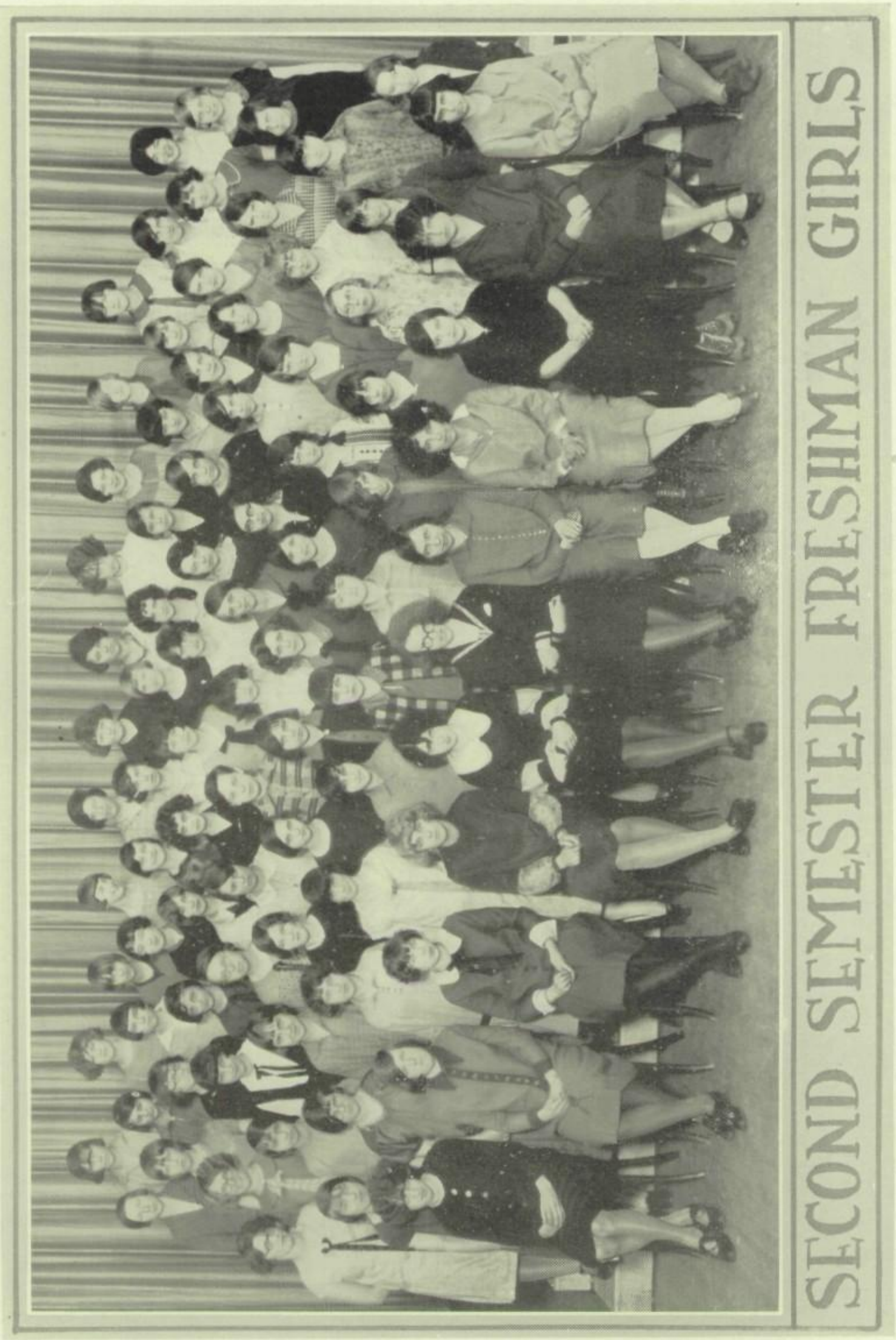
Ruth P. Allison
Irene J. Anderson
Mae G. Baker
Esther E. Becker
Rebecca Becker
Natalia G. Berzowski
Anna M. Blake
Helen M. Boeshaar
Sophie M. Bratanic
Bernadine P. Brown
Fanny A. Camer
Verna V. Carter
Kathryn P. Chessman
Betty C. Churchill
Ruth M. Cleveland
Leona G. Cordes
Evelyn M. Crockett
Eugenia M. Dombrowska
Frances E. Edelstein
Margaret E. Ely
Frances E. Felten
Helen C. Flicek
Selma M. Gabriel
Hazel E. Gerber
Marcella C. Gervais
Florence D. Goodman
Alma M. Herro
Dorothy V. Hickman
Lillian E. Hren
Bernice E. Huehns
Helen M. Hyde
Ethelyn E. Jochem
Evelyn E. Kammer
Ida E. Kobs
Leopoldine E. Kodritsch
Edna E. Koehn
Esther D. Koenig
Dorthea O. Koenke
Blanche D. Krajewske
Evelyn O. Krueger
Mary H. Krusick
Olga C. Kumershek
Charlotte M. Kurtshalts
Lorraine A. Kutz
Genevieve H. Mangold
Helen A. Meczkowske
Lorraine M. Michel
Anne Mintkiewicz
Edna F. Mueller
Kasmira D. Murawski
Karen J. Nilson
Nena N. Nowick
Evelyn L. Olander
Jane D. Perko
Irene B. Piotrowski
Virginia E. Platzer
Elsie K. Primon
Rose R. Reszynski
Mildred A. Rohm
Violet R. Saskowski
Betty D. Schmidt
Lydia A. Schuster
Bernice M. Serles
Esther M. Simonson
Isabelle E. Smith
Frances M. Stewart
Viola Stuart
Florence A. Tanger
Ruth L. Templin
Virginia Thompson
Cecelia S. Ulrich
Olive E. Vallier
Elsie M. Warner
Marian E. Weigler
Lula M. White
Ruth L. Wiken
Alta L. Williams
Marion F. Yung
Stefania V. Zientkiewicz



FIRST SEMESTER SOPHOMORE BOYS

First Semester Sophomore Boys

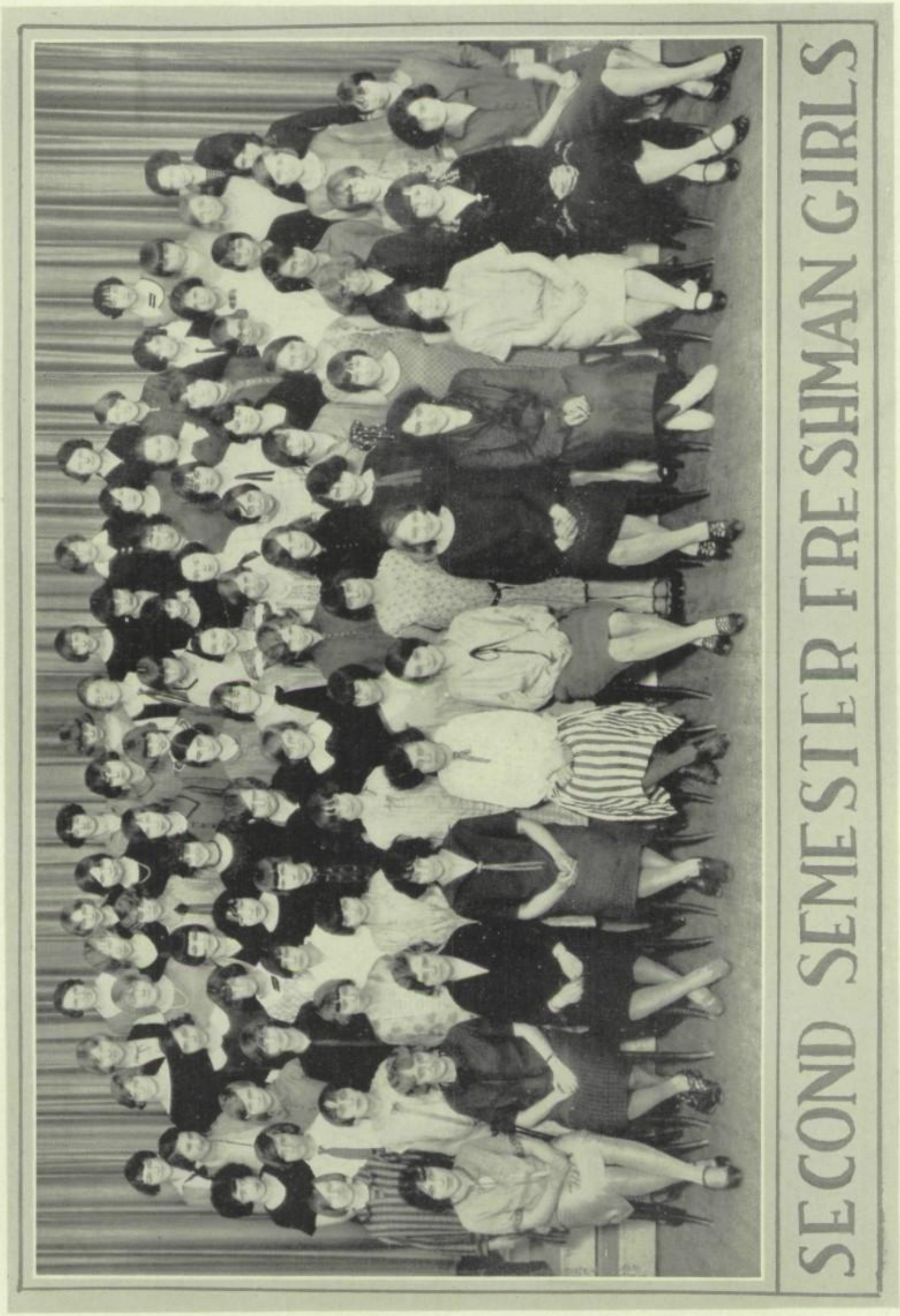
Glenn A. Awe
Edward J. Behling
John F. Bender
Erwin J. Borkowski
Norman A. Brandt
Arthur S. Brzostek
Herbert A. Bunchkowski
John A. Butcher
Ray T. Christenson
Edwin P. Chrobot
Edward Crangle
Malcolm H. Dawson
Frank W. Dolenar
Earl A. Fellows
Albert A. Gaide
Clarence M. Ganske
Norman C. Geske
Harry R. Gorski
James J. Grivas
George A. Groninger
Henry E. Groth
Paul E. Grunau
Charles A. Guenther
George T. Hall
Albert B. Hansen
Robert E. Harrington
Stephen A. Hegji
Spencer E. Heiderich
Richard J. Hein
Kenneth F. Herrmann
James D. Hoare
Raymond M. Hoehnke
James T. Horaitis
Kenneth L. Howard
Lloyd C. Huehns
Harry A. Huff
Norman J. Hundt
Clarence E. Ihling
Lee D. Jaeger
Thomas A. Janz
Raymond W. Jastroch
Gerald R. Jelinek
Gustav H. Jodat
Michael E. Jukich
Gregory S. Kabat
John E. Kaczmarek
Anton J. Kammiker
James A. Kelm
Milton E. Kesting
Herbert C. Kiehl
Norman J. Kimber
Clement G. King
Frank S. Klawitter
Harold E. Klitzke
Charles E. Koepfer
Herman Koss
Julius M. Kowalski
Clemence S. Kozminski
Albert R. Kramer
Louis H. Kroening
Charles L. Kucinski
Vernon L. Larimore
Charles P. Leeds
Carl H. Lemanski
William P. Lemke
John J. Lenko
Gilbert C. Levendoske
Leo. L. Lezala
Lloyd A. Linderen
Arthur W. Lippmann
Kenneth O. Loose
Emil F. Ludwig
Chester J. Lukaszewicz
William N. Lyle
Frank J. Maciejewski
Nick L. Marinopoulos
Orrol R. Miller
Eugene R. Nelson
Peter A. Noyes
Leonard H. Odee
Joe S. Olewinski
Arthur Palm
Milan F. Papkovitch
David J. Payne
Emory G. Pellant
Donald T. Peterson
Raymond A. Plath
Eugene W. Plitt
Emmett A. Poth
Henry A. Rechlicz
George C. Revolinski
Edwin J. Ross
Raymond L. Ryback
Louis J. Schneider
Howard W. Schwab
Oliver J. Smith
Edmund J. Sobocinski
Silvester J. Staszak
Anthony Travis
Edmund J. Vallier
Harvey W. Wahl
Alfred H. Warth
Edward H. Zepeski
Aloysius B. Zielinski



SECOND SEMESTER FRESHMAN GIRLS

Second Semester Freshman Girls

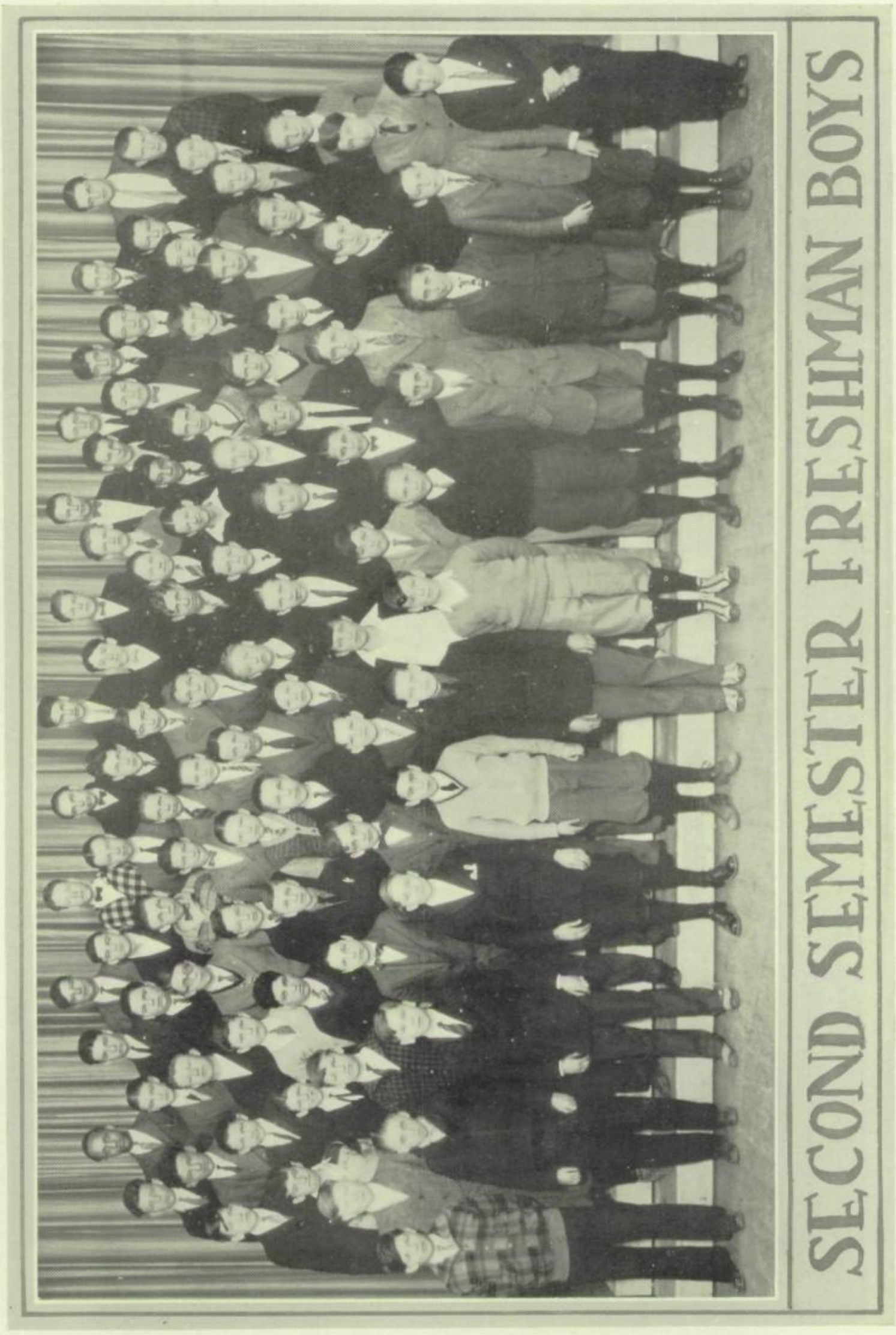
Elizabeth A. Albrecht
Clara G. Andracki
Myrtle M. Arndt
Evelyn I. Aston
Marcella M. Baumann
Mary M. Bender
Ruth M. Bewalda
Ruth E. Biesen
Lorraine M. Boinski
Lorraine R. Boldt
Alice R. Bonk
Caroline M. Boos
Mae B. Borkenhagen
Rose D. Borowiak
Vera Bridich
Loraine F. Bruens
Rosina H. Buenger
Charlotte A. Bunde
Sylvia E. Caheen
Estelle D. Cehanovich
Josephine R. Chiratisi
Fern D. Christman
Genevieve T. Gieslack
Hazel A. Conrad
Mary C. Conta
Helen M. Czarnecki
Sylvia D. Czysz
Adeline T. Dresden
Marion L. Eckstein
Evelyn C. Ellingsen
Evelyn M. Elser
Florence C. Esch
Mabel E. Faehrinann
Marie M. Fisher
Kathryn M. Fuller
Marian L. Gaide
Ethel M. Gehrke
Mary Ann Geram
Mildred G. Geske
Florence B. Gornowicz
Pearl Grabowski
Evelyn E. Gudex
Agrapine C. Gulczynski
Marguerite A. Gurchel
Eleanore L. Hajducki
Adeline H. Hartung
Irma A. Hatch
Ealonore M. Haubert
Hazel A. Heffelfinger
Evelyn A. Heiderich
Dorothy J. Heimerl
Winifred A. Heimerl
Lorraine A. Hels
Hazel B. Hemke
Beatrice H. Hermann
Alice H. Hertel
Dorothy M. Hertel
Ruth C. Hickey
Bernice E. Higgins
Marvel B. Hintz
Ethel M. Holz
Catherine E. Hurepper
Helen M. Humbert
Lorrain M. Hurley
Alice R. Inda
Clara F. Jacho
Dorothy Johnsen
Eleanore Johnsen
Enid C. Joseph
Dorothy K. Junger
Helena I. Keily
Lauretta A. Kennert
Ruth M. Kettner
Elfrieda L. Kiekbush
Hedwig Kielbratowski
Dorothy J. Kleiman
Thelma R. Klein
Regina M. Klimczak
Dorothy V. Koch
Irene A. Koegel
Carol J. Koeling
Caroline A. Kolda
Emma M. Koterman
Aurelia E. Kraszewski
Evelyn V. Krause
Anita F. Kruecke
Beatrice F. Krueger
Dorothy L. Lambert
Esther A. Lanphere
Carol J. Larson
Henriette A. Lengowski
Anna Levin
Mabel R. Lewis
Ruth J. Londo
Lucille E. Loppnow
Helen M. Lozar



SECOND SEMESTER FRESHMAN GIRLS

Second Semester Freshman Girls

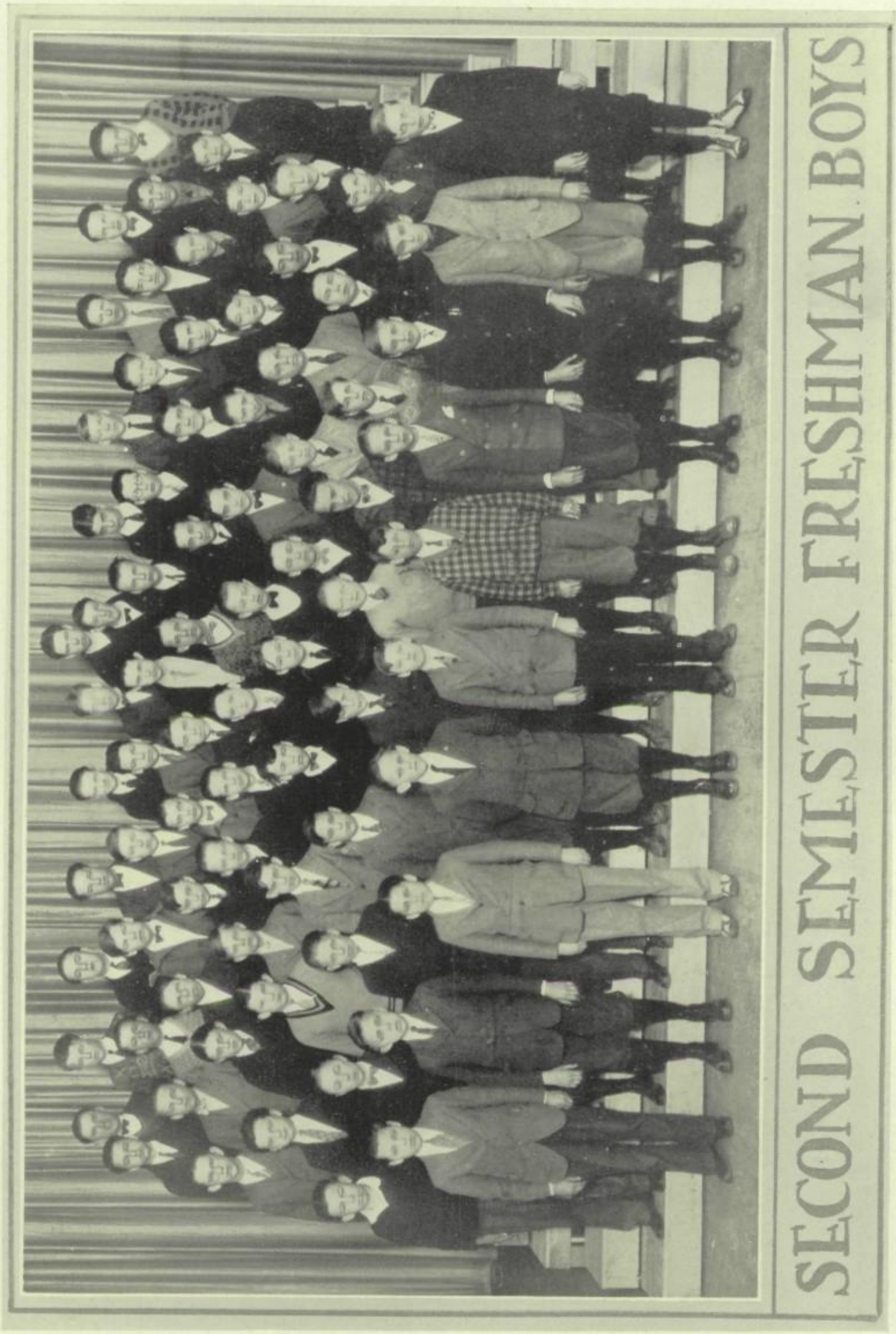
Frances M. McLaughlin
Gloria M. McMahon
Mae L. Mahon
Martha J. Markowski
Martha J. Massy
Mary A. Moszkowska
Alice M. Mezydlo
Enid H. Miller
Irene L. Molkentin
Mildred L. Mountcastle
Ruth E. Neukirch
Lillian L. Ostness
Lydia M. Paik
Lucille H. Pascol
Alma I. Peters
Arline P. Peters
Edna A. Petterman
Ruth A. Pihl
Ruth M. Pinkalla
Irene A. Polonecki
Myrtle E. Ponko
Angeline E. Prasnik
Lucille A. Rahn
Mildred J. Sumner
Esther A. Taddey
Viola L. Terry
Dorothy L. Thomas
Viola L. Randow
Evelyn L. Redlin
Dorothea R. Reese
Ingeborg I. Reinhardt
Kathryn M. Reichardt
Grace A. Reise
Margaret G. Rice
Dorothy G. Risney
Ruth A. Roeglin
Angeline M. Sagadin
Erna M. Sander
Mabel Sanderson
Ruth M. Schlinke
Florence M. Schmidt
Lorraine K. Schroeder
Floretta C. Schumacher
Eleanor G. Schuster
Helen M. Shackton
Edna B. Shelby
Winifred J. Singer
Audrey E. Smith
Blanche A. Smith
Viola B. Sommers
Evelyn L. Sorenson
Helen A. Stachowiak
Margaret C. Stasek
Evelyn M. Stielow
Leanora J. Stockman
Lillian I. Streed
Mildred E. Tindall
Caroline L. Tremain
Elaine A. Underberg
Gladys I. Unke
Evelyn E. Van Auken
Louise D. Van Valin
Marjorie D. Veitch
Myrtle A. Volger
Elizabeth B. Vanjo
Violet A. Waizinger
Sylvia A. Wallach
Gladys M. Wanke
Clementine Waskowiak
Marian I. Waterman
Esther M. Wendt
Celia S. Wenta
Mary J. West
Gertrude J. Westfall
Florence A. Westfahl
Ethel S. Weyh
Angeline J. Wieczorek
Marjorie L. Williamson
Della A. Wisinski
Janet E. Wisniewski
Florence M. Zahn
Frances E. Zeer



SECOND SEMESTER FRESHMAN BOYS

Second Semester Freshman Boys

Eugene J. Adolph
Robert J. Ahrens
John H. Alles
Leonard L. Arndt
Gerald R. Ashley
Eugene F. Bartels
George J. Barwick
Chester A. Bejma
Harold C. Beierle
George W. Beyer
Rolland E. Binder
Wesley J. Bird
Frank P. Biwer
Winfred W. Bodine
Frank J. Bregant
George E. Brezinske
Casimer R. Brill
John A. Broske
Arthur G. Brown
Reno J. Bruss
William Bureta
Edward R. Ceranoski
Alexander Chamolski
Wm. F. Czarnecki
Joseph E. Czaskas
Elmer L. Dalebroux
Milton T. Donohue
Gilbert P. Dorn
Arthur H. Dreblow
Peter J. Dress
John E. Duersteler
Lawrence F. Effertz
Harold H. Eggert
Raymond W. Engbring
Carl A. Engel
Joseph J. Ermenc
Harold O. Evans
Ole N. Evenson
Constantine T. Falkowski
Edwin A. Falkowski
Berney T. Fein
James A. Fields
Berbardt H. Fischer
Edward G. Fons
Edwin R. Ganske
Gerhardt A. Getzin
Henry L. Godecke
Gordon J. Griffith
Arthur L. Gritzmacher
Ben B. Grossman
Robert T. Haase
John T. Hegner
Alois M. Hegy
Melvin W. Herman
Eugene W. Hess
Charles M. Hryniwiecki
Ralph E. Hunn
Jerry J. Imramovsky
Alex S. Janowiak
Ambrose C. Jarosz
John C. Jens
Ardelle O. Johnson
Orville W. Johnson
Venceslaus J. Jonas
Thadd. J. Kaczmarowski
Mack Karnopp
Joseph A. Kasza
Orville E. Kelly
Robert O. Kettner
Joseph B. Kiehl
Leonard V. Kielpinski
Raymond G. Klasen
Clyde T. Klein
Charles H. Klevenow
Edmund J. Kloss
William H. Koenig
Harry C. Korbuly
Raymond G. Kordys
William T. Kriese
Joseph G. Kristyak
Roman G. Krueger
Eugene A. Krusick
Edward H. Kuehne
John A. Kujawa
Alex J. Kutnyak
Earl R. LaGesse
Frank G. Landgraf
Alfred E. Laube
William T. Lawson
Courtney K. Leaman
Alfred J. Lemmer
Steve J. Liberski
Alvin J. Lieber
Edmund E. Lippmann
Walter L. Luedke
Earnest E. Lukasavitz
Milton E. Lutz
Roman J. Lyman
John W. McMahon
Louis H. Maciejewski
Leo J. Maciolek
Walter A. Majeski



SECOND SEMESTER FRESHMAN BOYS

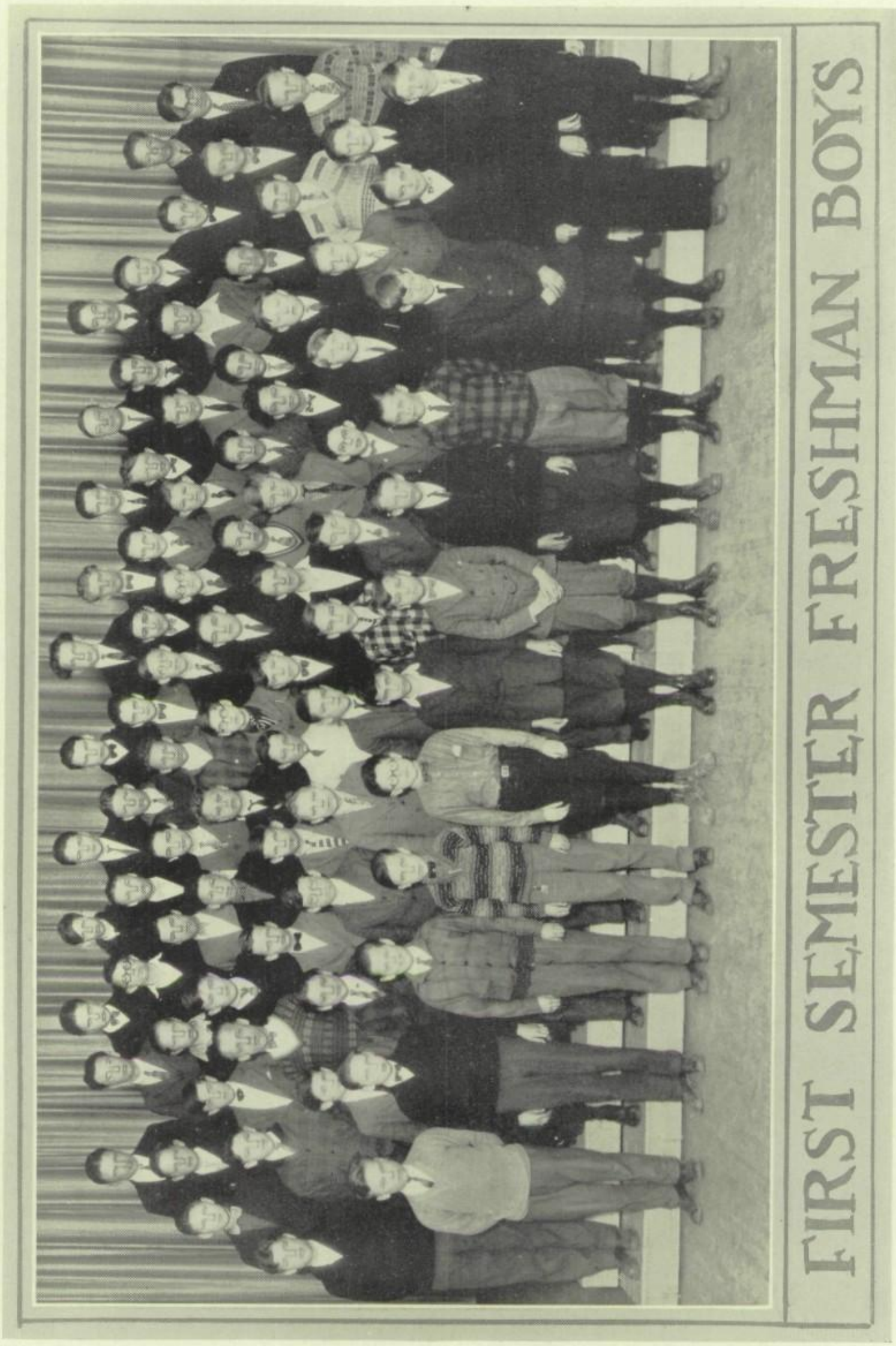
Second Semester Freshman Boys

Theodore L. Marinopoulos
George W. Martin
Raymond A. Marx
Marvin W. Meyer
Jerome Miller
Julius S. Moczek
Clarence T. Mokelke
Lucian T. Morga
James H. Mott
Frank E. Narlock
John F. Natali
Hugo W. Nelson
Howard J. Nielsen
Wallace G. Novak
Paul L. Novotny
Edmund W. Nowinski
Raymond E. Oleson
Edmund G. Olszyk
William R. Over
Frank J. Pakulski
Edward L. Paterson
Howard F. Pellant
Edward H. Pender
Francis A. Petrykowski
Fred A. Phillips
John A. Pleskatscheck
Walter A. Polewski
Alexander G. Potter
Frank L. Puncer
Ervin F. Rechlicz
William O. Redlin
Ralph U. Rehberg
George L. Ross
Raymond F. Ryczek
Roman R. Rydlewicz
Adam E. Sbikowski
Lester P. Scherkenbach
Raymond Scherkenbach
Joseph G. Schmidt
Gordon H. Schroeder
William J. Schults
Gilbert A. Schumacher
Raymond J. Sobczak
Edward S. Sobotka
Karl L. Sorenson
Gilbert L. Stahl
Sam Steren
Bernard L. Stott
Harold J. Stout
Frank J. Szewczyk
Ben S. Szymanski
George F. Tamms
Melvin F. Thessin
Earl W. Thiele
Gilbert F. Tietyen
Norman F. Tietyen
Frank E. Uszler
Thaddeus H. Uszler
Tony P. Verbick
Arthur F. Wachal
Eugene M, Wachowiak
Earl L. Wagner
Leo M. Waizinger
Willard A. Walvoord
Berthold Warschauer
Walter E. Wasielewski
Eugene P. Wieber
Harry J. Wolf
Raymond A. Wolff
Ray E. Wollert
Erwin F. Wood
Willian H. Woodman
Leo J. Yarnot
Chester J. Zarski
Stanley E. Zawodny
Martin R. Zdanowski
Anton Zdieblowski
Albert J. Zirkel

FIRST SEMESTER FRESHMAN GIRLS

First Semester Freshman Girls

Margaret E. Anderson
Alice C. Andrzejewski
Bernad. R. Andrzejewski
Isabelle Bab
Josephine Barbarich
Evelyn E. Barth
Hilda Bechtle
Beatrice J. Becker
Alma H. Below
Elizabeth B. Berenson
Harriette A. Berridge
Florence M. Brogan
Irene P. Bronikowski
Gertrude A. Daly
Margaret L. Dessecker
Grace Fare
Joyce E. Fisher
Dolores D. Fons
Frances D. Fowle
Margaret L. Friesleben
Genevieve M. Giegel
Violet M. Gillet
Dorothy Gronninger
Eugene Groszczyk
Ruth F. Groth
Adline M. Gruil
Lillian J. Gundman
Jane M. Gubbins
Irene S. Hanke
Clara C. Henrichs
Evelyn A. Hernke
Margaret M. Hoppe
Gladys H. Jacobs
Zora Javorina
Irene Janarowski
Elnor A. Jones
Esther H. Kaczmarek
Marcella M. Keller
Annetta L. Kerner
Edna M. Kilgren
Sophie E. Klanenik
Helen A. Klima
Alice H. Kleg
Mildred K. Knutsen
Regina L. Kosmecki
Camilla M. Kowalski
Dorothy E. Kramer
Alice I. Krogstad
Eleanor A. Krybeski
Florence W. Kuczynski
Mary Kuklin
Helen N. Layton
Mamie H. Lehtola
Margaret M. Lemmerman
Angeline Lepey
Marie Leshl
Marie Liebnitz
Margaret A. Liska
Myrtle R. Manske
Violet R. Manville
Marion A. Maramonte
Margaret M. Nelson
Clara D. Nowick
Garriet J. Pazderski
Christena Petersen
Arley E. Peterson
Lydia A. Pinske
Libby E. Placek
Charlotte F. Pogorzelski
Ines V. Poorman
Florence B. Praszynski
Lillian E. Raatz
Ethel E. Radtke
Eleanore E. Rathsack
Mary H. Safoshink
Gladys A. Schellin
Loraine A. Schildt
Dorothy A. Schneider
Gertrude F. Schroeder
Helen J. Shaw
Adella M. Smeiska
Irene B. Smerlinski
Irene D. Spirewka
Mildred A. Strand
Ruth E. Straw
Linda R. Tominsek
Marion H. Toth
Ruth M. Ulrich
Eleanor E. Voss
Irene C. Wasielewski
Lillian T. Weiss
Dorothy F. Will
Hazel M. Wilson
Margaret C. Woida
Harriet A. Young
Marion R. Zacher
Ruth I. Zillman



FIRST SEMESTER FRESHMAN BOYS

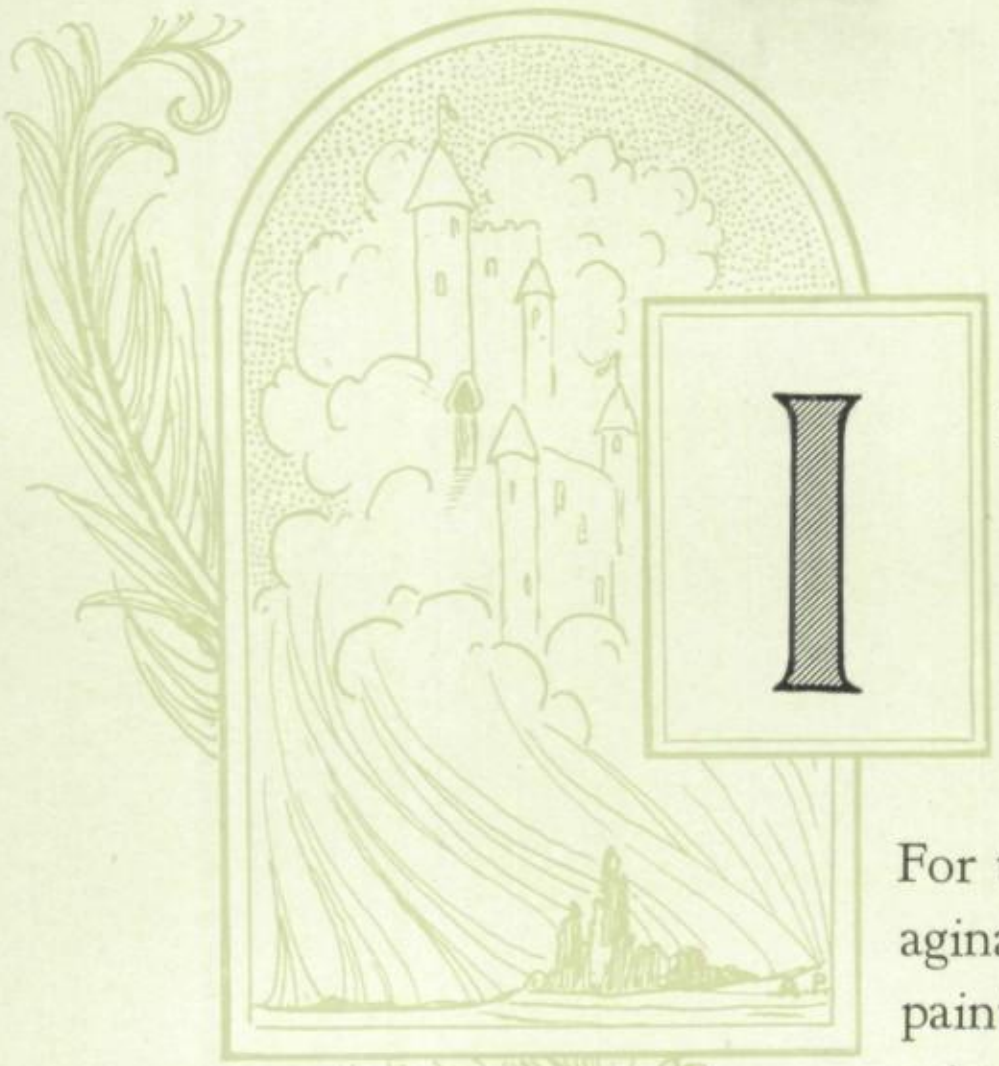
First Semester Freshman Boys

Barney T. Adamczewski
Angelo C. Airoldi
Felix F. Ambrowiak
Richard P. Armstrong
James J. Barbieri
Vincent A. Belter
Norval F. Bernhardt
Elmer L. Binger
Stanley W. Blockowitz
William H. Bowersock
Carl L. Buchholz
Henry P. Buerosse
Karl W. Buscher
Earl G. Buske
Edwin M. Campbell
Charles E. Carver
John P. Champion
Bruno B. Choinski
Severyn E. Dettlaff
Bernard H. Dombrowski
Chester H. Falkiewicz
Joseph E. Fishelson
Roy A. Fitzgerald
Gordon E. Forancke
Chester L. Fricker
Frank B. Grabowski
Felix R. Haschka
Gustav C. Hein
Frederick F. Heise
John C. Hickman
Fred J. Hill
Louis Holub
Walter S. Houston
Floyd Jackson
Clarence J. Jacob
Harry C. Kabacinski
Jerome J. Klinkowitz
Willard R. Kneisler
Harlan Knem
James R. Knocke
Howard E. Knueppel
Edward P. Kosinski
Ray H. Kosmatka
Edward O. Kriese
Edwin W. Kroenig
Bernard C. Kuzba
Frank J. Laczkowski
Howard C. Lecher
Lorenz S. Lemke
Amos J. Lockett
Harold O. Loppnow
Joseph A. Lyczywek
Raymond F. Mahon
Richard S. Malone
James A. Maurer
Joseph J. Mei
Raymond T. Mucha
Paul O. Pearson
Robert W. Pennak
Harry E. Rademacher
Joseph M. Rutkowski
William A. Sackrisen
Merlin E. Schloemilch
Joseph Schmidt
Theodore O. Schwalbach
Stanley F. Sedmak
Henry J. Sierzputowski
Howard L. Sommer
Allie J. Sromalski
Henry F. Stolowski
Stanley Szymanski
Gene C. Tanger
Aloise O. Tarnowski
Anton J. Tramte
Arthur J. Tronjanowski
George J. Tuchel
Edward E. Vesliga
Oliver H. v. Stockhausen
Leroy E. Westlund
Jerome A. Winchell
Theodore Wolfarth
William Zajc
Alvin W. Ziemann
Gilbert F. Ziemann

Nature proclaims its welcome in bold characters, challenging attention.

IMAGINATION

LITERARY



Imagination

IMAGINATION is a power that creates and changes, that gives us dreams of better things which we hope to realize in every-day life. For the artist there is an imagination that inspires the painting of pictures; for the scientist, or inventor, an imagination that accomplishes seemingly impossible things; and for us there is an imagination that gives us the power to make life beautiful. This quality has been developed by our school training, and consequently has been made more useful to ourselves. Without it we should be nothing to the world, but having it, we may be able in a flash of thought to get inspiration that will give us a clearer understanding of what we wish to accomplish and that will lead, finally, to success.

R. Pillar F. Goetzke R. Pinkalla A. Czapiewski

Oracle Story Contest Winners

SENIORS

First Place.....Ruth Pillar
Second Place.....Sally Armbruster

JUNIORS

First Place.....Arthur Czapiewski
Second Place.....Esther Siebert
Third Place.....Irene Ponto

SOPHOMORES

First Place.....Florence Goetzke
Second Place.....Lillian Andryeski
Third Place.....Georgiana Knurr

FRESHMEN

First Place.....Ruth Pinkalla
Second Place.....Marcella Baumann
Third Place.....Dorothy Koch

E. Siebert M. Baumann L. Andryeski S. Armbruster

The Silver Teapot

By Ruth Pillar

GENTLY THE INCOMING TIDE bore the remains of a once majestic vessel shoreward. Proudly and defiantly she had ridden these mighty swells—The Conquerer. Now she was but a skeleton, the plaything of these tropical waters. By a prank of Fate, she was not alone in her humiliation. A man clung wearily to one of her water-soaked ribs. For two days he had drifted—famished, chilled in every bone, beaten unmercifully by the lashing tongues of salt water. This morning the sun rose like a ball of fire from the rim of the sea, paving a narrow path of rippling gold on the smooth water. Gradually the path widened, until the survivor was bathed in a sea of molten metal. The warm sunlight dried the rags which persistently hung about his exhausted frame, and soon the rocking motion of the water lulled him into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Beverly Whitney opened his eyes and beheld the smiling sky in place of the high, oak-beamed ceiling of his own bedroom. Instead of drawing snowy, Irish linen sheets contentedly about his chin, he disengaged a slimy piece of seaweed from him neck. Aching in every bone, he painfully sat up and discovered that he had only dreamed of being home in his soft, four-poster, for he still reclined on a half-dozen soggy, slippery timbers. Where he had lain, a number of screws and bolts protuded; they accounted for the dull ache in his head. His hair was crusted with salt, and his face blistered by the scorching sun. The shore was only a few feet away. He set his teeth, and waded into the shallow water, plunging on until he reached the shore where he lay down for a time, too weak and weary to move. Gradually he became aware of a silvery tinkle somewhere near him. Perhaps it was the fresh water he needed so badly. Turning his head in the direction of the inlet nearby, he beheld frollicking in and out the tide, a silver teapot.

He crawled to the edge of the water and seizing the teapot from the playful, foamy fingers of the waves, he fell to examining it minutely. A delicately carved affair, its shape was much like that of a short, plump person, sometimes said to be "dumpy". Its cover was bell-shaped, topped with a perky little ball, and its snout was as saucy as any pug-nose ever dared be.

Whitney flung back the lid and, to his amazement, perceived his own name and family coat of arms engraved thereon. Evidently the teapot had washed inshore as he had. He threw back his head and emitted a wild, hollow laugh, which echoed and re-echoed gruesomely. His own unnatural laugh startled him and he stopped short, his mouth agape, remaining im-

movable, as if enchanted by a mystic spell. His eyes were drawn to the underbrush as a nail is attracted to the loadstone.

Peering from the bushes was a head. Was it that of man or beast? The matted hair, or fur, stood on end, overhanging a pair of curious, yes, merry, blue eyes, which were the only human-looking features perceptible. This creature was as amazed at the appearance of Whitney as the latter was horrified by him.

Cautiously the ferocious looking apparition emerged from its shelter and approached Whitney, who struggled to his feet, exclaiming, "What or who in Heaven's name are you?"

"Well, now, and I might ask the same of you, my friend, but I'm obliging by nature. I'm David Eggleston, from London, England, late of the English Navy, at your service." He made a sweeping bow with a huge leaf which served him as a hat. "And now, in return, you will please tell me who and what your are and where you hail from."

Whitney lay wearily back on the sand and explained dispiritedly in a few words.

"Come, come, man," said Eggleston. "You're as glum as a grass widow losing her third husband. Where'd you get that teapot there? Did you drop in for four o'clock tea? I hope you remembered to bring the tea in your vest pocket. It's rather scarce in these parts. We'll have some kind of tea, anyhow. If the teapot's old enough, maybe there'll be some taste left in it." He ran to a nearby spring, trickling from a rocky precipice, and filled the teapot. It was the only civilized thing he had touched or seen for two weeks. Light-hearted and inconsequent by nature, he was jubilant over the lucky chance which gave him a companion, even this sorry specimen who needed him so badly.

When he returned to his companion, he cleared a space in the sand and spread some huge leaves of the variety he used for his head gear. He took from his pockets two large sea shells. "This is our linen tablecloth, and these our delicate Haviland ware," he said cheerfully, arranging them before Whitney. "My dear Mr. Whitney, will you have a cup of this delicious Japan tea? And will you have lemon, cream, or sugar? Two lumps or one?" And, crooking his little finger elegantly, he poured the spring water, with elaborate gestures, into the shells. "These juicy little berries take the place of tea dainties and salad. I was afraid to eat them at first, but it was a matter either of being poisoned by eating them, or of dying from starvation. Happened to be lucky this time."

Both of them ate ravenously of the meager supply of berries. "You didn't tell me how you came by this teapot, Whitney," Eggleton said after a long silence.

"Why, it must have washed ashore, just as I did. The last time I remember seeing it was just before the final crash. It was on the tea tray with the rest of the service. I don't see why that useless thing washed up here. I suppose it's only to mock me in my helplessness. Why couldn't it have been a quart of whiskey? Then I'd steep my sorrow in forgetfulness."

"Yes, and die a little sooner. It's only because I've led a healthy, rugged life, and become accustomed to hardships in the navy that I have survived this long. These nights here are damp, and the chill penetrates to the marrow. You can't lie in the underbrush at night because those young airplanes chew the flesh off your bones. The best shakedown I've found

is made by drying a hundred bushels of weeds, and gouging a hollow the size of your body in the sand. Half fill it with the dry weeds and cover yourself well with a few more bushels. It's fine as long as it doesn't rain. But you'll soon adjust yourself to a little inconvenience like that.

"It must be about two weeks that I've been here. One of those typhoons hit our tub, and I think I'm the only one left to tell the story. We might start by making a bed for you. Mine is inshore as far as I can get it. I keep extra dried weeds on hand so that if it rains, I won't be destitute. Some of them can be kept dry with a covering of drift-wood."

He started up the shore in the direction of the place where he had dug his bed in a little alcove in the cliff. It was in the corner most sheltered from the wind, but the other bed would be out in the open.

Whitney started to follow, dragged himself a few feet, and fainted. David bathed his head, chafed his wrists, and, at last, succeeded in reviving him. "I was a thoughtless clown," he said apologetically. "I might have known you'd be exhausted. Come, put your arm around my neck. You sleep in my bed tonight. You'll be better tomorrow."

He half dragged and half carried Whitney to the crude sleeping quarters. From time to time, he glanced at his companion whose breathing made hoarse, rasping noises. "One of those cursed, damp rains will do for us both," he said to himself. "I hope the good Lord will spare us just this one night. Lack of his customary drink is telling on him already," he continued. nodding at Whitney. "It's all right for these uppy-ups to have their good times, but when it comes to the test, and they have just their bodies, souls, and the Almighty to depend upon, they simply cave in." He ended his soliloquy by crawling into his weedy bed, and composed himself for slumber.

About midnight, he awoke with a start. He tried to sit up, but was suddenly conscious of something cold and wet lying across his face. Of course, it was those rain-soaked weeds! He brushed them aside. His hand struck a clammy piece of flesh. A white flash of lightning disclosed the ghostly outlines of Whitney sprawled next to his bed.

Eggleston flung himself beside him as a streak of lightning, accompanied by a deafening clap of thunder, rived the air. He shook him vigorously, calling his name. Finally, Whitney groaned and opened his eyes. The deluge ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. The gray dawn relieved the blackness of the night.

"I must have something to lie on, Dave," Whitney whispered huskily. "I haven't the strength to hold up my head."

"Very well, my poor fellow. I'll take inventory of my downy weeds and see if I can make some kind of bed for you."

Dave removed the covering and dug into the weeds. The sand underneath was perfectly dry. He set about digging another bed, and, when it was completed, arranged the weeds comfortably around Whitney. "The sun will soon be out and dry things up," remarked Dave cheerfully.

"Probably," Whitney said hoarsely. "And I feel it will be the last sun I'll live to see. There's a weight on my chest that is choking the life out of me."

"Oh, don't say that, Whitney. You'll feel better when the sun is shining, and it's warmer."

Whitney's reply was a disconsolate shake of the head.

Toward noon, the sun did come out. The air became musty and humid. It seemed to Dave that Whitney's breathing was more laborious. He had slept most of the morning and now he moved his lips as though to speak. Dave bent his head over him. "I haven't been such a very good man, Dave," he whispered; "I'd do things differently if I had another chance. For the last two years, I've been sailing and drinking; going to the dogs as fast as I knew how. That's why I can't get well now. You have a chance. You've lived right. If you get away from here, promise me you'll live my life as I should have lived it. I have wealth in England. You'll be the sole heir." His feverish hand clung to Dave's; his glassy eyes were imploringly uplifted.

"Why, Whitney, you're not going to die. You're just unstrung. After a good rest, you'll be yourself again."

Whitney shook him impatiently. "You can't bluff me, Dave. Perhaps I'd have a chance if I had a half-dozen nurses and doctors fussing with me; but you know I can't get well here, and so do I. For pity's sake, give a dying man his last request. Promise me, and I'll die in peace."

"But my dear fellow," objected Dave, "Who would believe that I was you? I'd be arrested as an impostor."

"No you wouldn't," insisted Whitney irritably. "There are just my lawyers, and they haven't seen me for years. As for proof, if you are questioned, there's the teapot with the family coat of arms on it. Promise! I can't last much longer."

"I promise. I'll do anything to please you."

Whitney relaxed and sighed contentedly. The afternoon wore on. Gradually the sun sank behind the cliff, and as the last ray disappeared, so the last flicker of Whitney's pulse faded.

David held the cold hand for a long time, unable to realize that he was again alone. He stared dully about him—at the unsympathetic water—the barren stretch of sand—the uncompromising forest—then back again at the still body. He must bury him before dark, he thought. He dug a shallow grave, and covered the body, leaving a high mound over it; then he found some small boards and a few stray spikes. In a short time, he constructed a crude cross which he placed at the head of Whitney's grave. There was nothing more for him to do now, but wait. For what? Most likely death.

The full white moon rose in the inky heavens, scattering a myriad of stars in its wake. David sat in the sand, chin on fist, looking about him. He glanced toward Whitney's grave, then turned his eyes to the late sleeping quarters. His heart leaped to his throat. Gleaming against the cliff was something!

"Come out! I'll stand this no longer," shouted David. He sprang upon the offending object, dealing it a blow with his clenched fist. He was surprised to find no teeth tearing his flesh. There was no response whatever. He crawled forward, cautiously, touching the thing apprehensively. He picked it up and started foolishly at it. That harmless, little teapot, together with his overwrought nerves, had been the cause of his terror!

He sat down weakly, mopping his face. Sleep at last overcame him, and he crawled back to his old quarters where he slept soundly all that night and until late the next morning. Then he set about gathering fresh berries, keeping a sharp lookout for a passing ship. What if a ship did come near the island? It couldn't approach near enough for him to make himself heard or seen from aboard. He had nothing with which to build a fire. If he only

had something upon which the sun could reflect. He had been taught this old trick in the navy. The teapot was not so useless at it was accused of being, and was hastily suspended from a conspicuous limb of a tree.

For two days, David watched anxiously for some response. The third day a speck appeared on the horizon. Gradually it became larger. The sun was shining brightly. Would someone see his signal, or would the ship pass by, leaving him isolated? It was drawing nearer, nearer. To his delight, boats were lowered and a crew of sailors rowed toward him. As the sailors approached, he noticed they wore the English uniform. He ran forward, howling with delight.

"Now what, by all that's Holy, would you call this? Are you the only one like this, or are there more?"

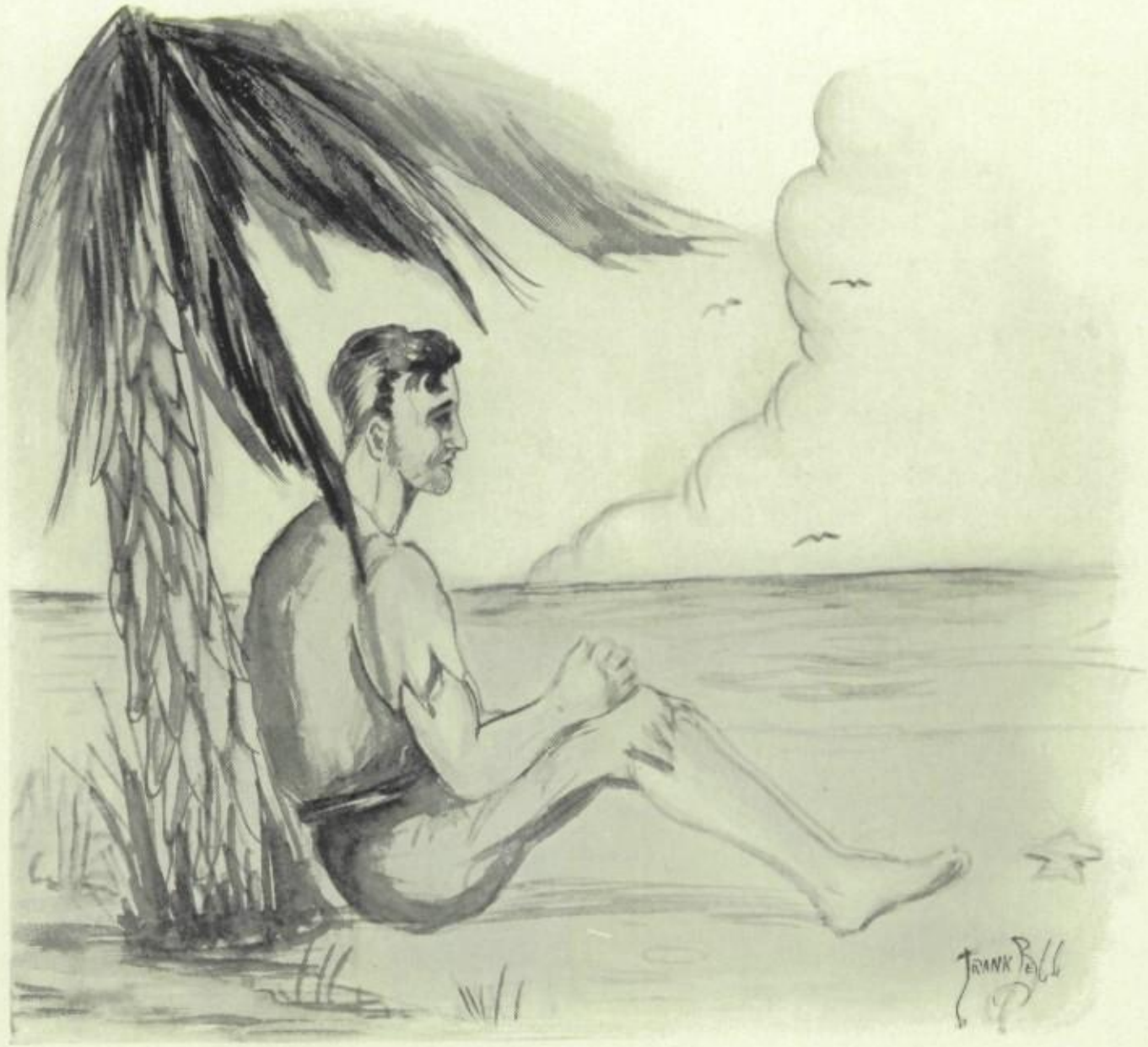
"No, I'm the only one, and in the name of Heaven, take me with you," answered David.

He clambered over the side of the boat, casting a farewell glance at the island.

"That's the last I'll see of you, thank the Lord, "he muttered.

Then, with a splash, sprang back into the water, bawling, "My teapot! I almost left my teapot behind!"

"The fellow is clean out of his noodle. Catch him somebody," cried one of the sailors.



"For two days, David watched anxiously for some response."

But David was gone. He scrambled up the tree. Returning, he waved the teapot trimphantly, and related its checkered career to his curious rescuers. He was at last on his way to merry England.

— —

Two weeks later, David Eggleston found himself well established in Windsor, England, on the old Whitney estate, playing the role of Beverly Whitney. He accepted no invitations, and received no callers. He allowed the rumor of a nervous breakdown to circulate.

While rummaging through Whitney's antique desk, David brought to light a stack of notebooks in which Whitney had written his diary from early boyhood to the time he had left England. David began with the first book, drinking in each word, and mimmicking as well as he could, the outstanding characteristics of Whitney.

One morning, he was perusing the thirteenth volume (there were twenty) when he was interrupted by old Sims, the butler. The old fellow brought the morning's mail in, cast a stealthy glance at David, and hobbled out.

"That old bird isn't as stupid as he looks," David said to himself. "I wonder if he suspects me." He stepped to the mirror and scrutinized his reflection. He wasn't so unlike Whitney; still, he could never pass as Whitney's twin. He had blue eyes and black hair (combed just like Whitney's, in a late photograph). This much was in his favor. His features were regular as Whitney's and he had practised assuming several little gestures of Whitney's which he recalled. After an absence of two years, people would naturally expect to find him changed.

He opened the mail listlessly. Only one letter interested him — a formal-looking square of heavy, white paper that proved to be an invitation to a dance. The sender was Nina Beach.

There was something very familiar about that name. David looked hurriedly through Whitney's diary, noticing that her name appeared frequently. He also marked that once a year, from the early age of fifteen years, Whitney had attended a dance given on September third by Nina Beach.

David lost no time in scanning the remaining books. "There's something queer here," he said to himself. "In the beginning, Whitney warms to the subject of Nina Beach. In the last three books, there is no mention of her. They probably had a lover's quarrel, which resulted in his departure. This leaves me in a fine predicament. What attitude am I to assume toward her? Let me see . . . . this affair occurs three weeks from today. . . . .plenty of time for me to rehearse."

During the ensuing weeks, David spent most of his time brushing up his rusty manners. He added to his household, to wit: One Perfect Gentleman—the paragon of gallantry, and refinement. A dancing master was engaged to teach him the intricacies of the latest steps a few hours every afternoon. Volumes on the rules of etiquette were introduced into Whitney's library, and all David's spare moments were spent in laboriously conquering those niceties most admired by the ladies.

The night of the dance arrived. David glided along the lighted streets in his car with the parting admonishings of the Perfect Gentlemen still ringing in his ears. If he acted a little queerly, or committed a breach of etiquette, people would charge it up to his nervous breakdown. His greatest difficulty would be with Nina Beach.

His hostess received him with icy politeness. Her deep violet eyes met his squarely, and widened with surprise. She bowed stiffly, then turned to greet someone else.

David had no opportunity to speak with Nina during the early part of the evening. He was employed in repeating to wide-eyed young ladies the story of his late experience. He was somewhat relieved when the dancing commenced. He swung past a balcony adjoining the room and caught a fleeting glimpse of a figure leaning against the railing. He managed to extricate himself from the clutches of Mrs. Beach, who kept him constantly dancing in her attendance.

The cool, night air fanned his flushed face as he stepped out on the balcony. "Why, Nina," he exclaimed, as the figure turned, "Isn't it a beautiful night?"

She turned upon him fiercely. "You have the brazenness of—of—I don't know what, to come here tonight. Don't you realize that I invited you for the sake of the past—because you have always attended? That last quarrel meant the end of everything."

Ha! So Whitney and she had quarreled! He answered her with the deepest humiliation. "I was all unstrung at that time, Nina. You don't know—you never will know—nobody will," he continued with a dramatic wave of the arm, "the sleepless nights, the hours of mental and physical agony I have suffered for the wrong I did you. If your generous, gentle heart can forgive a wretched, miserable, blundering creature, I humbly beseech your forgiveness." He dropped on one knee at her feet, and bowed his head. (He had read a similar scene in one of the books the Perfect Gentleman had forced him to read.)

"Here! Get up! Somebody's coming," Nina said distractedly. He was unable to decide whether she was disgusted with him, or regretful because of the intrusion. At any rate, she took his arm, condescending to dance the last dance with him.

David contrived to be at the luncheons, teas, and other social affairs that Nina attended. She seemed to enjoy his company. He was on the alert to catch the least suspicious look cast in his direction, and was most uneasy when he caught Nina's eyes on him. It seemed to him that he had found her watching him quite a bit lately. He comforted himself with this thought: if Nina suspected him, being a woman, she wouldn't wait very long to voice her suspicions.

Society, in general, nodded its head, and smiled wisely at Nina Beach and Beverly Whitney. Mrs. Beach had already planned the kind of dress she was going to wear at the wedding, and had done everything but engage the dressmaker.

David spent hours writing poetry. The Perfect Gentlemen told him that a true gallant proffered the lady of his heart a poem on her charms. He had, finally, composed one that he thought worthy of Nina's praise. It was carefully stowed away in his vest pocket for further use this afternoon. He walked slowly in the direction of the Beach mansion. Once or twice that manuscript was haltingly drawn forth to be read and improved upon. David faintly heard the uncomplimentary remarks of irate drivers in regard to "jaywalking".

Nina was standing at the drawing room window, listening to an amusing conversation between old Sims, Whiney's butler, and old Penny, the Beach's gardener.

"Sims is a queer old fellow," David said, joining her.

"Queer but clever," Nina replied.

"Does he come very often?" he asked casually.

"Every once in a while he pays a visit," she answered guardedly.

"I have something to show you," David said abruptly. He handed her his masterpiece. After reading it through, she looked at him questioningly. "Well, will you?" he asked anxiously.

"Will I what?"

"Why, will you marry me? Didn't I ask as much in that poem?"

"If you mean to propose to me, stop right where you are," said Nina coldly, her eyes flashing with wrath. "Impostor! I have been waiting for this opportunity. What do you mean by asking a lady to marry you under an assumed name?" Her voice shook with righteous indignation.

"What makes you speak this way?" he asked.

"I have sound reasons for speaking so. Between old Sims and a detective, I have discovered that you are David Eggleston." Before she could say any more, David called Sims. The little, old man bowed himself into the room.

"What do you know about this business of my being an impostor, Sims?" David asked sternly.

"Begging your pardon, Sir, shall I tell 'im, Miss Nina?" Sims asked uneasily.

At a nod from Nina, he continued. "Well, you see, it be thisaway. Ever since you come 'ome, you h'acted so different from what you al'ays did that I kept a h'eye on you h'all the time. Belike 'e do h'assembly Mr. Beverly in looks, but never in 'is h'action, I says to myself. Mr. Beverly never missed one Saturday being put to bed in 'is cups, and this 'ere man h'aint been in 'is cups since 'es been 'ome. A morning never passed that Mr. Beverly didn't fire a shoe or some'at me, this 'ere man's so mild. H'it h'aint 'im, I says, says I. This orter be told to Miss Nina. Mebbe she'd do some'at about h'it.

"So I goes to 'er and tells 'er h'all I seed. H'its one o' these 'ere h'apositors, I says. So she gets some o' these detectors from Scotland Yard arter you. They traces the boat you come 'ome on. They finds whereabouts you be shipwrecked *and* they finds a *grave*! Then they ex'ales Mr. Beverly's body! So at this perceptible time, Sir, you be's a h'apositor." Sims concluded his denuncation by crossing his arms over his chin with a self-satisfied air.

"All right, Sims, now you may go," Nina said.

"Then you knew who I was all the time?" David asked when they were alone.

Nina raised her head proudly. "Will you please tell me how you could honorably marry me under the circumstances?" she asked.

"Yes, I will. Before he died, Whitney forced me to promise that I would live the rest of my live as Beverly Whitney. I kept that promise, and had my name legally changed. I thought you had come to care for me. I see that it was all a game. Was it not?"

He looked at the averted head. A large tear trickled down Nina's cheek. David hated tears, and, accordingly, looked about for a means to remedy the situation. Nina groped in vain for her handkerchief.

"Here's mine," said David, proffering that article. "I guess its more practical than my poetry. When shall we announce the engagement?"

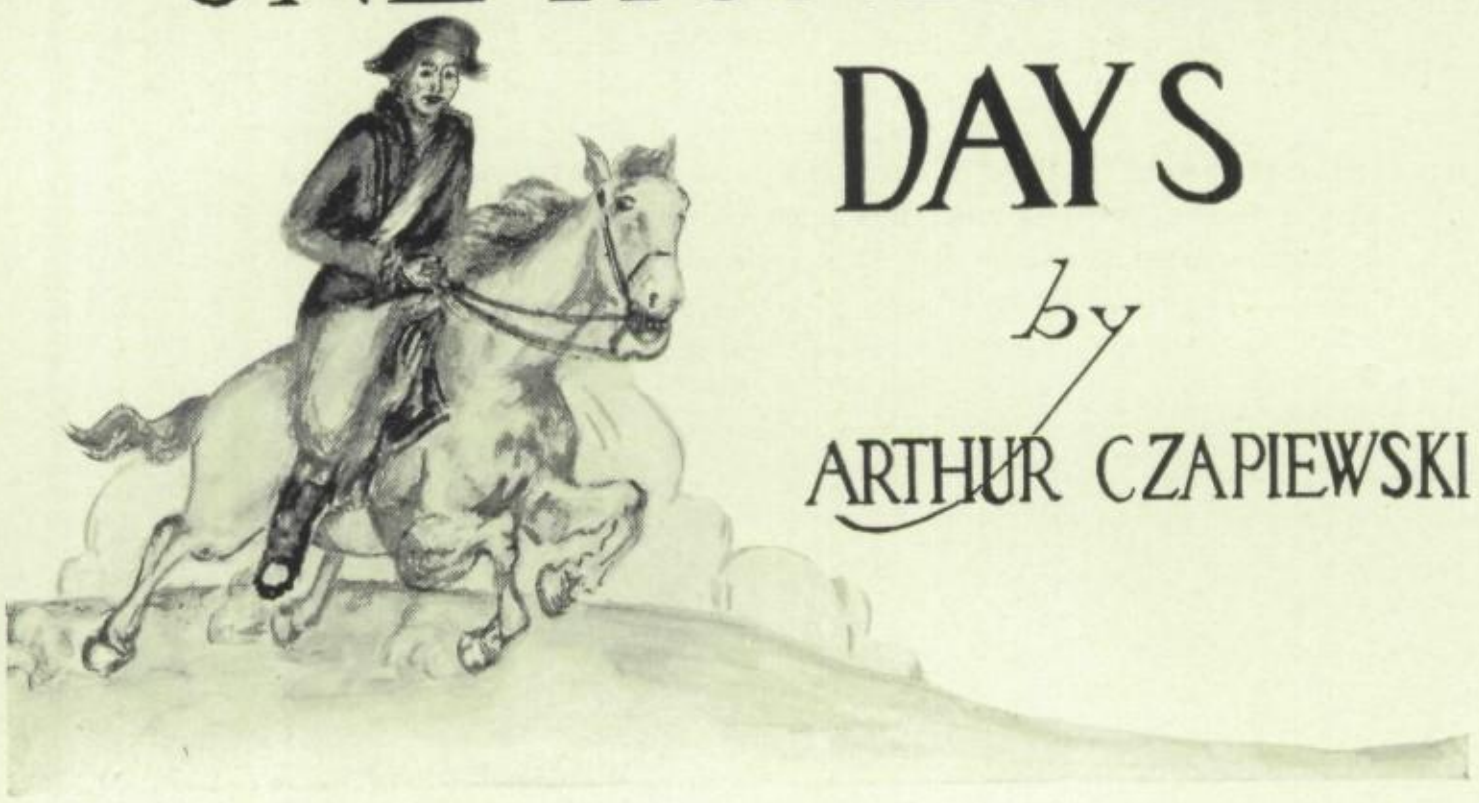
— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

"And that silver teapot saved your life, Daddy?" asked Beverly Junior, as his father ended his story.

"Yes, my son," smiled his father. "And it incidentally gave me your mother."

The silver teapot winked slyly in the firelight.

ONE HUNDRED DAYS



by

ARTHUR CZAPIEWSKI

IT MAY SEEM a bit droll and sardonic when I say to you that I had no reason for leaving the peaceful English town of Chatham early in the year 1815 other than a desire to see and serve that great man—in fact, superman—of my day and age, Napoleon. But when I say further of how it led me to my first and only love, I presume, and probably not so erroneously, that a smile of amusement will cross your lips, for who, you will question, but a youth and one in the grasp of Eros at that, can anticipate the successful shouldering of the burden of a faithful chronicler. Peste! you are misinformed; I am now an old man, known as George Wittingham, esquire. Now, fifty-one years after the event, I undertake to narrate to you, the details of the greatest adventure of my eventful life. As I write I see my children's children playing in the garden of "The Meadows", which is the pride of my old age. For years, in my youth, I had admired this estate, and, thirteen years ago I purchased it, that I might enjoy my old age on the scene of my boyhood revels.

— —

This ambition of mine, however, was not the result of an impulse, but the climax of a childhood and youth of hero-worship. As far back as my memory carries me—I being seventeen at the time—I had heard of this "Man of Destiny" as the greatest warrior and general of all time--one who had eclipsed the exploits even of the immortal Caesar; I had heard of Napoleon as the man who would in time rule the world; I had heard his name spoken with mingled fear and admiration. And it is no wonder that I placed him at the topmost position on my imaginary altar of heroes.

To cap my enthusiasm, there came one day—February 21, 1815, to be exact—a friend of my brother Wallace. This friend, Adam Winton, had gone to France with my brother and had fought in the army of Napoleon before his exile to Elba. With outward appearance of disgust he told me why he had returned home.

"For what reason should I remain there in France? Napoleon in exile, France has lost her glory. No one will fight now, for there is no one to lead. Many of our own countrymen who fought for the Emperor stay in France, living idly on the principal of the magnificent wages paid to them for their military services. I went to the continent to fight, not to sleep."

"What will become of the Emperor?" queried I.

"Oh, he's safe enough on Elba. The Allies dare not harm him; France is still powerful, you know."

"Why hasn't Wallace returned with you?"

"Oh, he has an idea that his 'Man of Destiny' will return to conquer anew."

"Has he sent any word for me?" You see, I was in a mood for asking questions.

"Parbleu! I 'most forgot. Here is a letter he gave to me to deliver to you."

Now if he would but leave me to my letter, which I did not wish to read in his presence! But no, he stayed on and on until I was almost tempted to ask him to leave. However, after hours of talk of his adventures on the Continent, he left me to my letter. Alone at last, I broke the seal and read as follows:

Dear Brother George:

This is secret. I trust you to keep it. If you keep it, your ambition may be realized. (He knew of my desire) Trust me to help you where I can.

Listen, now! Napoleon has completed his plans for his escape from Elba. He has not been guarded so closely as he might, or rather should have been. Through the laxity of vigilance, he has communicated with his trusted agents in France. I am one of the trusted few. The Emperor plans to have his departure from Elba so timed that he will land on the coast of France near Cannes on the first of March. Remember, this is a secret; guard it as you would your life. The existence of a greater man than you may eventually depend upon its fulfillment. Destroy this letter as soon as you have assimilated its content.

You may cross over the Continent comparatively safely at this time, as peace now exists between England and France.

Allow yourself to be known as Gilbert de Fondeau, going to visit his elder brother in France. You see, you have come to England during the war on the Continent.

When you arrive at Calais, in the poorer section of the town procure a meal and spend the night in a cheap lodging house. The following morning you may easily find your way to Paris by following the signs along the highways. I have enclosed two-hundred francs, so there is nothing to necessitate your taking your own money along.

With this money, outfit yourself in Paris and establish yourself at the Hotel de Fleury. Everyone knows where that is. I will meet you there on the twenty-eighth of February.

Say nothing of this to mother. She would not hear of your going. Father, if he were alive, would not hinder you, but a mother is different. Remember the time I had convincing her to allow me to go? Leave her a note telling her not to worry about you; I will take care of you.

That is all. As my time is limited this letter may not be complete in details, but I reply upon you to use your own feeble judgment where I have neglected to advise you.

Remember, now, I'm doing this that you may realize your ambition, and I may be a fool for doing so; but if I'm not, please don't make one out of me by disregarding my cautions.

With a prayer for your success,

Brother Wallace.

I burned the letter immediately, and formulated my plans for the undertaking, no expected risk being too great, nor any anticipated thrill too presumptuous for a youthful mind, seeing only success, to imagine. I literally should have to run away from home, but in the fool hardiness of youth, that fact was not of much concern to me.

— —

In the early forenoon of the twenty-sixth, I was rambling about the streets of Calais in search of a suitable place in which to fill my stomach and rest my weary body. It did not take long to find such a place and, after a meal, which, contrary to my expectations, was good, I retired to a room in the rear of the building. There I threw myself on a couch and fell into a deep sleep.

My voyage from England to the Continent had been uneventful and, but for the tales of the second mate, who knew all about the Emperor, my trip might have been considered a failure in the light of the anticipated excitement.

At evening, I was awakened by the proprietor, who had, as I had asked him to, inquired about the coach to Paris, and informed me that presently the coach would stop at the toll-gate opposite, where I might secure my passage. Immediately I buckled on my pistols and knife (I was armed, you see), tossed him a franc for his trouble, and strode across the flagstones to the aforementioned toll-gate, where the coach stopped, that the driver might pay his fee and that I might get up into the seat, where, soon after starting, the rolling and lurching of the coach rocked me to sleep. I preposterously slept all the way through to Paris, where I was awakened only by the bumping of the carriage wheels on the cobble-stones of the streets of the metropolis.

In Paris, I had no trouble finding the Hotel de Fleury and there procured a room and the information which would lead me to a good tailor. I spent the greater part of my money at the tailor's, he supposing me to be a Frenchman—my French had been readily recalled after the conversations on the ship and with the innkeeper at Calais—tried to put on me an ill fitting suit that he had on hand. But I was an Englishman and the Frenchman doesn't live, who can make fools of us. I was a self-made, not a French-made, fool. This tailor, however, promised to have ready for me, the following morning, a ready-made, handsome suit which he, himself, would make for me. It had seemed that he had made his mistake by promising to make a suit for me, overnight. Dubiously, however, I gave him the name of the hotel which was the scene of my brief sojourn in Paris.

Sure enough, the next evening a knock sounded at my door and there, when I opened it, was Monsieur le Tailor, all smiles, and bowing very low. I waved him to a seat and asked him to wait for his money—that was not necessary, however; he would have waited without mention of it—while I fitted the suit. It fitted to perfection, and I paid him the amount he asked—one hundred and forty francs.

As soon as my tailor had gone, I went to the affable owner of the hotel to ask his opinion of my purchase.

"Well, you see, the quality of an article does not depend on what you have paid for it, but on what you have received for your money. Therefore my opinion rests upon the price you have paid and then only can I tell you what value you may have received."

"One hundred and forty francs."

"Ah, it is as I thought. That scoundrel has emptied your pockets. He knows his business."

"Scoundrel?"

"Yes, scoundrel. The suit you are wearing has probably had its place in the wardrobe of some of the Paris élite. He takes your measurements and looks up some responsible gentleman who appears to be of your stature and sends him a message, supposedly from a lady, requesting him to meet her at such and such a place, and asking him to bring the message with him. Now, as you may know, there is not a French gentleman who will refuse a request from a lady, and, as the name used is generally that of a noted woman, he goes to the aforementioned place. Of course, he is led into some practically uninhabited section of the town, and there he is quite suddenly waylaid; when he regains consciousness, he finds that he has been divested of his best suit of clothes—for such they were, for was he not going to meet a lady? He finds his way to his home, the best possible way, Monsieur le Tailleur—whose name, by the way, is Brennet—not wasting his time with concern for his victim."

"Oh, don't be concerned; the suit cannot be recovered," he said, noting the look of amazement on my face. "He has remodeled it to suit you, and removed all matter by which it might be identified."

"Yes, but I would rather pay a few francs more and have a suit that I might truly call my own."

"Surely, but not in all Paris would you be asked to pay more than a hundred francs for a suit of similar quality."

"Never-the-less, I— — —"

"Oh sir! Say it out! I know you're an Englishman. It's ignorance of France, not of French that betrays you. I know an Englishman when I see one; I'm one myself. Of course, I don't look like one; I've lived here the greater part of my life. Don't worry; I'll not betray your identity. What are you doing here at this time and in such comparative secrecy?"

I was about to answer—foolishly, of course—when the door swung inward and a tall Frenchman swaggered toward us, calmly waving the proprietor to continue uninterrupted. As we began to converse again—the question as to the purport of my presence being repeated—I unmistakably saw the tall Frenchman put his fingers to his lips as an indication of silence.

"Well, can't you — — —?"

"Enough, Monsieur! You are a spy and shall be treated as such!" roared out the tall Frenchman; then in a whisper scarcely audible: "Carry this to your grave, you fool; even the walls have eyes and ears for the Emperor."

The roar of a pistol-shot reverberated through the building as the proprietor fell twitching at my feet. The newcomer had fired from under his great-coat.

"Nom de Dieu! don't stand there like a fool; get your belongings and come—Gilbert de Fondeau!" he ordered.

"Wallace!"

"Silence, fool!"

I ran to my room for my pistols and old suit, and, when I had returned another Frenchman of huge proportions—he may have been an Englishman for all of me, however—was holding the cowering guests in one corner of the room under threat of two pistols.

In the center of the room, Wallace was holding a struggling girl in his arms. She was gagged and tightly bound, and he ordered me to take her up and carry her to the coach outside.

As I caught her up, her soft brown eyes caught mine and held them enthralled by their beauty. Her hair was of the blackest; her lithe arms seemed to me to be well nigh cut by the cruel cords which bound them. She was tall for her age, coming to my cheek-bones, and I was six-feet.

"Fool, to the coach! Hurry!"

I sprang through the doorway and out into the street, taking but few steps to reach the coach. The driver jumped down from his seat and opened the door. I raised the girl into the seat inside and climbed in after her. I fastened one door and placed myself between my prisoner and the other. I removed the gag from her mouth, which proved to be stuffed with her own handkerchief, and cut the bonds from her dainty wrists and ankles.

"Ah, Monsieur, you are so good. I should have soon died for want of air," she said in a voice which seemed to me to be that of an angel—as if I had ever heard one.

"But why are you so bound?" I blurted out in a manner typical of a man or boy in love.

"I was led into the room in which the Emperor was seated at a table."

"Ah, Monsieur, it was like this. The tall Frenchman — — —"

"My brother," I put in.

"Your brother, then, called you 'de Fondeau'. Now my name happens to be de Fondeau—Esther Louise de Fondeau—and it is the only one of its kind in Paris, our family having retained it since the days of Richelieu. There are, however, many by the name of Fondeau, but not in all Paris, and I dare say not in all France, is there a de Fondeau who is not known to us, for we are all blood-relations and there are not many of us.

"Then, Monsieur, in the hotel, I screamed my knowledge, and the tall person, your brother, evidently presumed my knowledge to be too embarrassing to be spread about, for it might have lifted your veil of disguise, if such it is. I, Monsieur, am only sixteen and not well able to withstand such treatment and I thank you for releasing me from my discomfort."

— —

We travelled southward to Orleans where we intended to await the Emperor and warn him, if necessary, of the appearance of any unexpected danger; but none came, for all France was hailing his arrival and rejoicing in the hope of regaining some or all of her lost glory.

During this time my friendship with Esther de Fondeau had come to be more than a friendship on both her part and mine; it came to be love, and we became inseparable.

— —

On the eighteenth of March, the Emperor of Elba, as his enemies sardonically called him, rode into Orleans at the head of an army of his faithful old guard and other fighting men who were only too glad to return to the army by which they might raise France once more to the heights of fame. Napoleon himself addressed the multitude, and no voice was raised against him, so were they moved by his power and personality.

The same day, my brother, who was in surprisingly close contact with the Emperor, procured an audience for me. I was ushered into the de luxe suite of the best hostelry in Orleans, and after a short wait I was led into the room in which the Emperor was seated at a table, pondering over a few letters and manuscripts. He looked up as I entered, and his clear, blue eyes met mine. His indomitable will could be felt from the gaze of those eyes, boring, seemingly, into and through my perceptibly solid head. His aquiline nose was not large; not small, covering just the correct portion of his face. His lips were those of determination, full and strong. He had no chin; it was all jaw, jaw that showed the perseverance and decisiveness of the intellect back of his accomplishments. He did not wear the usual gaudy uniform in which he has been popularly portrayed, but was attired in the regulation uniform of the Imperial Guard and a heavy pair of riding boots, upon which a pair of spurs jingled metallically. A heavy riding coat, showing from the pocket a pair of heavy gloves, hung over the back of his chair, and his hat of the style so typical of him lay on the table at his elbow.

My entrance occasioned no more than the aforementioned stare and a military salute from his sitting posture, which greeting, although unusual, did not surprise me, for, although there was not a weak line in his whole body, his very appearance suggested weariness.

Wallace had told him of me and my coming, but he asked me to tell of my adventure myself, in which way, I surmised, he presumed to humor me.

"A girl, eh?" he interrogated. "Well I presume you know that none but the brave deserves the fair?" he added presently with an expressionless

countenance, but with a roguish glint in his eyes. "See, then, until you have proved your bravery, I shall preserve her from harm, in my care. Have no fear; her father, Louis Antoine de Fondeau, is a trusted lieutenant of mine, and I will see that he does not intervene."

In vain were my protests that I had already proved my bravery in the foolhardy mission which had brought me to France, but he waved them aside with, "That is of no consequence to me; I have no proof of your bravery, for I have not seen it. Therefore, when you have performed, in my presence and opinion, a deed of bravery worthy of a man performing it for love alone, then shall you have your love. You are the judge of whether she is 'the fair', and I will decide if you are 'the brave'."

There I was, on the eve of my great adventure, my sole support or inspiration suddenly snapped from beneath me. I was disgusted and crest-fallen.

"But now I shall speak as your friend and not as your superior. To-morrow I will see that you are given a position in the Imperial Guard where you will be ever under my eye. I have spoken."

"One moment, please, Sir?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"For what reason is it that you disdain the use of French (he had spoken English throughout) when you are a Frenchman, Emperor of France?"

He glanced at the guard standing stiffly at the door, picked up a slip of paper, and wrote a short sentence. "Here, read it when you are at your own fireside tonight. Adios, Senor," he said with a wink at me—and I wondered.

At my fireside I read his note: "Remember, I am a Corsican, not a Frenchman. The French are the means, not the end."

And then I understood why he had winked at me as he wished me a Spanish farewell.

The next day, I said farewell to Esther; I held her in my arms and kissed her—and then I had no reason, at least, to be indebted to the Emperor.

— — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

By June first, we were concentrated on the Sambre at Charleroi—one hundred and twenty thousand of us, the army facing Wellington, whose men were spread along the Scheldt from Ath to Nivelle. Blücher wit his Prussians lay on the Meuse from Nivelle to Liège.

Wellington and Blücher made all speed to unite at Quatre Bras, but were frustrated by Napoleon, who, in an effort to get the upper hand, attacked Blücher at Ligny, where the battle raged all day. The Prussians lost the field valiantly, but with terrible loss, for they were outnumbered by forty-thousand men.

I writhed with inward agony all the while, for I had learned that the Imperial Guard was used only as a last resort—consequently, I shouid be given only the remotest chance for my awaited opportunity.

On the same day, we were strengthened by the arrival of forty thousand troops under Ney and D'Erlon. Only twenty thousand British and Belgians had gathered up to this time, and about half the Belgians broke under the charge of our light dragoons, but the determined stand of the handful of British allowed Wellington to bring up his regiments, and by sunset Ney and D'Erlon found themselves greatly overwhelmed in numbers and withdrew from the field.

The following day the Duke withdrew to Waterloo with seventy thousand men—the Prussians retiring to Wavre— followed by Napoleon with the greater part of his forces. Thirty thousand men were detailed to harass the rear of the retreating Prussians, while Napoleon hoped to force Wellington to battle.

On the eighteenth of June, the Duke drew up his line to do battle, extending it from Chateau de Hougomont to La Haye Sainte. The forces were evenly matched, but the French were superior in guns and cavalry. At an hour before noon, Napoleon opened battle by throwing the whole of his left onto Wellington at Hougomont. Not until mid-day, however, did he advance his corps under D'Erlon to the center of the English line. The battle-line swayed back and forth, the moment favoring alternately the Duke and the Emperor.

The time passed on, and, about three hours before the sunset the advance guard of Blücher's Prussians appeared on the right. Now was the time to crush the British! No hope could hold out if the Prussians joined Wellington.

The blare of the bugle sounded the advance! My heart beat faster as we separated into two giant columns, one sweeping to the right and the other to the left. We on the left advanced over the slope at Hougomont and wrenched it from the British, only to be repulsed by the advance of the Scots Greys, as had been the Guard on the left.

From then, the battle was lost. We retreated slowly down the slope, men dropping on all sides, and when at last we joined again, we were less than half of our original number. Fighting doggedly, we covered up the retreat of our main body of troops. We were pursued all the way to the Sambre by the Prussian horse, who practically annihilated us by the final charge on the banks of the river.

Once across the Sambre, I hurriedly sought the dejected Emperor. He was easily found, all by himself in a tent which he had pitched for the night. He received me. Before my question concerning my actions could be spoken, he had answered it. "Son, didn't you have the knowledge that only those who are of proved bravery may hold positions in the Imperial Guard? Take her; she is yours, without a doubt."

No thanks fell from my lips, but tears dropped from my eyes and he saw them.

"Adios, Senor!" he laughed his farewell to me.

I seized his hand and kissed it, and I could feel the cold sweat that covered it. I ran from him, leaped into the saddle, and was off.

— —

Three days later, we—Esther and I—set foot in England. Her parents had decided to follow soon after, fearing the general turmoil that would follow the battle of Waterloo, or the end of the period known in history as "One Hundred Days". There, in Chatham, my mother forgave all, the only shadow to darken our joy being the sad knowledge of the death of Wallace in the first attach upon Blücher at Ligny. There, in Chatham, we were, two years later, married, and settled into a life of joy and happiness, the result of a boyhood ambition.

— —

And now if I have succeeded in bringing to you one new thought or one new fact or one new joy, I shall know that I have not failed in my task as your faithful chronicler.

"Adios, Senor o Senorita!"

A MISUNDERSTANDING

by FLORENCE GOETZKE

YES, TOMORROW would be his birthday. Bobby sat with his head in his hands, and pondered. Nobody understood; that fact was the terrible part of it all. His mother was so dreadfully rich. The thought of her wealth, her silks, and her furs, the whole costly elegance of her person oppressed the child. She was altogether too kind, too affluent.

"What would you like for your birthday Bobby?" she would ask.

Then his little heart would beat quickly with the thought that she might get what he wanted. "Oh muvver, may I have a little, teeny Felix to cuddle?" he would reply, eagerly.

Then his mother would smile and shake her head. She would press him to her breast. "You're going to have something much nicer, darling," she would whisper.

Tomorrow a great heavy tricycle, or an unwieldy rocking horse, would make its appearance; something Bobby did not care about at all; something that was so big that it was a nuisance. Bobby wanted something to love, and soft things to cuddle; little animals which would depend on him; little animals which would love him in return. "You can't 'spect a tricycle to love you," he would think sadly.

Bobby had brooded about his birthday all day. This morning from the pavement in Forty-second Street he had pressed his nose against a big plate-glass window filled with toys. There were all sorts of games, a clock work train, gayly dressed dolls in fact, there was no end to the wonders in that window. But in midst of the lavish display, hiding away in a corner as though ashamed to show his face, Bobby had seen a little, black, woolly dog. His small, snub face looked terribly pathetic. He had only one bright, beady eye; one ear, partly torn from his head, hung limply down; his coat looked ragged, uncared for.

All Bobby's heart went out to that forlorn, little dog, just a squashed, battered, bedraggled toy, ornamented by a little tag, which gave evidence of his shame: "Reduced. Shop worn. Forty-nine cents."

It went to Bobby's heart to leave that dog in the window, for something of his own loneliness seemed to be expressed in the patient stuffed body. But Bobby knew that the big parcel that stood in the corner of the drawing room at home was meant for him; he knew it for a massive, cold scooter—a scooter, when he wanted a little dog. It was pitiful. He asked-

for so little, and was given so much. The tears came into his eyes when he remembered his small request, "Nurse, I do want that little dog. Can't I have him for my own?"

"What? That rubbishy little thing?" said nurse. "Why you've got a lovely, big scooter waiting for you tomorrow."

A rush of hopelessness engulfed Bobby, for he felt that it would be the same all his life. He would never be allowed the beautiful, real things he loved; he would always be forced to accept monstrosities. He was expected to be grateful for what he did not want. "I hate scooters," he thought. "I hate scooters!"

"You come to bed, Mister Bobby," said nurse. "Sitting there moping by yourself—I've no patience with you. What's the matter now?"

It was no use explaining. From long experience Bobby knew the futility of trying to make people understand his point of view. He submitted to the hands of nurse; he endured his bath, and did not murmur when his ears were washed. But all the time he was thinking furiously, "I hate scooters! I wish it was dead, that scooter. I'll never play with it, and they can't make me, either. I hate scooters." He didn't like the nurse very well, either. She showed her authority with him, but was always timid where others were concerned. He was about to step out of his bath when the great idea came. Its magnitude arrested action. With one foot poised. he cried out suddenly, "That's it! That's what I'll do, and then it'll be deaded forever."

"What's that you're talking about?" demanded nurse.

"There'll be a big moon tonight, nurse, won't there?" said Bobby, immensely excited, and feeling very important.

"What have you got in your head now?" demanded nurse suspiciously. "Don't you start getting up out of bed once you are in it."

Nurse's replies were always unsatisfactory. Bobby said no more, but after he had been in bed for what seemed an eternity, he crept from beneath the clothes and tiptoed to the window. The garden lay silvered in moonlight; it was a fairy garden, magical, exquisite. But the beauty of the world did not deter Bobby from his sinister purpose. "I s'pose I had better wait till muvver and daddy are in bed," he thought. "They'll stop me if they know about it all. But I won't never play with that scooter—never—never."

The minutes dragged like hours. There was work waiting to be done, and Bobby was impatient to commence. When midnight had struck and he knew the house was still and sleeping, cautiously he slid downstairs, and found his way to the drawing room. The fire had burned low, but its faint light illuminated the room, and directed Bobby's steps. In the corner stood an odd, lumpy parcel, carefully covered with brown paper, and tied with string. "I knew you were there," said Bobby, addressing it is though it were a human being. "Oh you horrible scooter, I knew you'd be waitin' for me!"

He began to tear at the wrapping, to disclose the vehicle in all its nakedness. "You're goin' to die now," he continued; "you aren't even goin' to live until tomorrow. I'm goin' to bury you deep down in the earth, so nobody will ever have to play with you again." The firelight winked on the nickel handle, but Bobby felt no compunction. In his mind he saw the lonely, pathetic attitude of the little, black dog, and he regarded the scooter as an interloper. Furiously, he struck at it with his little hands, and the electric bell tinkled a faint protest.

The sound spurred Bobby to fresh activity. He pushed the offending scooter to the big, glass doors that led into the garden. The bolts refused

to work at first; the chain jangled; but although patience was needed because of his small hands, Bobby was determined. In a few minutes he stood in the garden, a solitary, little figure in the moonlight. The cold, the emptiness, the appalling loneliness of the night caught at his heart and set it beating. He was tempted to return to his warm night nursery, but the hope that if his scooter mysteriously disappeared he might receive in compensation his loved, little dog, gave him courage. "Muvver's bound to give me somethin'," he thought.

Feverishly Bobby set to work, scooping the soft earth with his small hands. The grave opened and widened, the grave in which he would bury the thing for which he would be expected to be grateful.

After ten minutes he paused to survey his labor, but although he had worked hard, the whole was still far too small for his desperate purpose. And in that fraction of time Bobby saw before him a representation of his little, black dog. The little hill of earth he had thrown up in his digging operations seemed in the moonlight, to assume the shape of his beloved; its grotesque body, headless, but magnified, seemed something altogether too wonderful. With a cry, Bobby flung his arms around the little mound of earth; the tears fell fast; but he was heedless of the fact that the earth crumpled in his arms, was leaving brown stains on his wet cheeks. "Oh, my dear, lil' doggie, my li'l' ragged doggie!" he cried. "You've lost your head, but I love you just as much. Did you want me as I wanted you! I think you must have 'cos you wouldn't have come otherwise—my li'l' doggie."

Bobby's mother sat up in bed and listened, "John," she said, "there is somebody in the house. I can hear movements in the drawing-room."

Bobby's father yawned lazily. "Dreaming, I expect, darling. Turn over and go to sleep again," he replied.

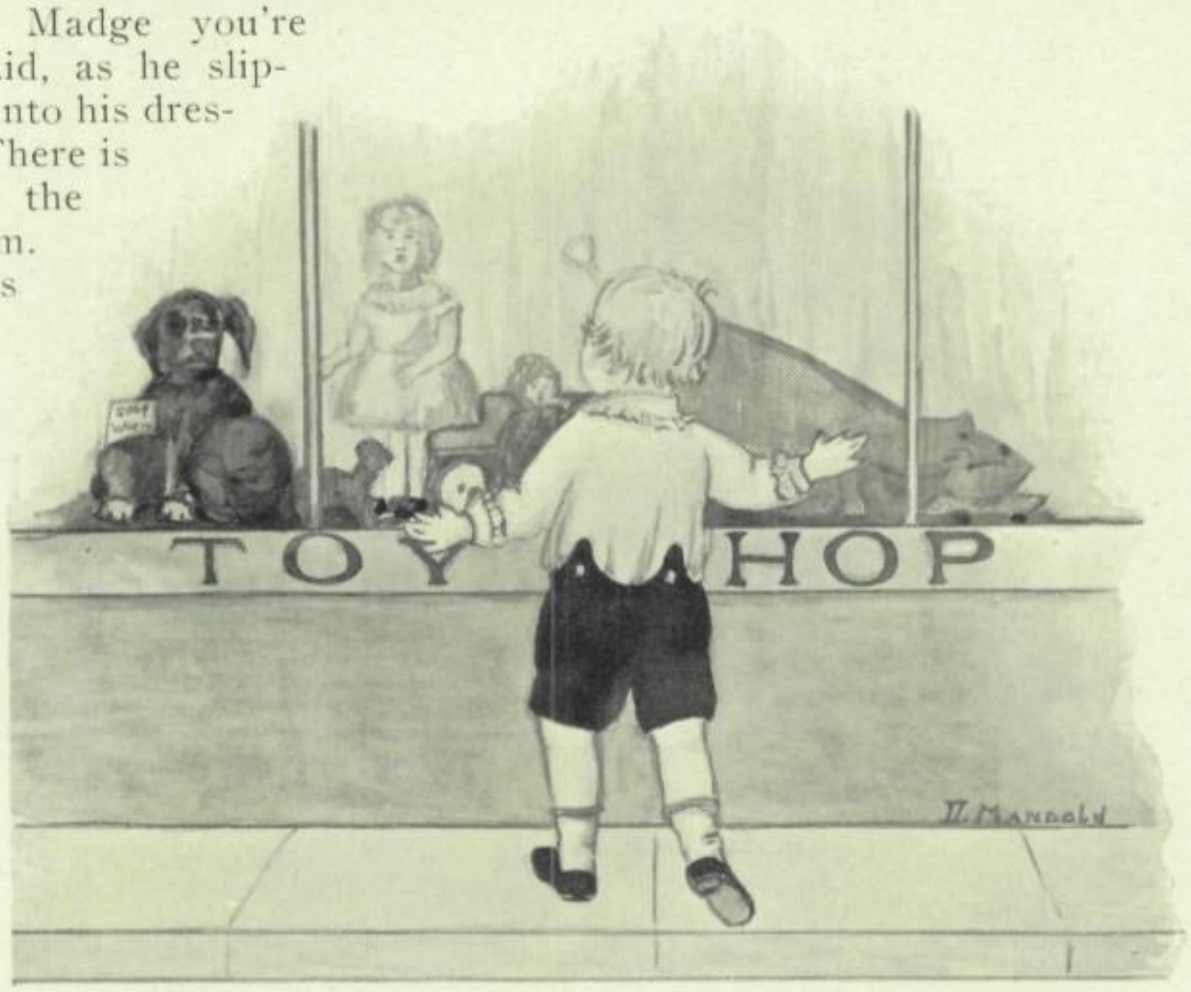
"But, dear, I'm sure I heard steps," said Bobby's mother firmly.

Through the silence of the house there came the tinkle of an electric bell.

"By Jove, Madge you're right!" he said, as he slipped his arms into his dressing gown. "There is somebody in the drawing-room. What bell was that?"

"I don't know; I've never heard it before. John, do you think you'd better go down? Wouldn't it be wiser to telephone for the police?"

"Well, I've got to get to the hall to telephone,



"All Bobby's heart went out to that forlorn little dog."

dear. Don't you worry; just tuck your head under the clothes. I'll soon settle the intruder."

"Wouldn't you like me to come with you?" murmured Madge faintly.

"My dear, I wouldn't have you for the world. Don't worry! Lock your door, if you're nervous."

"No, I'll go to Bobby; he may be frightened if he hears sounds. There! Did you hear? Somebody is opening the glass doors—I can hear the rattle of the chain?"

She was extremely nervous and had already conjured strange visions before her eyes.

It is always unpleasant to explore a house in the dead of night expecting to encounter a nocturnal visitor, and Bobby's father fully appreciated the action his sense of duty prompted him to perform. At the bottom of the stairs he paused to listen. He cautiously approached the drawing-room and peered within. A rush of cool air from the open glass door stirred the curtains. From the garden a faint crooning sound came, broken words, whispers.

"Queer," thought Bobby's father. "What's the fellow doing out there?"

A touch on the sleeve made him turn quickly. Madge stood by his side, her eyes wide with terror, her hand trembling. "Oh John, Bobby's gone!" she cried.

Fear clutched at John's heart with icy fingers. "No, no," he answered roughly; "he can't be gone. It is impossible Madge—I"ll come."

"He isn't there. I've looked everywhere. John — — — —". Madge's words snapped as she looked through the window and pointed. "Look!" she said. "Look!"

A small, dark figure was outlined on one of the flower beds; arms extended, it lay passive. There was something vaguely familiar in the sight.

"It's Bobby," said John. His quick steps carried him through the glass door and out into the serene, moonlit garden.

"He'll catch pneumonia or something," cried Madge." What's he doing?" Her silk-shod feet pattered across the lawn; the hem of her satin dressing-gown touched the surface.

Bobby turned a dazed face to his parents. "Oh, muvver, I fought I had my dear, black doggie," he faltered, "but he was just a dream. He all crumbled away in my arms. Oh, muvver, I did want him so."

It was impossible for Bobby's mother to understand. She saw only a naughty, disobedient, little child, who had risked pneumonia and who had scared his parents into thinking there were burglars in the house. She shook his arm irritably; her voice was sharp. "What are you doing out here? You ought to be in bed, Bobby,"

"It was the scooter," said Bobby truthfully. "I hated the scooter."

"You ungrateful boy!" cried Madge, as she gave Bobby another little shake. "Look, John, he's been trying to bury his new scooter."

Bobby realized his apparent ingratitude, but explanation was impossible. His mother's reproaches as she led him indoors, washed his face and hands, and undressed him, added to his misery. With a tremendous effort he restrained his tears. "What made you do such a thing?" she kept asking.

"I don't know," said Bobby, feeling the truth elude him. With all a child's anguish of spirit he longed for self-expression. Once he caught his father regarding him—a kind, thoughtful, tolerant look. "P'raps he'd understand," he thought. But he had never attributed comprehension to his father before, and the experiment was too risky for him to try. His father

might laugh at him, and ridicule was worse than reproach. He remained dumb. But it was dreadful to be treated like a criminal, to see his mother's averted and anxious face. Bobby tried to restrain his tears.

"He's stubborn as can be," said Madge.

"No, he isn't," said John suddenly. He was standing thoughtfuliy regarding his small son. "He's feeling dreadful. Let me get to the bottom of this, darling. There's some explanation, I am certain of that." He knelt by the side of Bobby's small bed, and put his arms around the little form. "Come on, old man, tell me about it. What's wrong?"

Bobby could not endure the kind voice, the tenderness in the man's eyes. He found himself shaking and crying.

"Aren't you happy, old son?" asked John gently. "Mother and daddy try to make you happy, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Bobby with a rush of confidence. "But you want to make me happy just in your own way—and it isn't my way, you see," he added miserably.

"Didn't you want the old scooter?" said John quietly.

"No," said Bobby, grateful for the opening; "I wanted something to love—I wanted something to cuddle up, something soft and little—you know."

John smiled.

"I don't understand," said Madge. "I don't understand a bit. We always get the best for Bobby—we never give him cheap toys."

"That's just it," said John;"it's the cheap type he wants. We're too rich, Madge. I think that is the explanation. We've been pleasing ourselves when we bought his presents without trying to get at the boy's mind. Bobby, why do you want something to love so much?"

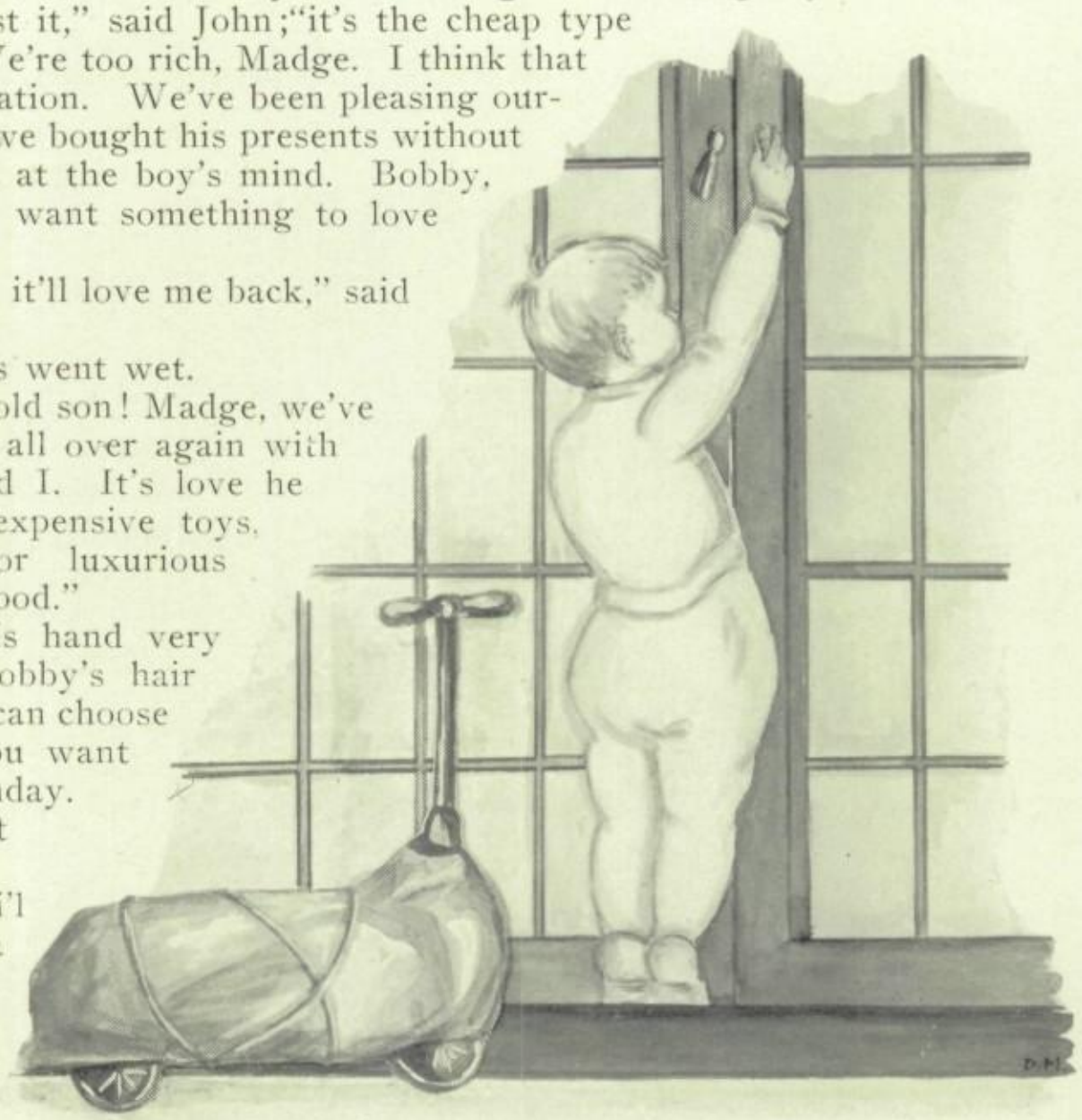
" 'Cos then it'll love me back," said Bobby.

John's eyes went wet.

"My poor old son! Madge, we've got to begin all over again with him, you and I. It's love he wants—not expensive toys, or treats, or luxurious clothes and food."

He laid his hand very gently on Bobby's hair "Sonny, you can choose just what you want for your birthday. Choose right now."

"There's a li'l black dog in a shop — —" began Bobby eagerly.



"The bolts refused to work at first."

A MOONLIGHT FANTASY

by

RUTH PINKALLA

AN AFRICAN MOON shone down on a tiny cabin inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Allison. It was the night when a new arrival was expected by the Allison household. Na-Na, the negro nurse, was sitting outside the cabin giving vent to low wailings and incantations. After sitting there a long time, she walked into the cabin, and kneeling before her mistress said in African, "To-night the moon shines brightly; to-night his daughter will be born. Her skin will be creamy white as the goat's milk, her eyes as blue as sapphires, and her hair golden as the sun's rays. He will crown her tonight, and he will crown her at every offering and worship."

"Keep quiet, Na-Na," said Mr. Allison, "you're letting your religion run away with you."

At mid-night a daughter was born. She had golden hair. The moon-beams shining through the cabin window crowned the child's head as if with a halo. "The Moon-God's daughter!" cried Na-Na in African, and she prostrated herself before the babe.

Mrs. Allison gave over her little daughter to Na-Na's care. Na-Na called her "Moonlita", as suggested by Mr. Allison in a joking manner. When Moonlita was still very small, Na-Na introduced her to the religion called Moon-God worship. The girl grew up in this belief, and as a result became partly insane. Every night she would go to a certain part of the forest, and there promise the Moon-God three offerings on her twentieth birthday.

Some years after Moonlita's birth, the Allison family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Allison, Lionel, their eldest child, and Moonlita, moved to England. Before they had gone, however, Na-Na gave Moonlita a jewel-crusted dagger as a present.

During their stay in the suburbs of London, Moonlita still practised her rituals in the Allison garden, much to the sorrow and disgust of her family and friends.

A year later a warm, June moon shone down on the fairy scene below it. The luxuriant, terraced garden was flooded with its silvery light. A fountain tinkled merrily in its marble pool. Only that broke the scented quiet. A

white-clad figure of a young girl sat on one of the benches. Her head was bowed, and she appeared to be in deep meditation. Suddenly she straightened, and looking up at the moon she said in a low voice, "Father Moon-God, 'tis my twentieth birthday, and I have not offered you your due, but I will;" and springing from her seat she ran to the pool's edge and jumped in. At that very moment the figure of a young man came on the scene. Fixing horrified eyes on the figure in the pool, he plunged in and brought the giri to shore.

After a long silence—"Why did you do it, Moonlita?"

"Lionel, have I no right to love the moon-light?" she said in a queer voice.

"But that pool is not your bally moonlight," he remonstrated.

"O, Lionel, it seemed so silvery," she laughed; but her blue, blue eyes flashed insane anger.

"Come, sister," he said, shaking his head sadly, "you must change your dress."

He put his arm around her shoulders and was about to lead her away, when with a quick dash she buried a jewel-crusted dagger in his heart. He fell silently, and the moonbeams crowned her head as if with a halo as she leaned over and withdrew the dagger. "One offering, Father Moon-God," she laughed softly. Only that and the tinkle of the fountain broke the scented quiet.

She stole away noiselessly, and only a low, silvery laugh was heard from the tiny wood behind the Allison garden.

"Why, Lita, what are you doing here at this time of night?" She wheeled about and faced her lover, Oliver Loughingham.

"You do not understand, either," she muttered, and rushing toward him she plunged the dagger into his breast. The moonbeams coming through the leafy trees crowned her as if with a halo as she leaned over and withdrew the jewel-crusted dagger. "Another offering Father Moon-God," she laughed softly. Only that and the distant tinkle of the garden fountain disturbed the scented quiet. "Tomorrow, dear Father Moon-God, you shall get your last offering," she whispered as she stole away.

"A fountain tinkled merrily in its marble pool."

The sun shone cheerily next morning, but did not bring cheer to Mr. and Mrs. Allison. Their son had been found in the garden with a jagged wound in his breast, and not far off lay the body of their neighbor's son.

London rang with the story of the twin murders, and several men from Scotland Yard worked on the case. One of them, Jim Westphal, said, "The dagger used in slaying Lionel Allison has been found on the edge of Brier's

Wood. Evidently it is of great value. If we put the dagger on the grass near the fountain tonight and watch, I think its owner will come back for it, and then our mystery will be solved." The others agreed, and, after they had eaten the evening meal, went down into the garden and placed the dagger on the grass near the fountain. They concealed themselves in some busnes and prepared to await the advent of the murderer.

All day long Moonlita had been sitting in her room and refusing food. Such moods were common to her, so this one was not noticed by her mother and father. Their love was entirely centered on their son. As Moonlita sat in her room, she combed her golden tresses and arranged beautiful shawls around her shoulders, but at last, when evening came, she slipped on a simple white tunic and went into the garden. As she came near the pool she saw her dagger. The moon was shining brightly. She looked up at it and said, "Yes, Father Moon-God, you shall have your third offering," and she picked up the dagger and plunged it into her breast. She fell to a kneeling position, with her blue eyes fixed on the moon. The moonbeams playing around her head crowned it as if with a halo. "My last offering, Father Moon-God," she whispered. A low, sweet laugh issued from her parted lips. Only that and the tinkle of the fountain disturbed the scented quiet.

"'Another offering Father Moon-God,' she laughed softly."

INITIATIVE

ACTIVITIES

Initiative

INITIATIVE, the will to accomplish, is a spirit of venture that leads forward to a life of variety and action, that gives us the power to achieve new things, to get practical, tangible results from our visions. All that is created in thought, all that should be, can be realized through this spirit of initiative, which gives us courage to face life bravely, confident in our power to make of it a thing worth while. It is the urge to progress that, years back, gave our American forefathers the high courage to vision an ideal nation, to leave a narrow existence, and create a new life for themselves, accomplishing all by initiative, the invincible spirit of achievement!

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THE SPIRIT OF BAY VIEW speaks through the *Oracle!* The tenth Annual Oracle makes its bow and presents itself for your approval. For a decade it has served you faithfully, and a decade hence it will make bright the dark corners of memory. You will see Bay View as a *generous* Giver of Gifts, bestowing upon her associates *joy-in-life,* delightful *imagination,* abundant *initiative,* and useful *knowledge.* You will then relive the sweetness of youth, whose ineffable sweetness only old age can appreciate.

To those who have been instrumental in compiling this record of school spirit—the literary staff, the artists, humorists, reporters, the business workers—to all those who have in any way contributed to our Annual, we extend our grateful thanks.

To you, Bay View High School, we present this monument of school spirit, the Oracle Annual.

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FOR THREE CONSECUTIVE YEARS we have had an *All-American Annual*. By All-American we mean that our *Oracle Annual* is one of the best yearbooks in the United States. Each year the Central Interscholastic Press Association holds a convention at Madison. Any school in the country may enter its book for judgment. The publications are carefully inspected and divided into three classes. From these classes the best annuals are chosen and rated as All-American.

Our Annual was submitted in 1923, 1924, and 1925; each time it received All-American honors.

This 1926 Annual is the result of zealous coöperation and represents an effort to portray the Spirit of Bay View, our generous and ever solicitous Alma Mater.

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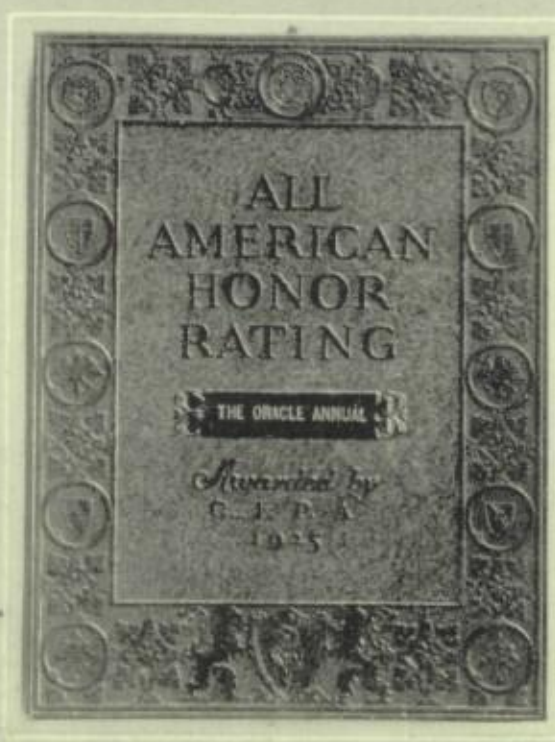

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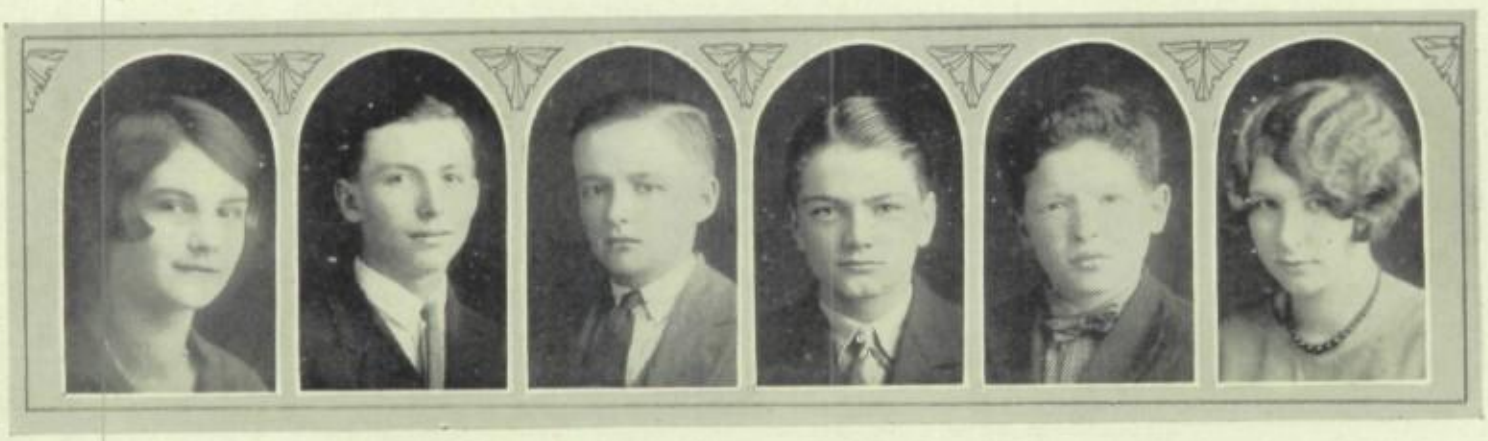

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Miss Lane, Organizations
Mr. Fritsche, ex-officio

"Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine."

INITIATIVE is the password of the Science Club: to give service is its watchword. Organized late in the second semester, the club is still in its embryonic state. We expect it to develop into a powerful factor in our school community. It is the first club to use the city manager form of government. It has a common council of ten members, elected by the proportional representation system. This council elects the manager, who is the executive officer of the club.

The Manager: Carl Lugar, '27.

The Council: Donald B. Hickman, '26, chairman; Malcolm Lyle, '27. secretary; Margaret Blantz, '26; Edward Kwasniewski, '27; Richard Hein, '28; Fred Heise, '29; Charles Leeds, '28; Isabelle Boinski, '27; George Horaitis, '26; Margarete Wolf, '28.

The Advisors: Mr. Kyper, Mr. Gillo, Mr. Sawyer, Miss Ross, Mr. Morris.

Science Club Council

Manager C. Lugar

L. Hautz H. Kerner D. D. Hickman

Round Table

"During leisure moments
Spirited persons scorn leisure."

THE ROUND TABLE is the only honorary society in the school. It is honorary in that a student must secure an average of eighty percent in English in order to join. This year three hundred fifty students accepted the opportunity of belonging to this society.

The Round Table has expressed initiative in various ways. During the first semester a "Musicale" was presented and a debate on "The All Year School Plan" took place. During the second semester a declamatory contest was sponsored.

The following people held offices during the year: first semester—Donald Hickman, president; Lawrence Hautz, vice-president; Hazel Kerner, secretary; and Howard Lambert, sergeant-at-arms; second semester—Howard Lambert, president; Fern Kruse, vice-president; Dorothy Mangold, secretary; Edwin Mierzwa and Harry Muehl, sergeants-at-arms.

Miss Pierson, Miss Evans, Miss Calvert, Miss Zarling, Mr. Straube, Mr. Weihe, and Mr. Niefer were the faculty advisors.

H. Lambert D. Mangold F. Kruse

ROUND TABLE

OUR DANCING DOLL

"THE CUTEY KIDS"

ARDENT LOVERS

THREE FAIR RIVALS OF THE SPEAKER'S ART

TWO BITS FROM THE CHAUVE SOURIS

"LEND US YOUR EARS"

M. Possing I. Markland R. Meredith S. Armbruster R. Hyde

"I have had playmates;
I have had companions."

Girls' Club

THE SPIRIT OF BAY VIEW High School is well portrayed when girls gather to engage in frolicsome activity at a Girls' Club meeting. A minstrel show, baby-doll party, banquet, dance, anti-gum campaign, mother and daughter meeting, and a unique Christmas ballet are a few of the enterprises in which they indulged during 1925—'26.

The officers for the year follow: first semester—Ruth Hyde, president; Isabel Markland, secretary; Sally Armbruster, vice-president; and May Ellen Possing, sergeant-at-arms; second semester—Edith Reichhardt, president; Irene Ponto, vice-president; Frances Brown, secretary; Ruth Tonkin, treasurer; and Helen Hyde, sergeant-at-arms.

With the aid of Miss Jameson, Miss Welsh, Miss Albert,Miss Snow, Miss Statz, and Miss Sennett, our advisors, the Spirit of Bay View was developed, indeed.

H. Hyde I. Ponto F. Brown E. Reichhardt R. Tonkin

GIRLS' CLUB

CAVALIER GIRL

"WE REALLY DIDN'T MEAN TO"

BABY DOLLS

BUSTLE GIRL

PURITAN GIRL

THE STATELY MINUET

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

J. Swiderski M. Kesting O. Thiel E. Gatz

Boys' Club

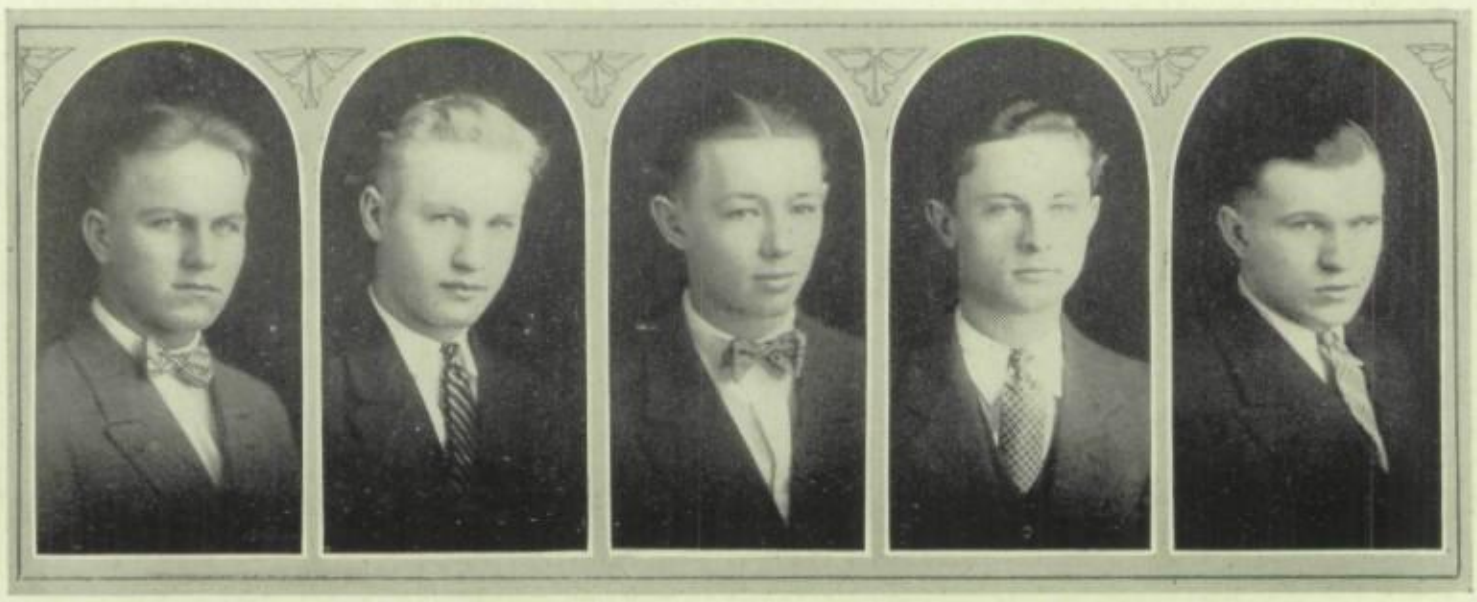
"The great end of life
Is not knowledge but action."

INITIATIVE AND ACTION are ideals of the Boys' Club, and many times in the past year it has proved true to these ideals.

The club has shown its spirit of leadership in the organization of the golf and tennis tournaments and the excellent work on the Boys' Club Bulletin Board which is another of the accomplishments of the year. Other outstanding features are the baseball league, the vaudeville, and the banquet.

The officers for the year follow: first semester—Joseph Swiderski, president; Oscar Thiel, vice-president; Elmer Gatz, secretary; Milton Kesting, treasurer; and Arthur Strassman, sergeant-at-arms; second semester—Ralph Roensch, president; Norwood Retzlaff, vice-president; Albert Kramer, secretary; Arthur Strassman, treasurer; and Harvey Manske, sergeant-at-arms.

A large share of the progress is attributed to the faculty advisors: Mr. Coubal, chairman; Mr. Crawford, Mr. Gillo, Mr. Kevin, Mr. Osterndorf, Mr. Williams, and Mr. J. J. Smith.



A. Strassman A. Kramer H. Manske N. Retzlaff R. Roensch

BOYS' CLUB

AND THE LIGHT WENT OUT

GOLFING

THE ANNOUNCER

THE MIDGETS

BASEBALL

THE DUMMY

THE MUSICAL TRIO

H. Karl | A. Washechek | A. Westenberg | T. Otjen

"The world's a theatre, the earth's a stage
Which God and Nature do with actors fill."

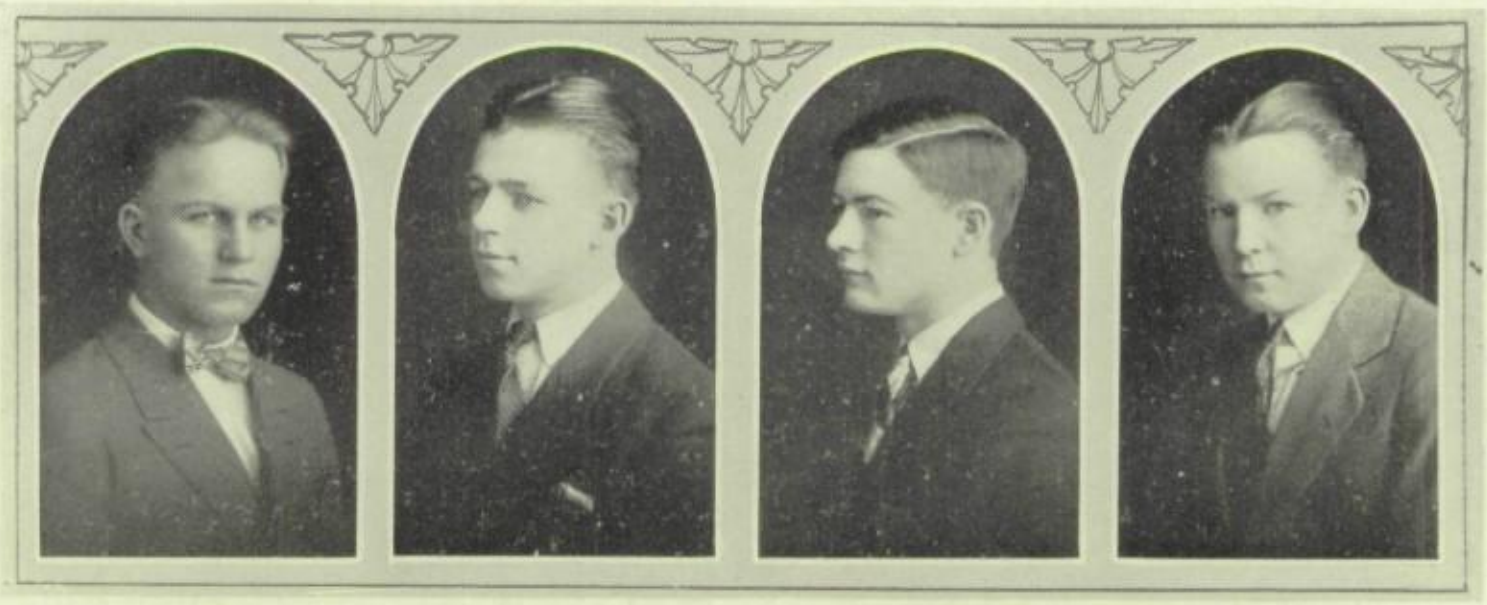
Dramatic Club

THE SPIRIT OF BAY VIEW has indeed been generous in giving us the Dramatic Club in which to express our initiative. Although this organization is only for juniors and seniors, we are all recipients of its good work when plays like "The Boomerang" and "Icebound" are given. The "Turtle Dove", "The Pot Boiler", and the festive annual party were also notable features of the year.

The membership this year was the largest in the history of this school activity, totaling about seventy-five members.

The following people held office during the year: first semester—Theodore Otjen, president; Anita Westenberg, vice-president; Adeline Washechek, secretary; and Harry Karl, treasurer; second semester—Arthur Strassman, president; Donald Hickman, vice-president; Walter Lindeman, secretary; and Samuel McGinnis, treasurer.

The initiative of the organization was ably promoted by its advisors: Mrs. Radke, Miss Kieckhefer, Miss Pierson, and Mr. Weihe.



A. Strassman | W. Lindeman | S. McGinnis | D. D. Hickman

DRAMATIC CLUB

"BETWEEN THE SOUP AND THE SAVORY"

"OH, SHOOT THE AUTHOR!"

"I AM THE GOD OF FATE"

"THE TURTLE DOVE"

"THE REHEARSAL"

"MY LADY'S LACE"

R. Roensch | I. Koegel | W. Lindeman

Aegis

"Possumus quia posse putamus."

AEGIS, our shield—an organization of one hundred fifty students. This club represents the initiative of the Latin Department. In 1925—'26 Aegis completed five large projects. The first semester was launched, along with its first success, the "Evolution of Terpsichore." Closely following, in the snowy month of December, Aegis gave its annual Saturnalia banquet.

After a well-attended Valentine Dance, two one-act plays were given: *A Burlesque of Julius Caesar* and *A Fan and Two Candlesticks.*

The introduction of the standard Bay View pencil into our school was a product of Latin Club initiative.

Under the guidance of R. Roensch and W. Lindemann as consuls, I. Koegel as Aedile, and H. Alofs as Quaestor, assisted by the lictors, H. Milhaupt and T. Blade, and with the help of the willing faculty advisors, Miss Duggan and Miss Haug, Aegis has brought its third year to a satisfactory close.

H. Alofs | H. Milhaupt | T. Blade

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

"If initiative be the slogan,
Then, please, do let me sing."

DURING 1925—'26 our Girls' Glee Club has been asserting initiative in frequent public appearances.

At a meeting of the South Side Women's Club, held in the lecture hall of the Public Library, the club rendered three delightful selections—"The Dream Robber", with violin obligato, "The Swallow", and "Wanted, A Husband".

When the teachers of the state convened at the Milwaukee Auditorium, the Girls' Glee Club sang to the teachers of the music section of the convention. The student accompanists who helped to make this appearance a success are as follows: Herman Koss, Nevenka Hegyi, violin; Margaret Steuber, piano.

Do you remember the musical program which was given under the auspices of the Round Table? Then remember, too, that the Glee Club, appeared in three numbers.

Students serving as librarians during the year were Florence Stuessi, Sylvia Schmidt. Rose Goldstein frequently assisted as pianist.

ORCHESTRA

"The whistling schoolboy knows his tune,
His comrades know his call."

WHAT A WONDERFUL GIFT the Orchestra has been! Often at convocations we have been pleasantly surprised upon entering the auditorium to see our musicians there, next to the stage, ready to perform for us; and when Mr. Niefer lifted his baton for the orchestra to play, weren't we thrilled! When we thought of the work and energy behind the performance of such pieces as "Light Cavalry" by Greenwood, and "Magic Night Waltz" by Hildreth didn't we appreciate it!

Ever since the Orchestra was organized in this school, it has shown a tremendous growth in membership. This year the Orchestra contained thirty members, the largest group that this organization has yet known; it ranked well with all other high school orchestras in this city, considering the respective ages of the groups. Next year we shall look forward to a **real** symphony orchestra.

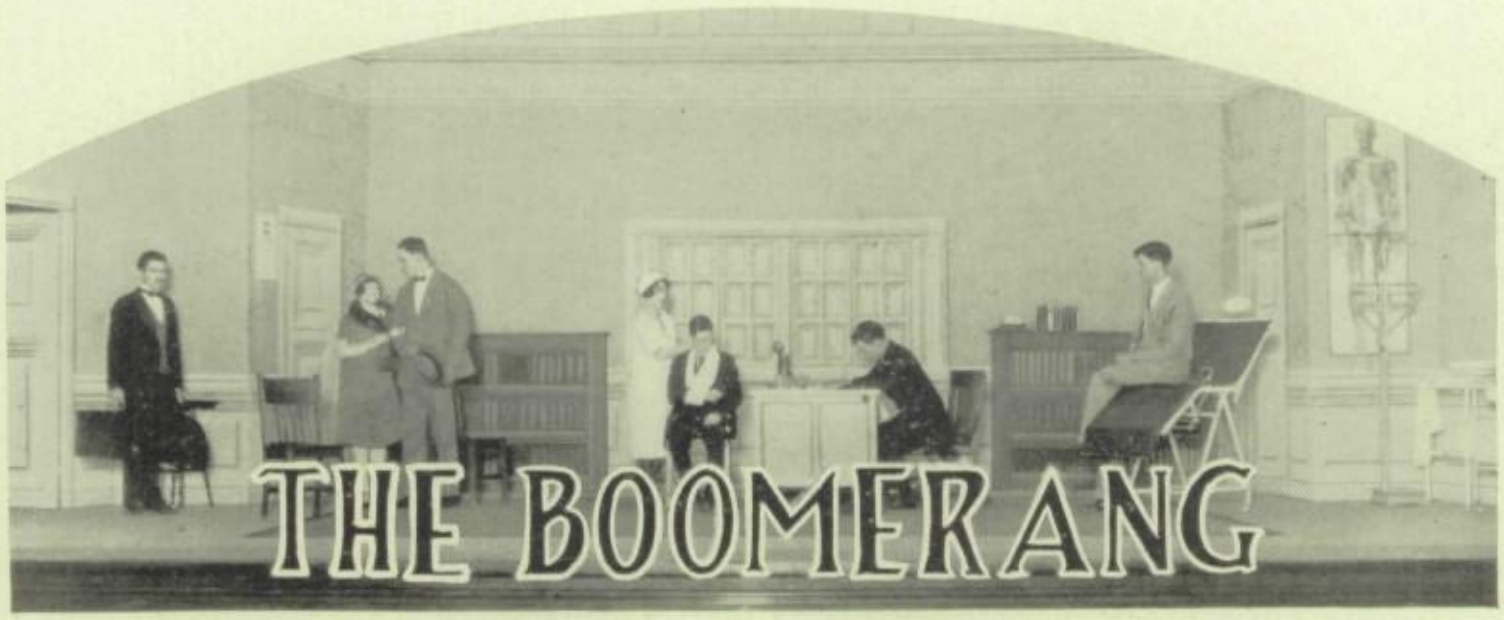
When music is in the air,
Initiative is forthcoming.

THE BAND of the Bay View High School, one of the youngest organizations in the school, exerts initiative that is bound to be felt.

This year, band practice has been taking place during a regular period of the school day and not after school as heretofore. As a result, more musicians have been able to join our band. Two selections stand out prominently in the repertoire of the club for 1925—'26, namely, "Ambition Overture" and "The Little Gray Church."

Under the leadership of Mr. H. Krueger the following musicians have helped the Spirit of Bay View to emphasize the gift of initiative:

Cornets: H. Godeke, R. Swartout, J. Wyskochil, F. Fricker, T. Szczesny. *Clarinets*: N. Raadatz, E. Fisher, W. Nowick, R. Kettner, D. Meurer. *Saxophones*: E. Disch, H. Rademacher, L. Schmidt, E. Hernke. *Flute*: S. Wieczorek. *Drum*: W. Miller. *Horns*: E. Kryszewski, C. Boos. *Baritone horn*: D. Eichler. *Tuba*: J. Edelstein. *Trombone*: V. Fields.



Doctor: "Cheer up! We may be able to find something the matter."

TO be a gifted doctor like Dr. Sumner and have not a single patient is discouraging, but Oscar Thiel was not discouraged, for besides being a clever doctor he was an accurate golfer and had a keen eye for choosing nurses like Virgie Xelva, better known as Isabel Markland. He also knew the game of love from beginning to end; and so when Ruth Hyde as the fond mother, Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge, brought her love-sick son, Budd, for an examination, the doctor had the proper cure.

"When one drop of distilled water is added to a little more distilled water and is injected into the arm twice daily, it is a sure cure for love-sickness"; but it was not quite enough to prevent Theo Otjen, as Budd, from having a relapse and eloping with the cause of his nervousness, Grace Tyler, the fickle young miss, played by Edith Reichhardt.

Golf, dances, and teas were weighty problems in the minds of Gertrude Ludlow, the society belle, and Marion Sumner, the doctor's solicitous sister. These parts were admirably taken by Henrietta Shannon and Camilla Baxter.

The main cause of all the doctor's and Budd's worries was Alfred Brandt as Preston De Witt, the young business man who was a wonder with golf clubs and a marvel to the ladies.

"Squeak, squeak" went the tea cart when wheeled in by Arthur Strassman as Hartley, the English butler.

As the result of Mrs. Woodbridge's praise, patients began to flock to Dr. Sumner, among them Mr. Stone, impersonated by Sam McGinnis, who claimed the doctor was "wonderful—just wonderful."

Although a doctor may be wondrous wise, he must be careful not to fall ill himself. This is what happened to Doctor Sumner. **The Boomerang** hit him squarely; and all the distilled water in the world could not prevent him from losing his heart to his nurse.

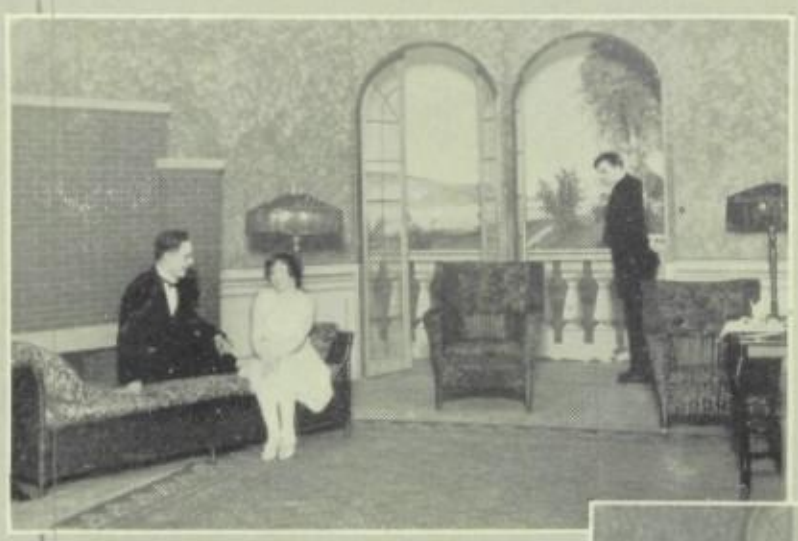
SENIOR CLASS PLAY
"THE BOOMERANG"

"I WANT TO EXPLAIN YOUR CASE TO THE DOCTOR MYSELF"

"COME, BUDD - BUDD"

"IF I'M NOT GOING TO SEE YOU ANYMORE —I'LL NEED THE TREATMENT"

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY"



"BUDD - AREN'T WE - STILL - FRIENDS?"

"I HOPE IT WON'T HURT YOU"

"HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE?"

"LUCKY AT CARDS ——"

"Icebound, that's what we are
All of us, inside and out."

ONE of the gifts of that true spirit of Bay View is cooperation, and one of the results of cooperation was "Icebound", our third annual school play. This great American classic, which won the Pulitzer prize in 1923, was written by Owen Davis.

"You've got good in you, Ben, deep down, if you'd only try." Thus pleaded Jane Crosby, none other than Gladys Harrington. Her play was not uttered in vain, for she was instrumental in changing Ben Jordan, we know him as Robert Morris, from a cold-hearted and disgusted young man who was "Icebound" to one who finally discovered that the sun did shine once in a while.

The rays of that sun radiating into Ben's character thawed the ice and before we knew it, Ben was not "Icebound" but love-bound.

"The idea! No handkerchief when you've come expectin' someone to die." Remember when all the Jordans were awaiting their mother's death? With Emma, Ella, and Sayde, namely Inez Koegel, Margaret Blantz, and Rose Stachowiak, carrying on a "deep" conversation, there wasn't much left for anyone else to say. Meanwhile, Joe Fishelson as little Orin, who had a cold in his head, sniffed viciously, and between these sniffs asked enough foolish questions to raise the ire of the most patient elders.

Throughout the conversation, Nettie, that sophisticated young lady, sat in the corner bored to death. Elinore Smallish took this part. We musn't forget Chester Sexton, who as Henry, the oldest son, received the biggest shock in his life when he was told that the "will" contained nothing for him.

There is a saying that true love never does run smooth, and of course, "Icebound" proved no exception. When Jane saw Nettie in Ben's arms—well, naturally, it wasn't so nice. Then Betty Burd came into the story and the characters simply "left it to Betty". In the person of Hannah, the servant, Betty closes the play with the conviction that "marriage will change folks". Surely, surely, Ben and Jane lived happily ever after.

ICEBOUND

THE JUDGE

"YOU GOING TO MARRY HIM?"

"SO SHE GETS ALL THE MONEY"

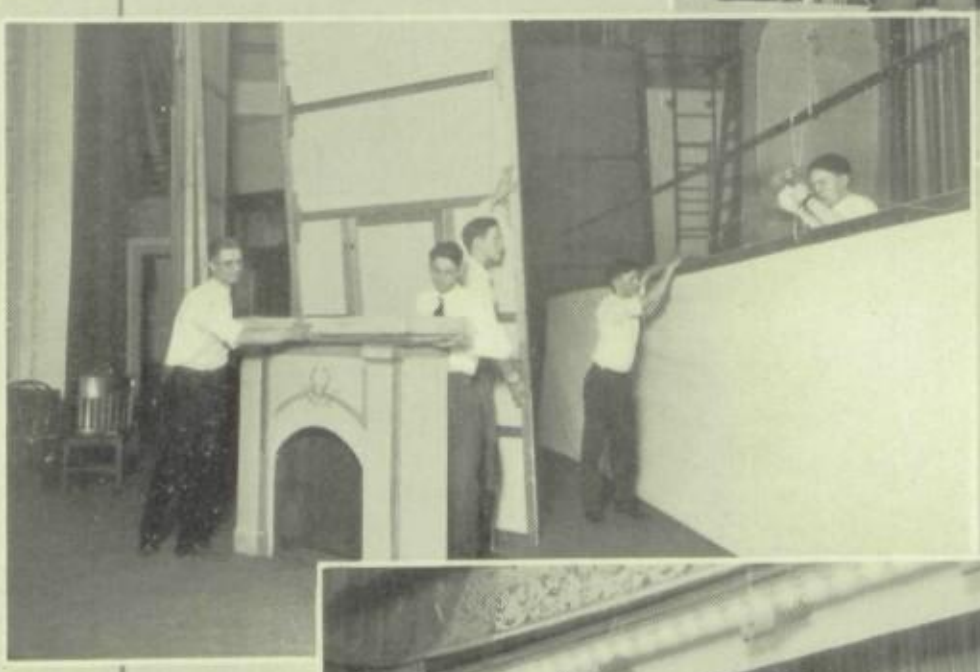
"GOODBYE BEN"

"YOU PRETTY KID - WHY, YOU'RE A WOMAN, NETTIE!"

"WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?"

"I'M GLAD YOU'VE COME BEN"

SCENE SHIFTERS



GIRLS' CLUB

OH YOU BABY DOLLS!

RAGGEDY ANN

SNOW

MISTLETOE

"DISSOLVE ME INTO ECSTASIES"

THE EMPIRE BELLE and BEAU

JUMP JIM CROW

FIRST LOVE

FROST

TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME

Hitting the Nail on the Head

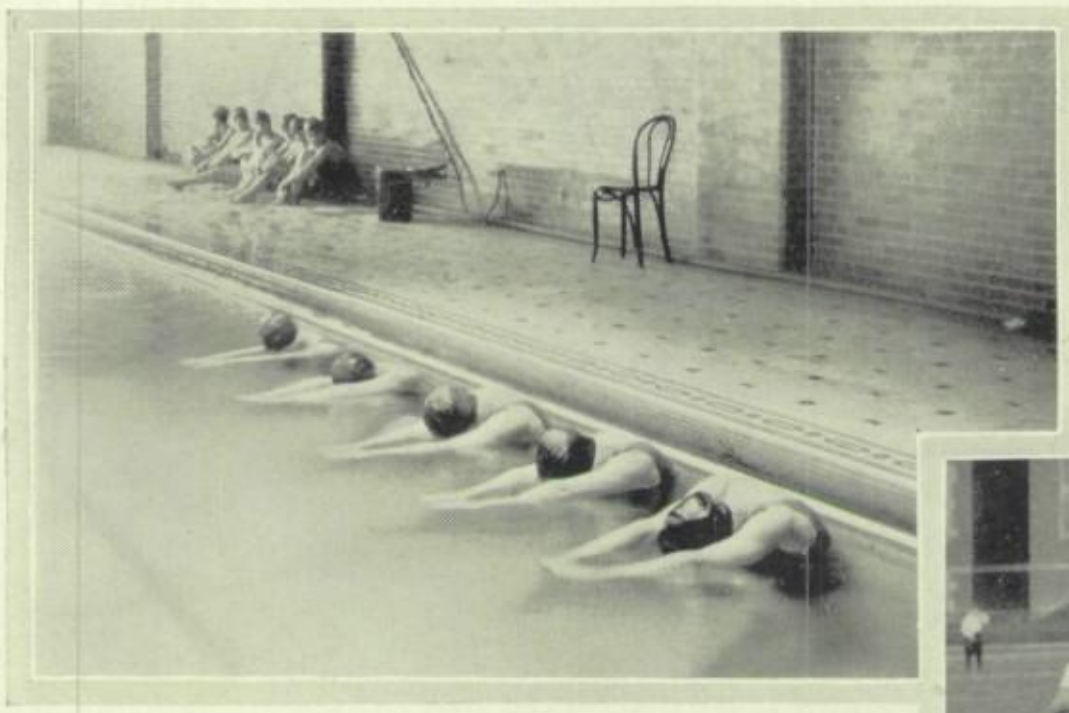
The Mighty Right

Action!

Baa-a

Runner-up

Almost Human



Mermaids

Invincible

Speed Demons

Over

The Season Opens

The Mourners' Bench

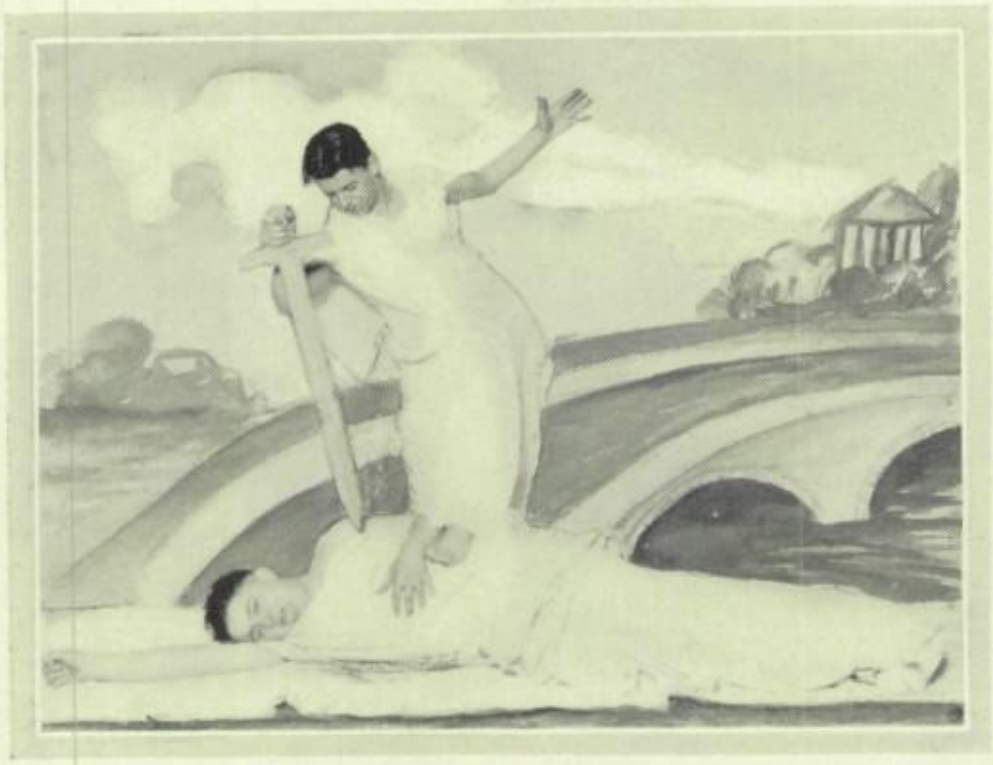
"Bee"

What Price Style?

A Siren

Next?

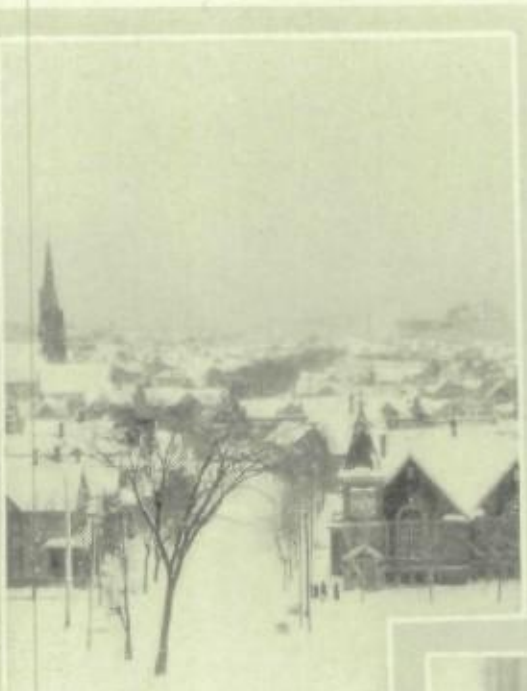
"Jane" in Another Role



Horatius at the Bridge

Apollo

That Quizzical Look



Knee Deep in Winter

Satisfying That Inner Urge

The Old

Fables for Flappers

Aft

Fore

The New

Strength if Not Sweetness

Are You with Us?

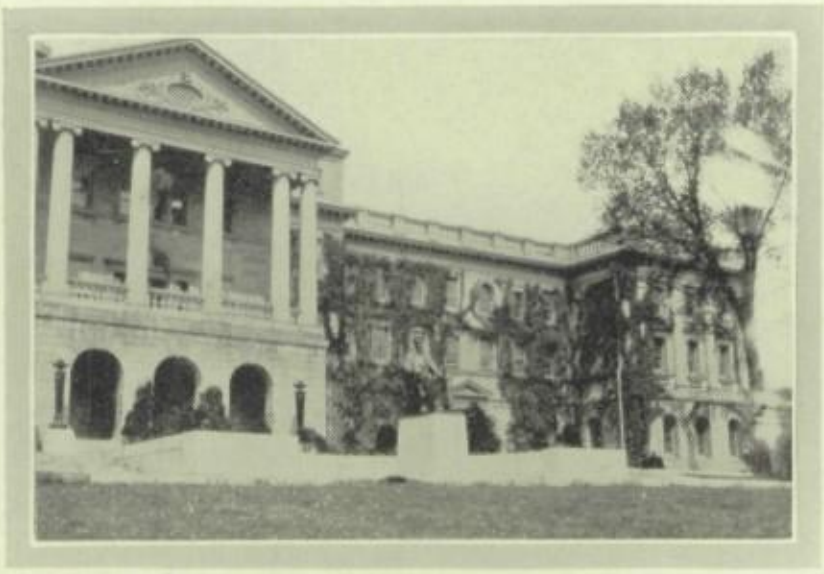
There Aint Going to Be
No Leavin's

Pull or Persuasion?

Snap!

It Falls on Deaf Ears

The
State Capitol



Bascom Hall, U. of Wis.

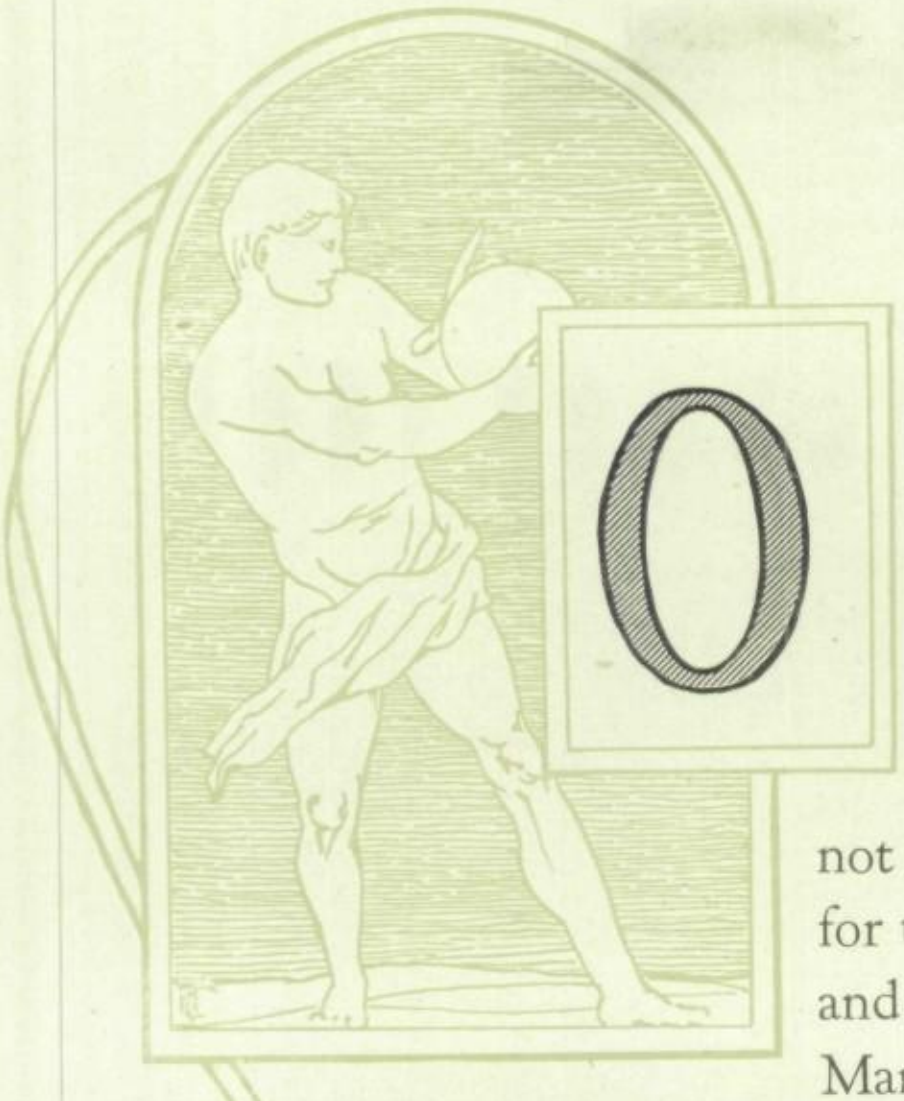
Getting Ready for Press

Hope It'll Balance!

Advertising the Annual

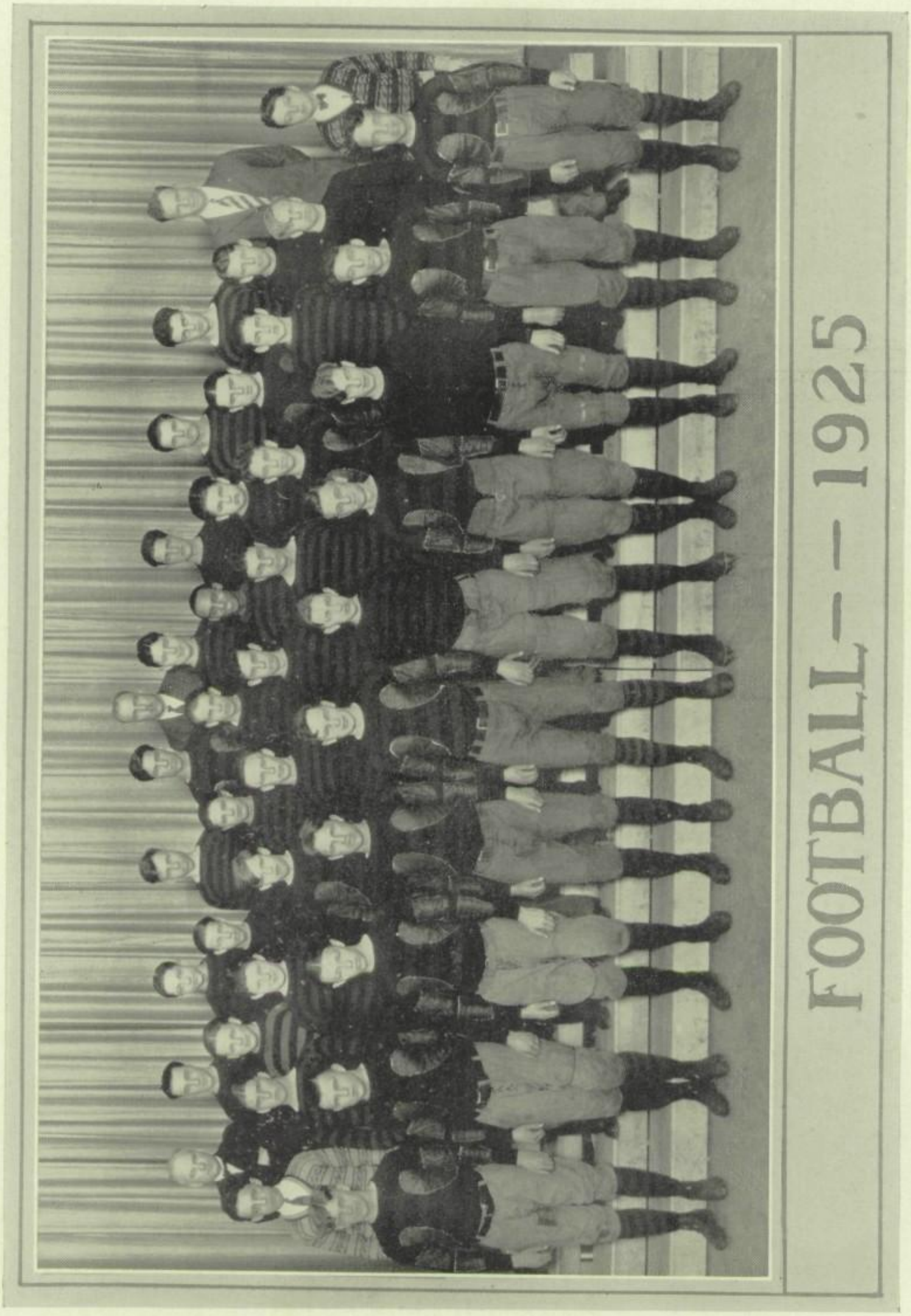
SPORTSMANSHIP

ATHLETICS

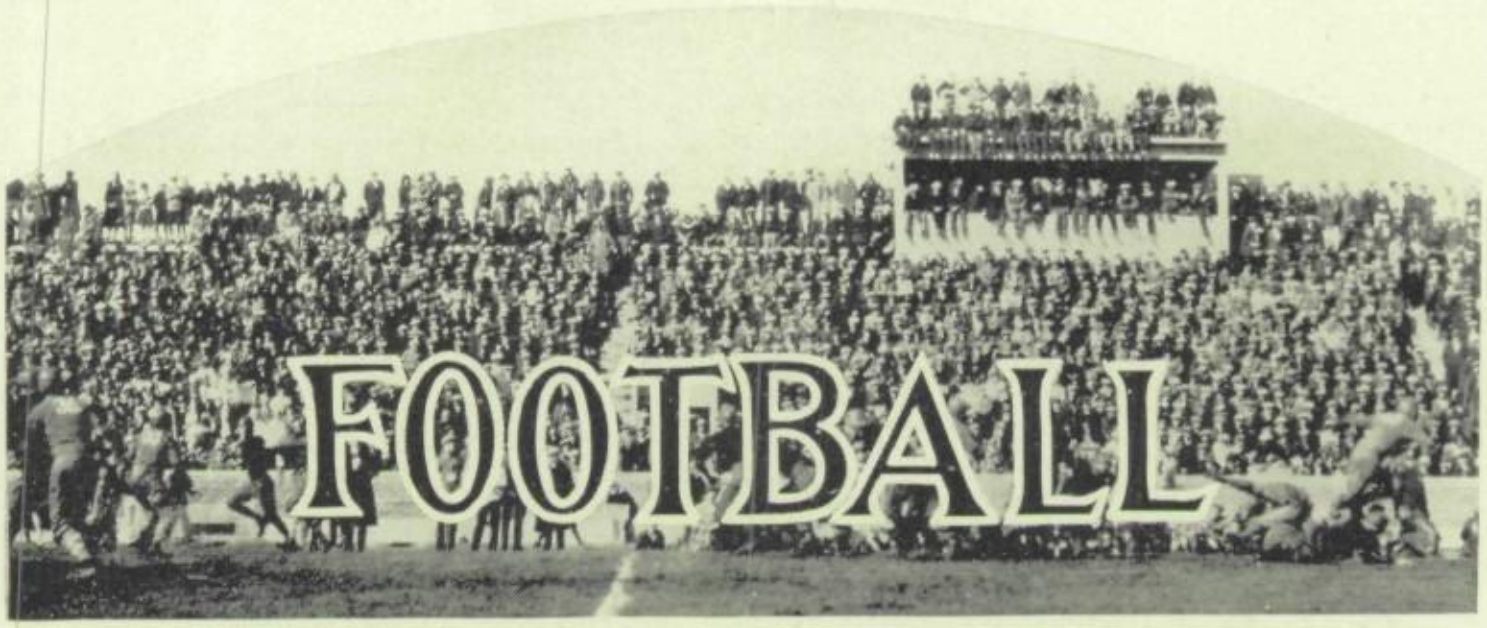


Sportsmanship

ONE OF THE NOBLEST gifts of education is the cardinal virtue of true sportsmanship. It is the guiding star throughout the games of life, played not for personal glories, but for the joys to be experienced and the benefits to be gained. Many are the pleasures of friendly rivalry, of strength pitted against strength, and of honest victory brought to one's school. Sportsmanship is that power which lends to the strong arm, the keen eye, and the steady nerve the spirit to do and to dare, and the courage to be staunch, loyal, and true. To be steadfastly resolute, to play honestly and fearlessly, to bear victory without pride, and defeat without malice are the finer qualities of true sportsmanship. It is the builder of character and the keystone to right living.



FOOTBALL -- 1925



"Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question but to prove our might."

SPORTSMANSHIP, a worthy son of the Spirit of Bay View High, has proved himself to be a valuable team-mate to our warriors of the gridiron. He has been instrumental in their victories; in their defeats he has permeated them with the spirit of good losers; and at the close of the football season of 1925 we find that he has kept clean the record of our gridiron achievements.

We opened the season with a victory against Cudahy High. Our second string men played throughout most of the game, chalking up 20 points to our opponents' 7.

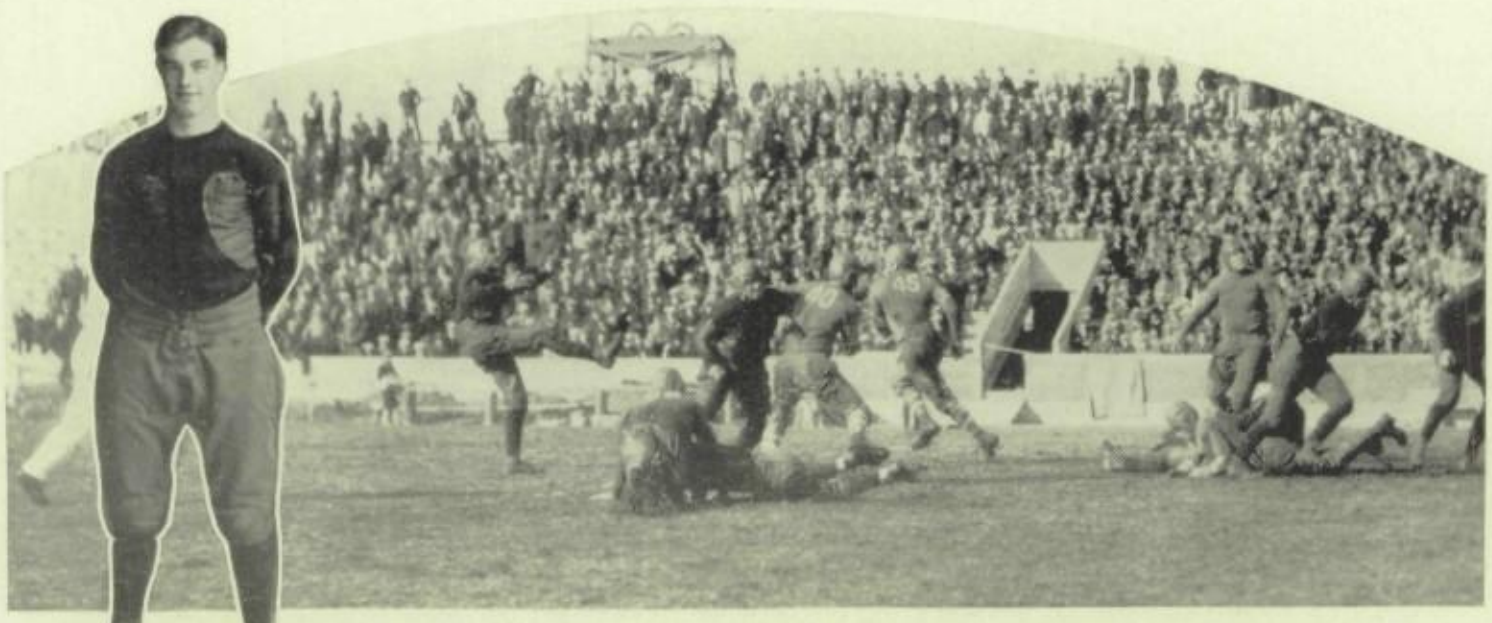
Encouraged by this excellent start, the team faced the formidable line-up of the Alumni. Our boys played a hard, clean game against their elders, but it could not stop the varied attacks of such men as Coulson, Preston, Hamman, and Westhofen.

L. Hautz

R. Morris

W. Reichhardt

Capt. Kerner



Tech Game

The preceding games were merely preliminaries, serving only to detect our faults. Our boys faced a real test when they met Technical High, favorites for the city title, in the first conference game of the season. They started out with a bang and fought every minute. Johnson, All City fullback, was stopped for losses. It was a glorious day for Bay View, and Tech's hopes were blasted. The score, 18—6, tells the story.

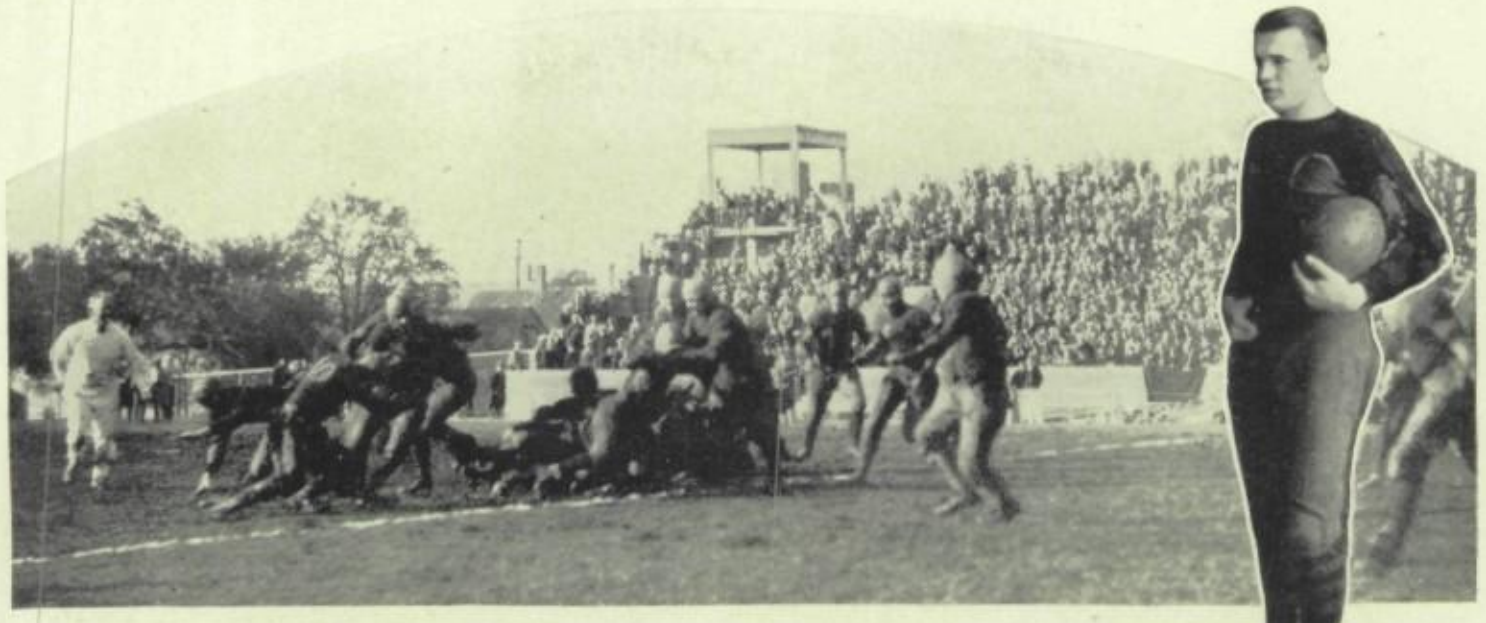
The spirit of victory which was prevalent in the Tech game deserted our team in our next encounter with Washington. The sweeping end runs of Mendelsohn baffled the Red and Black. We lost the game by a 6—0 score.

After defeat our boys were not downcast. True sportsmen never are. In the next game they met the North Side aggregation on a field of mud. Several times Bay View brought the ball to within ten yards of North's goal line but lacked the punch to put the oval across. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

C. Miotke

A. Stukel

E. Andrews



North Game

R. Roensch

The strong Lincoln High eleven formed the next opposition for the Red and Black. The snow-covered field offered little opportunity for brilliant play. Nevertheless, our plucky opponents managed to put across a lone touchdown, notwithstanding the fact that our boys put up a wonderful fight.

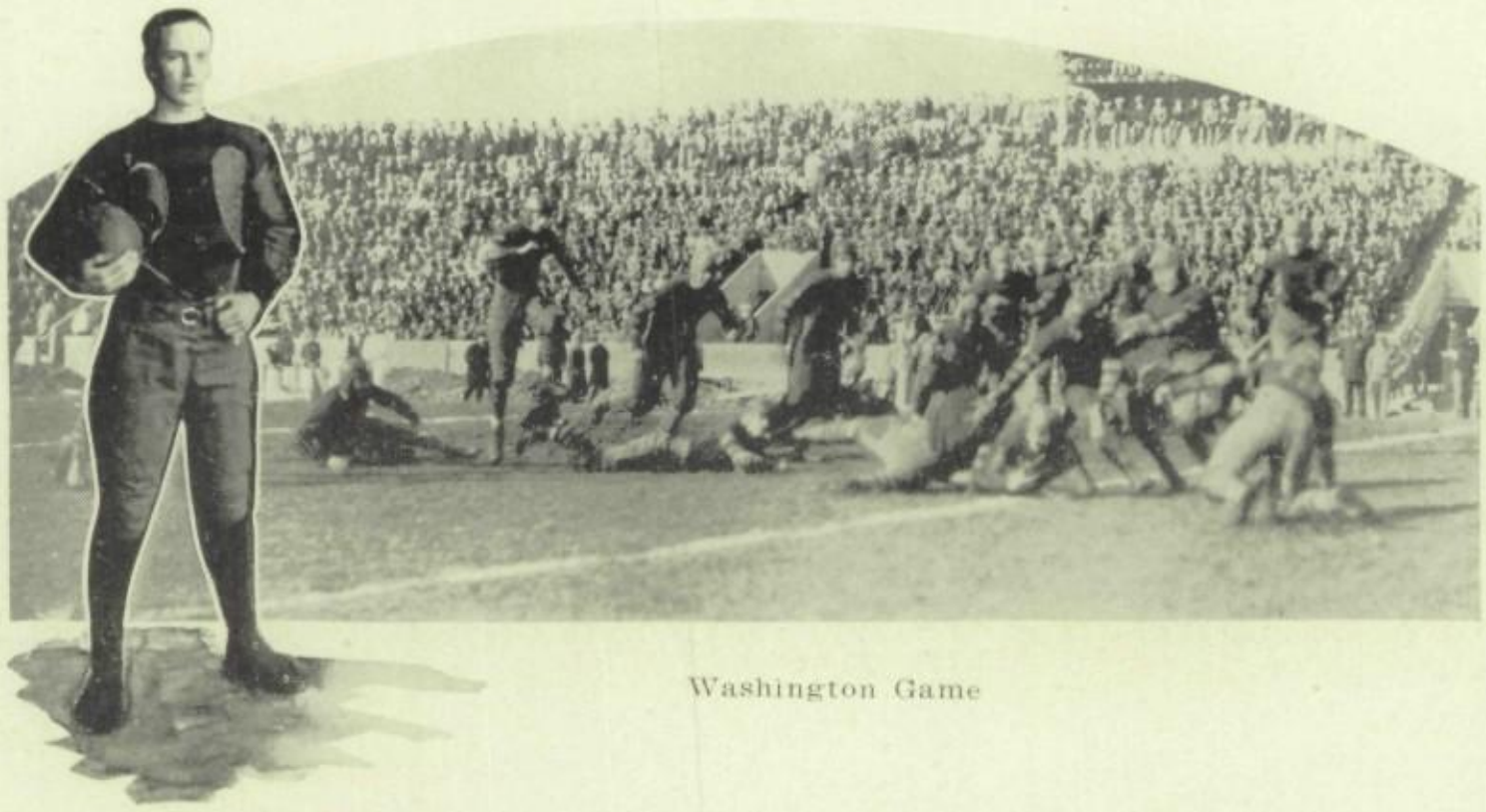
Filled with a strong desire to defeat the city champions, the team faced the husky West Side eleven. The backs ripped through West's line for long gains. West relied on its passes to put the ball across, but they did not prove so reliable after all, for Manske, our roving center, intercepted one of West's passes on Bay View's 30 yard line and with perfect interference crossed West's goal line. Our opponents, however, staged a great rally in the last few minutes of play when they completed a number of passes and finally scored a touchdown. Thus they turned a defeat into a 6—6 tie.

In the last game of the season we met South Side. In the first half, our team fought a hard battle and it looked as if the day was ours. But in the second half, eleven frenzied Cardinal warriors came back into the game full of pep. They tore through our line, and our boys were unable to stop their

H. Keeler

H. Manske

A. Brandt



Washington Game

T. Otjen

furious drives. When the final whistle blew, South had scored three touchdowns, and another defeat was recorded against us.

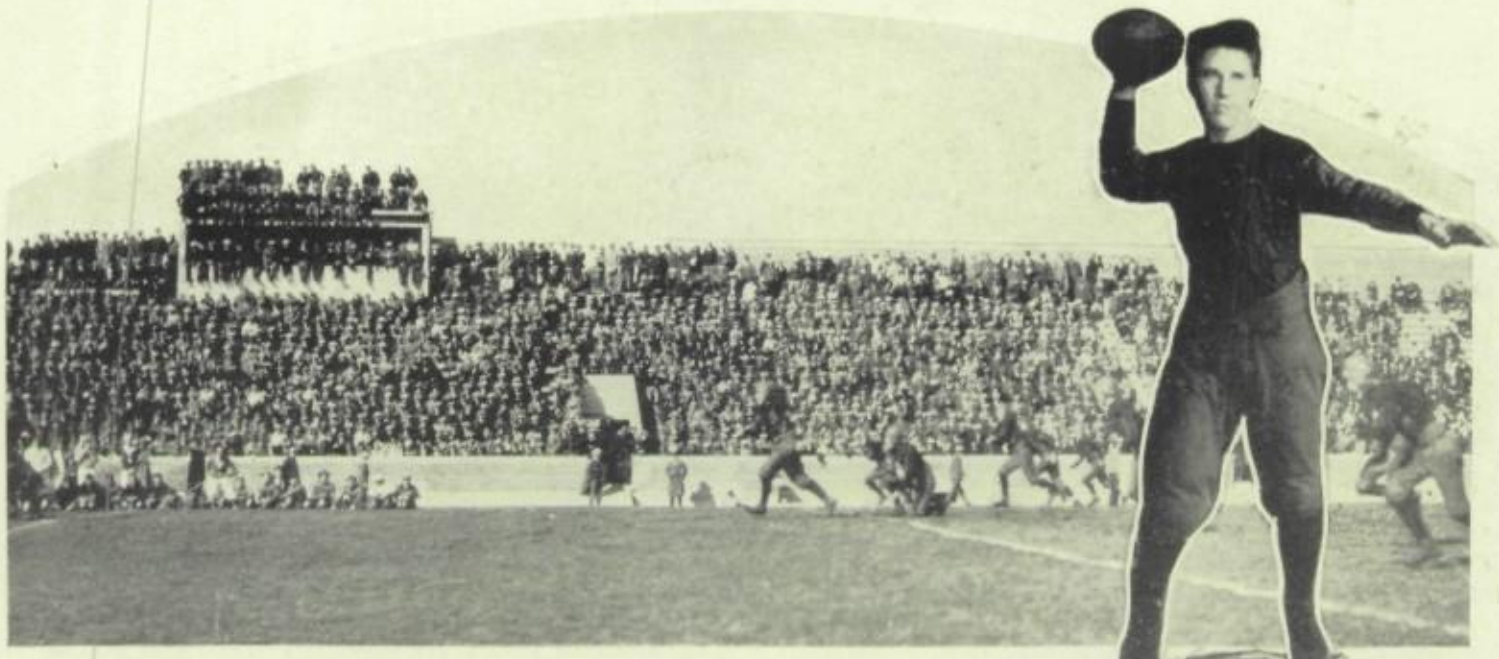
The South game ended the football season of 1925. Although the scores do not indicate a very successful season, we displayed our colors in another way—by true sportsmanship. The fact that the penalties of our opponents by far surpassed ours is sufficient proof that our boys were true sportsmen. We hope that the team of 1926 will likewise reflect the Spirit of Sportsmanship in all its conflicts and prove itself a worthy successor of the team of 1925.

Fifteen men were rewarded with first team emblems for their work on the gridiron this year. They are: Capt. Le Roy Kerner, Aaron Franklin, Ralph Roensch, Theo Otjen, Vic Fields, Harvey Manske, Edward Andrews, Herbert Keeler, Alfred Brandt, Arthur Stukel, Clarence Puhek, Charles Miotke, Arthur Strassman, Capt.-Elect Ray Schauer, and Walter Oleniczak.

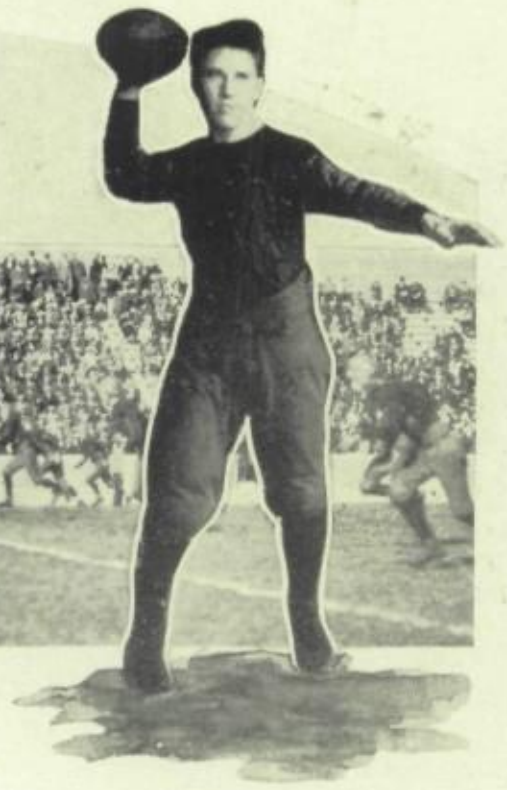
V. Fields

A. Strassman

W. Oleniczak



Lincoln Game



R. Schauer

Of the fifteen men who received first team emblems, eleven will be lost through graduation. In the backfield Capt. Kerner and Franklin will be sorely missed. Kerner will be remembered for his off-tackle smashes and sweeping end runs. Franklin, an All-City man, showed his colors by strong defensive work and effective plunging.

In the line, the services of nine veterans will be lost. Roensch, Otjen, and Fields, all full of speed, have shown fine form as wingmen. Strassman, Miotke, and Brandt have strengthened our forward wall considerably and were always ready to carry the brunt of the attack. Our tackles, Keeler and Andrews, have made possible our stonewall defense, and many a time prevented our opponents from scoring that threatened touchdown. Harvey Manske, our star center, is also leaving us. Through his graduation, Bay View loses an excellent passer and fighting line man.

Although eleven of the fifteen regulars are leaving us, we have a fine array of men who will return next year. With them we are sure that the season of 1926 will prove a success.

A. Franklin

C. Puhek

TRACK

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start."

THE TRACK SEASON of 1926 more than once put to the test the spirit of Bay View. Mr. Kevin, track coach, sent out an almost perfectly balanced team against the scheduled opponents.

On May 1st came the opener against South. One of the hardest fought battles ever witnessed between the friendly rivals was the result. Bay View was out to stage a comeback and beat its opponent this year. But South failed to budge, and the team had to be satisfied with the 50 points scored against South's 66.

The Marquette relays, following on the 8th, resulted in medals for J. Wohlgemuth, miler, R. Bureta, 440 yard-man, and W. Lindeman, 220 yard dash man. A flip of the coin lost a medal for Captain Otjen, who tied for third in the high jump.

However, the team won back its glory in the triangular meet on the 15th. Kenosha and Racine were the visitors. As expected, the home team easily ran away with the meet. Best in carrying away second, third, and fourth places, Bay View scored 75 points against Kenosha's 52½, and Racine's 17½.

May 22 featured a victory over Lincoln and "Tech", and the biggest "win" of the season, with 104-1/2 for Bay View, 53-1/2 for Lincoln, and 33 for "Tech".

R. Hein

A. Estes

F. Pauc

Off for the Hundred

The state track roundup on the following Saturday gave the team the opportunity to earn a third in the state-wide relay, and also a third in the half-mile event.

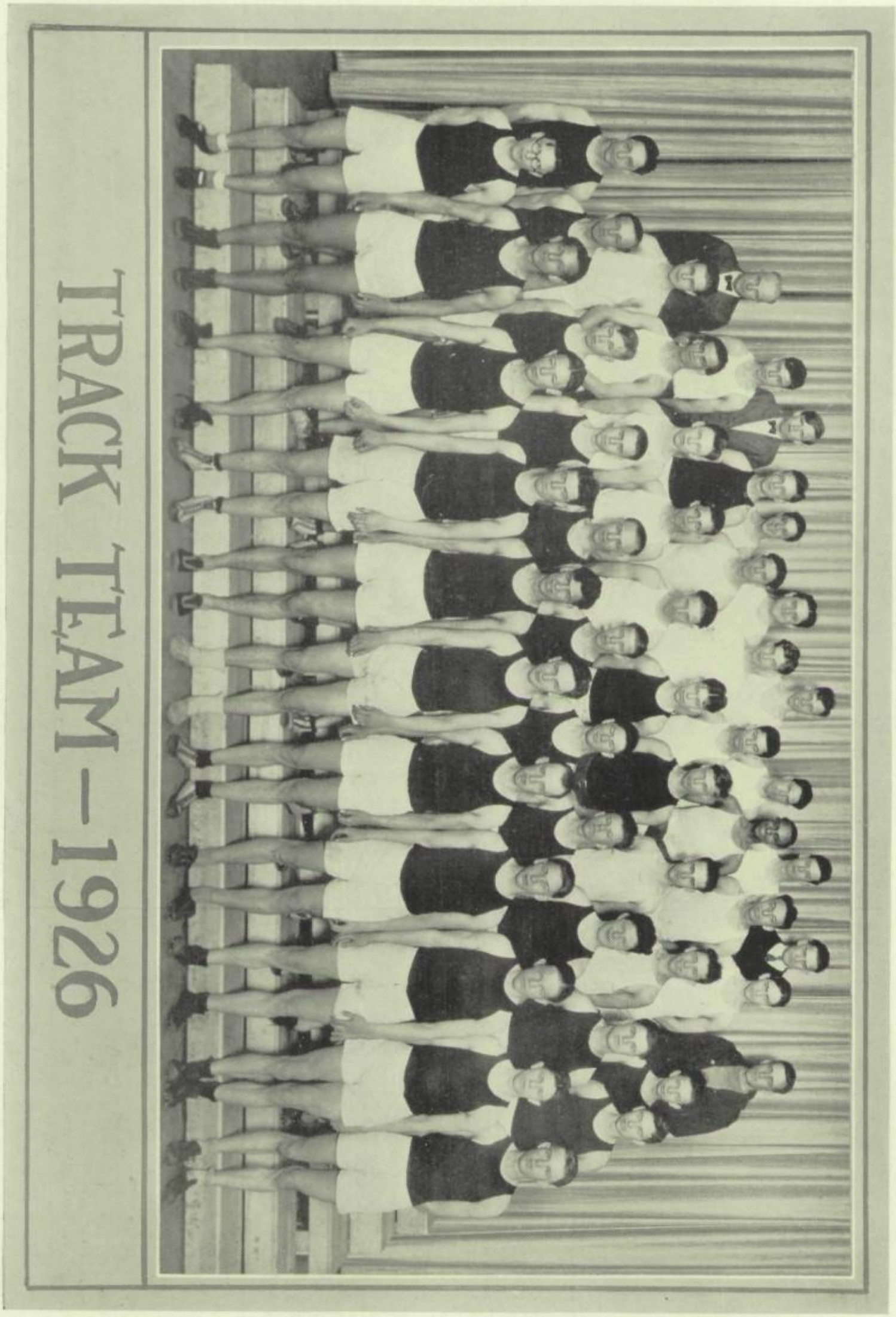
Bay View's place in city track was by this time decided, and in the closing meets of the season every man on the team did what was expected of him.

Otjen, track captain, showed excellent form in two new fields, the high jump and the broad jump. Lindeman, Leeds, McGinnis, Raddigan, Bureta, Fields, and Paradowski were noteworthy exponents of the dashes. Wohlgemuth was the star miler, making better time than last year throughout the season. Kramer and Schulz, both veterans, were assisted by Bureta in the half-mile. Trebilcock and Brandt developed their old form in the hurdles, and ran at their best in the triangular meets of the season. Brazel was a new man in the hurdles who made a favorable impression. Pauc, Estes, Hein, and Franklin led the weight men, scoring most heavily in the meet against Kenosha and Racine. In the same meet Pauc took two firsts, in the shotput and the javelin events. Captain Otjen came next in number of points, taking first in the high-jump and third in the broad jump. Davidson was Bay View's new star in the high jump, though he took a leading part in the pole vault as well. Wolff was another participant in the pole-vault.

N. Trebilcock

Capt. T. Otjen

A. Brandt



TRACK TEAM—1926

CROSS COUNTRY

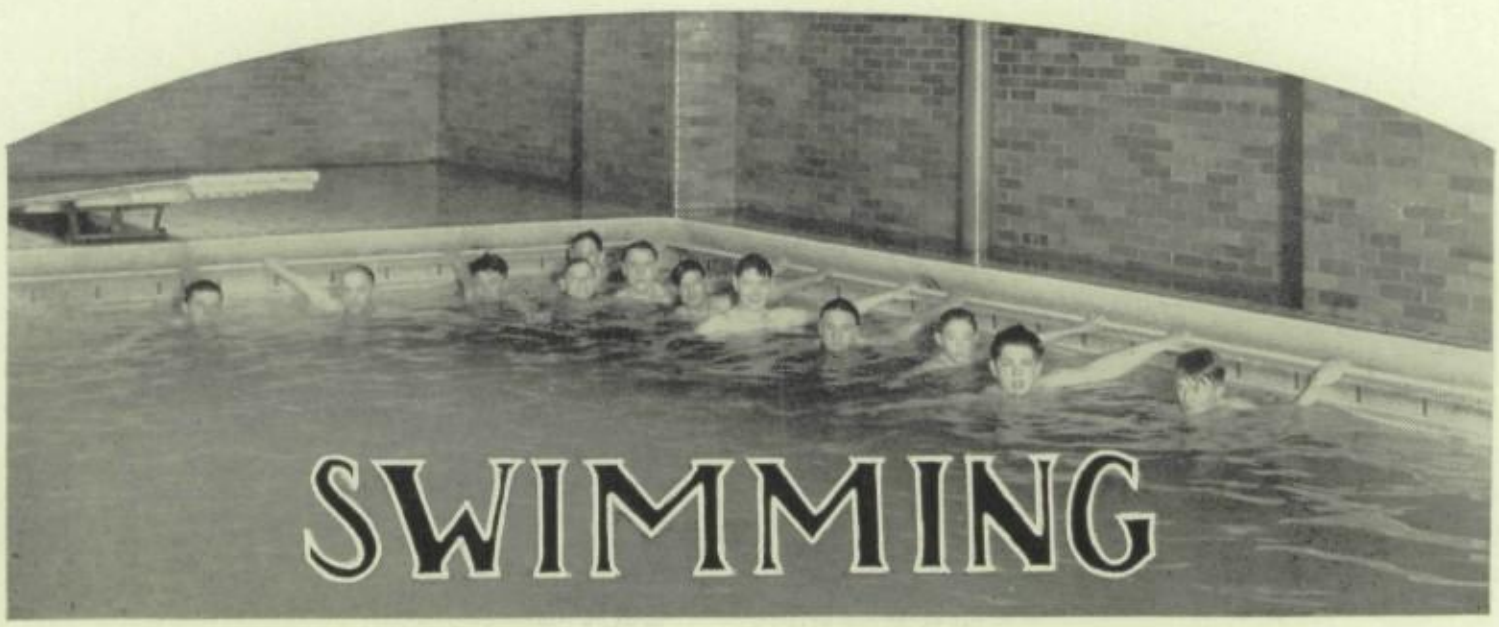
"Through thick and thin, over bank and bush
I hope to attain by grit and push."

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF BAY VIEW was behind the efforts of the cross-country team of 1925. While the football team was hitting the line hard, the cross-country squad was holding its own against Racine, Washington, and in several other meets in October and November. Then came the state meet at the Normal School, and here our harriers captured second honors.

Such veterans as J. Wohlgemuth, E. Paradowski, L. Kramer, and N. Trebilcock are graduating in June. Also leaving are C. Sexton and E. Schulz, who won team emblems during their first year out. Others who have participated are J. Ignowski, J. Bolanowski, C. Kwapiszewski, E. Wisniewski, and G. Horaitis. Mr. Kevin coached the team and Wohlgemuth acted in the capacity of captain.

The school hopes that their run along the course of life may be as fruitful of results as were their cross-country days in Bay View.

Cross Country Team



SWIMMING

"Dar'st thou, Cassius, now leap in
And swim to yonder point?"

WITH TWO MONTHS of intensive training and two victories out of three encounters, the swimming team has become recognized as an organization of prestige.

Shorewood, our first contenders, suffered severely before the enthusiasm of our green material, the final score being 38—17.

West, with a formidable array, met us on May 14 and were presented with a hard fight. The outcome was a matter of doubt till the final medley relay. The score was 31—24 in favor of West.

Wauwatosa followed and was defeated with a score of 45—9.

The result of this year's activities was successful and extremely satisfying to the coach. A new spirit of never-say-die and hard work has crept in. This new spirit, if once it takes root, is sure to establish tradition for the school. The team is well balanced, with Reichhardt and Miotke in the diving, Andrews, Bowersock, Keeler and Mokelke in the crawl, Bob Strassman in the back stroke, Hanson and A. Strassman in the breast-stroke.

Swimming Team

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

"My joy in youthful sports
Is borne like bubbles—onward".

THE JOY of Beatrice Beidatsch in youthful sports is certainly "borne like bubbles—onward". For the second time "Bee" has come out victorious in the tennis tournament.

Although the interest was just as keen, and the playing just as excellent, due to bad weather, the tennis tournament could not be run off as successfully as last year's. The doubles could not be played. The participants in the semi-finals were Phyllis Nowak, Marjorie Healy, Leonore Miller, and Beatrice Beidatsch. After the eliminations, Marjorie and Beatrice fought for the championship, Beatrice coming out the victor.

Merry peals of laughter floated up from the gymnasium during volleyball season. After a valiant fight with the "Sophs", the Juniors won the tournament. The captains of the four class teams were Henrietta Lenjowski, Elizabeth Model, Eunice Becker, and May Possing. The Junior team consisted of Eunice Becker, Leonore Gerdes, Marie Schloemilch, Ruth Andrews, Eugenia Klapa, Adeline Podolske, Betty Bauschek, and Helen Hyde.

R. Chertweznik — Track Stars — L. Gerdes

Basketball Champs — "A" Group

Basketball

Basketball was not forgotten this semester. The tournament was played right up to the end with wonderful spirit. Miss Statz arranged the games differently than in the preceeding years. If a team lost two games, it was dropped from it altogether. The "Beginners" had one tournament and the "Advance" group had another. Each class was represented by two teams, a "Section I" team, and a "Section II" team. The I-A1 team took the championship in the Advance group. Their captain, Mae Possing, brought them through with high colors. The winning team consisted of Mae Possing, captain, Edith Reichhardt, Violet Havey, Eunice Becker, Dorothy Mangold, Amanda Tyre, Florence Bakke, and Esther Hummel. They certainly showed fine spirit all through the games and ended up with a strong finish. The B group winners were the V-B1 team: Helen Keily, captain, Evelyn Sorenson, Ruth Roeglin, Beatrice Herman, Carol Larson, Jane Gubbins, Genevieve Ciesak, and Harriet Berridge. No one could decide the outcome of the tournament until the games were played to a finish.

Basketball Champs — "B" Group

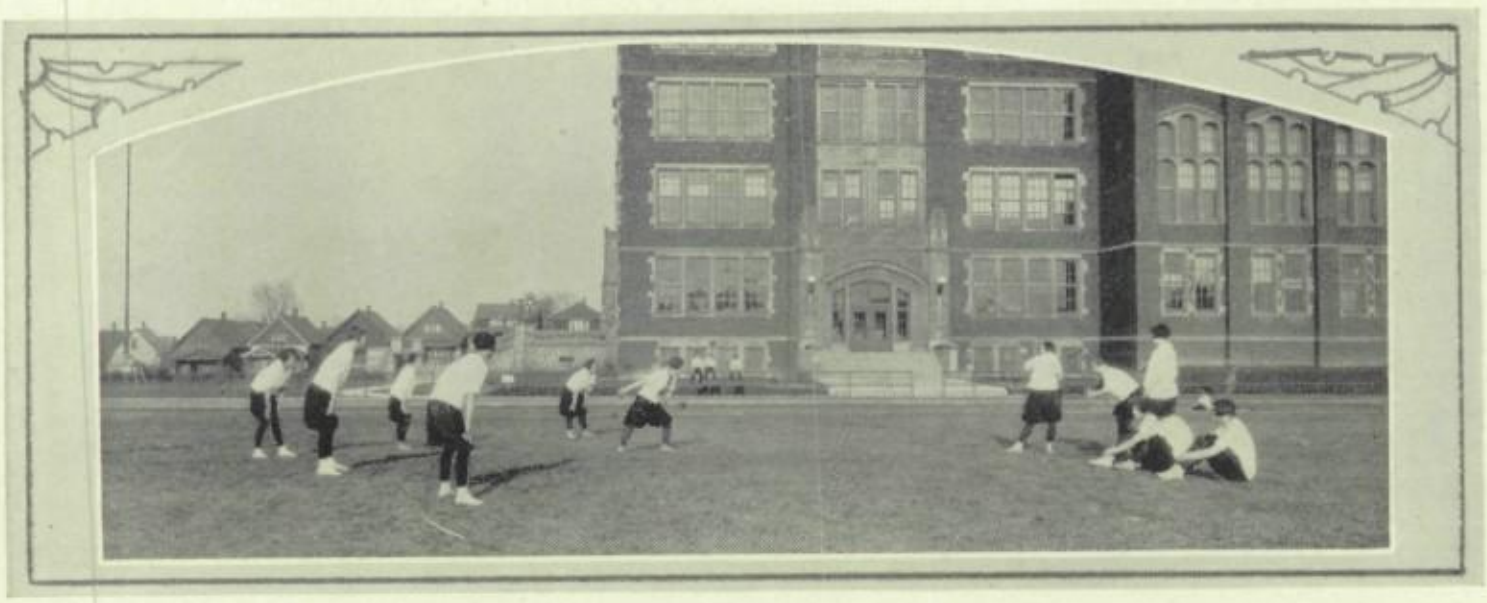
Volley Ball Champions

Baseball and Track

The Spirit of Bay View was again manifested in the choosing of the baseball teams. Each class was represented by two teams, one from the A division and one from the B division. The classes elected their captains and they in turn chose their teams. The inter-class competition was very keen and all the teams put up a spirited fight for first place. The teams flashing into first place were: I-A1, I-A2, II-A1, and IV-B1.

The girls' track meet is another athletic classic of our school year. Fervent endeavor coupled with the keen spirit of inter-class competition evinced by the girls of the Bay View High School make it so.

Memory tells us that in 1925, the Freshmen ran away with the meet despite all the upper-classmen could do to prevent it. The upper-classmen strived for first place. All this keen competition is of a most friendly nature and only makes for a friendliness which is gratifying to the girls themselves and to the Physical Training advisors.



Batter-Up!

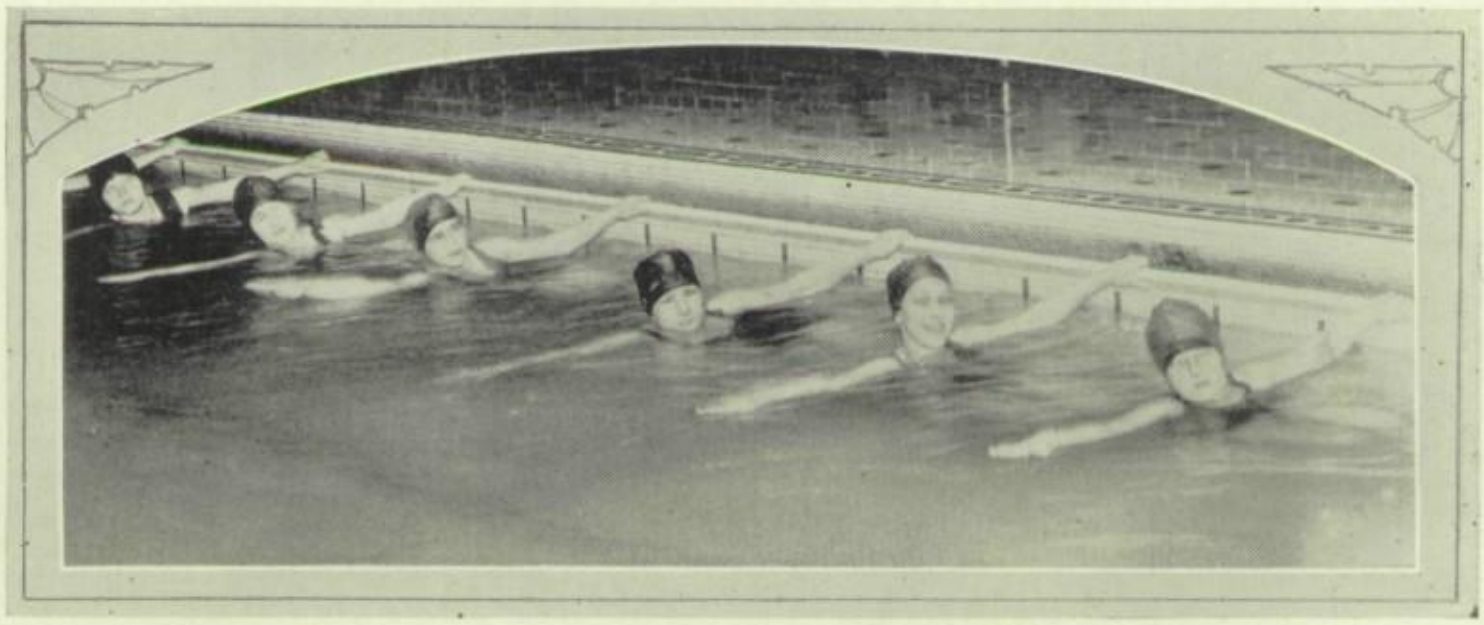
Girls' Life Saving Class

Swimming

A great deal of spirit has been shown in the new event, swimming. Many girls have taken the tests and have passed with high honors. The credit for this new event is due to the efforts of Miss Pammel, our new swimming instructor.

We have a beginners' class in which many girls have entered, but only thirty of the girls have passed all the tests. There is also a Swimmers' Test in which twenty-five girls have successfully passed.

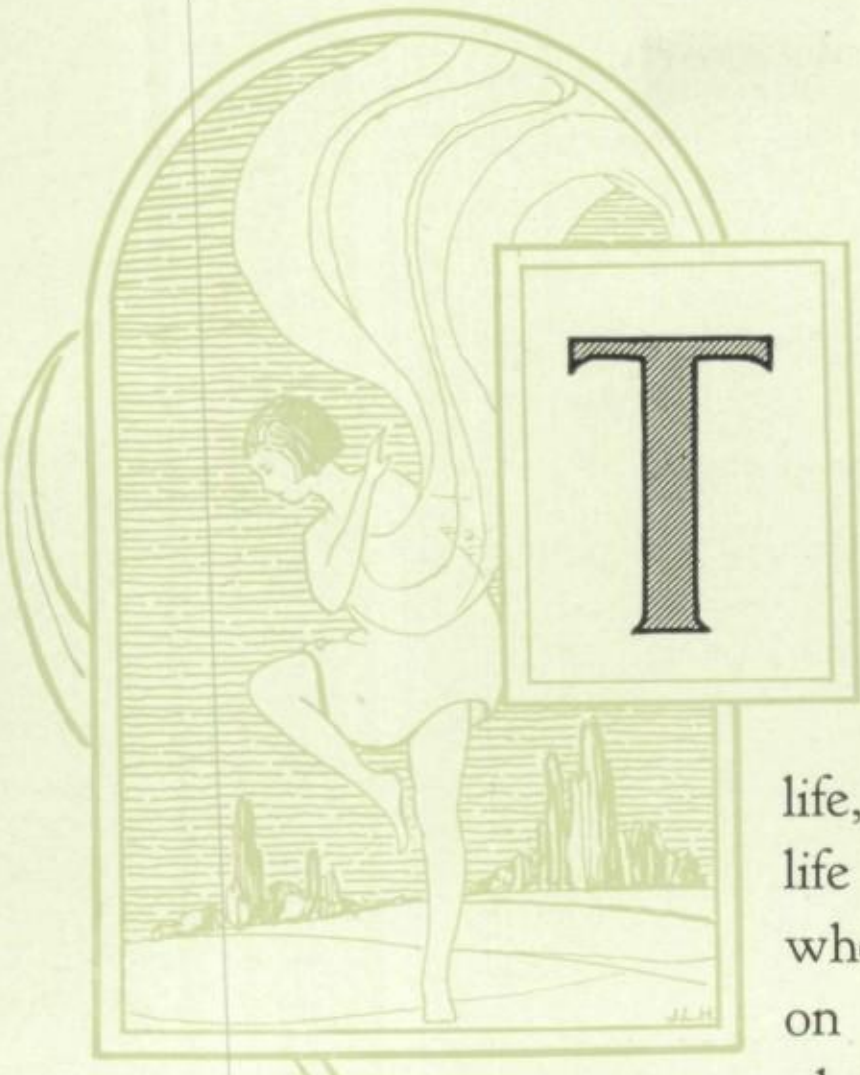
The Junior Red Cross is the most important of all the tests in which the following girls have received emblems and pins: Frances Baxter, Betty Burd, Estelle Cehanovich, Marjorie Healy, Leonore House, Lorraine Hurley, Ruth Kettner, Dorothy Koch, Olga Kumersheck, Eleanor Johnson, Elizabeth Model, Katherine Reichhardt, Esther Simonson, Gertrude Thomas, Mildred Tindall, Ethel Van Ells, Marion Yung, and Mildred Wright. These girls have reason to feel very much honored because this is a national honor.



Mermaids

JOY IN LIFE

HUMOR



Joy-in-Life

THE SUN SMILES down at the water with a humorous grin, and, though the sun is its enemy, it sends back a rippling laugh. Joy-in-life, that must be it. Joy-in-life calls us out to hillsides where we take friendly hold on some kind breeze and playfully pull him forth from his seclusion, his draperies flying, and big cheeks expanded with air. That air is filled with magic joy which filters into the classroom, livens pupils with its smiles, and clears the hazy gloom. The dimpled cheek and mischievous eye, responding to some graceful sally of a classmate, reflect appreciation of joy and participation in its pleasantness. Joy is an effervescent bubble! Once caught it breaks and scatters tiny globules of laughter in every direction.

Gimme a Crown

"I always take what's offered to me,
I never turn nothing down."

IN THOSE WORDS spoke some nameless poet the noblest words that have never been penned. It is that spirit which has prompted numberless Bay Viewites to struggle and struggle and struggle and struggle in hopes that they'll eventually succeed in being crowned. Now don't get me wrong there: they mean to be crowned gloriously and nobly in front of the assembled school at a school convocation, with the footlights on, full blaze, the curtain shimmering behind them, and their knees shivering beneath them. They want to be numbered in ages still undreamed of, to be spoken of with bated breaths, as even now we speak of last year's heroes—Arnstein, Healy, Ferry, and Westhofen.

The number of candidates for crowns this year has been, however, unusually small, nor has the honor been confined to graduates, as has been the case in former years. Freshmen put up a firm struggle with Seniors, eyes became blackened, arms went into slings, so fierce did competition reign.

Here are the results and reasons. The first half were awarded gum leaf crowns and the second half, tobacco leaves.

Gladys Yokum for a "twelve hour every night" sleep record.

Ruth Andrews for being a kind sister to such a bothersome brother.

Betty Burd for her ability to live up to her name. She's a bird!

Ardys Digman for her untiring efforts in behalf of us all.

Helen Platzer for the sunshine she spreads among us.
Ethel Cludius for getting out of more work than any other two students.
Esther Boyce for her boyish bob with her girlish ways.
Marion Levin for her mannish bob and baby looks.

Evelyn Libowitz for her "line" to the teachers.

Inez Koegel for being Inez.

Viola Sommers for making us feel her presence even in winter.

Edna Kilgren for her efforts at vamping and her repeated failures in it.

Electa Miller for her girlish appearance with unshorn tresses.

Camille Kwiatkowski for being tardy at least once every day.

Hilda Fischer for a heavyweight champion.

Eunice Hess for her size, dignity, and talkativeness.

Florence Brogan for her noisy heels.

Evelyn Trotter for lots of things besides her ha! ha!

Oscar Thiel for never having escorted a girl to class.

John Wohlgemuth for his repeated efforts in finding a girl.

James Schwartz for his lack of speed and energy.
Leroy Ackerman for being small enough to look darling in those new style long trousers.
Walter Olejniczek for his singing voice and heavenly smile.
Robert Gatz for his "henna-ed" hair and baby smile.
Isadore Fishelson for his superiority complex.
John Fritsche for his narrow escapes from ninth hours.
Donald D. Hickman for his girlish blush and pretty smile.
Leroy Kerner for having lived down a captain's conceit.

Truth

WE HEAR A LOT about truth at Bay View. Here we regard him as a cross between an old Roman senator and Father Time, that is always jumping up when we want to tell mama and dear daddy just why we got those pretty ornamental rings around our grades. Of course, we always tell the truth, so we say something like this:

"No, mama, that sixty isn't a bad mark. Why, the best kid in the class only got somewhere in the nineties! Of course, that ring around my grade doesn't mean anything."

"But what about those other marks," mother asks. "Why are they decorated, too?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother, the other teachers also like to decorate report cards. No, mama, fifty-five is a good mark in Geometry for me. You see Miss Welch said that I really should have had ninety, but she gave me the wrong grade, and there wasn't time to change it. Will you please sign my card now? I'll show it to daddy in the morning."

The next morning I manage to stay in bed until dear daddy has gone, even though I have to go without curling my hair. But it sure is worth it, for would dad ever have raved and ranted.

When I finally arrive at Bay View at about 8:29⅞ o'clock, I find that we have homework in Latin.

"Very odd for us to have homework in Latin, isn't it?" "Why, we are only translating Caesar. It's not right for any teacher to give us homework, especially on Wednesday. I'll tell her I was sick. I really didn't feel very well after I showed ma my marks."

When I am asked to recite, I answer like this (perhaps you had better all take this down in your notebooks, it may come in handy some day): "No, Miss Duggan, I didn't feel well last night so I didn't translate. I am so sorry (?). You didn't have to give me a zero. Gee, that's the first time you called on me in months."

"Is my nose shiny?" (this to the girl next to her).

This, of course, is a typical sketch of student life at dear old Bay View. We got this from one of our famous Senior girls, namely, Joseph Fishelson. Maybe he is neither a Senior or a girl, but that doesn't make any difference when truth is concerned. It'll all come out white from the wash anyway.

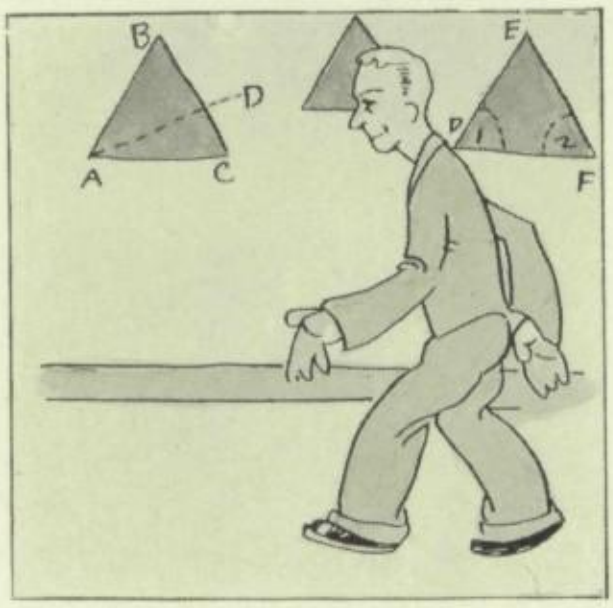
Now about everybody else in school. Let's interview some of them. Seniors first, of course. So we will start with a little Burd. The question is "Who do you like?" She will sweetly answer, "Bobby." "Bobby who?" we ask, and she says just "Bobby." I wonder if it is her hair bob or what, but she won't tell nohow.

Then, there is that sweet faced infant in the cafeteria who kindly takes your nickels. He is new in affairs of the heart, so we won't say nothing, but believe me, Walter, we know who it is.

After this extensive and world-wide search, I have come to the conclusion that everybody tells the truth, but "how" is still the question.

I Did It With My Little Hatchet

HONESTY—that's what George Washington got out of a licking with, after he had wielded his little red hatchet so skillfully, but, as the fish peddler said to the lady who claimed that fish were twenty cents a pound, "That was long ago." Nowadays, however, honesty (?) is that which you tell your English teacher, possibly your English English teacher, when you forget that you were told not to forget to remember your English notebook, etc. Still another conception of the word is that offered by a certain well known Noah Webster (not the Noah who took the animals out for an ark-ride, as your Sunday school teachers may have informed you, dear Frosh), and it reads something like this: "Quality or state of being honest, hence: 1. Fidelity; constancy. 2. Sincerity, genuineness, veracity. 3. Conforming to truth or reality....."



Oh, that's right! I almost forgot that I had to remember to tell you that story I wanted to tell you (although you won't have to meet me tonight in the moonlight even if "it's a story that's never been told"). Well, seeing that "each golden hour is studded with sixty diamond minutes," I guess I'll save a few diamonds by commencing.

In this little drama, almost as true as Cinderella, and the only rival of Shakespeare's plays, Edward Andrews is the hero and his amiable Geometry III teacher, Miss Jameson, is the villainess. (The class enters, our hero, Ed, enters, and Miss Jameson enters.)

Having finally, laboriously, and yet not entirely aroused Edward from the semi-conscious state of existence into which he had fallen just as soon as he had felt the substantial seat directly beneath him, Miss Jameson asked, "Mr. Andrews, if it takes three Grecian Pythagorases 10 years, 9 months, 8 weeks, 7 days, 6 hours, 5 minutes, and 4 seconds exactly to erect a stately, wooden, geometrically perfect sided pyramid directly next to the north pole, large enough to accommodate King Tut, his family, and his entire retinue, then how many liquid quarts of soda water will a Ford's empty gasoline tank hold if it is constructed from sheet-tissue paper, held together with pretzels, rectangular in shape, and 8 inches by 6 inches by 3 inches by 1 inch by 7 inches by 5 inches by 4 inches by 2 inches in size?"

Ed Andrews, beginning again to be visibly affected by a serious relapse of that dangerous and contagious disease called hay-fever by students and "pure laziness" by teachers—"Ha?.....Oh ya, tha's right."

Miss Jameson looks out of window, sighs a heart-rending sigh, and is greeted by a loud "aaaaa-ooo" from unfortunate Edward in answer to her absent-mindedly put question. "What the reason?"

And then, after a short interval, Edward suddenly and unaccountably awoke. Class was dismissed.

Now I hope my gentle reader has finally come to the realization that honesty is just what I didn't write, and even if the standard authors don't do it, to be original I'll end up my article on honesty by advising you to beware of that dangerous spring-fever.

If You Would Adventuring Go

WHEN CAVE MEN wanted adventure, all they had to do was step outside the caves and there it was. That was simple, and the people seized adventure by the neck and almost choked the life out of her. We have cave men today who do not limit their necking to adventure. Then, in the middle ages, a knight in arms (both kinds) just got on his horse and galloped off. And now they say we must travel far to seek her. No, no, for we find adventure here at school even. We sally forth, all armed with knowledge, and a battle royal greets us as we step into a classroom. Some of our armor is popped full of holes, but we bravely struggle on and off until we have no armor left. Our bravery is not unnoted, for we are crowned with a laurel wreath in the shape of a red circle. Then at the sign of Ye Inne of Ye Rede Cercle, the king further rewards us by lightening our labors. The ins and outs of the business are hashed over, and the bravest of all are given permanent vacations with a life of ease and chocolate dipping. That is one kind of adventure.

There is also the lady (or not) in distress. The beautiful damsel weeps profoundly, and the young knight takes her hand and says, "Never mind, leave it to yours truly. Just tell me what you've set your lamps on and I'll sizzle it over to you." With this he gallops away. That beautiful old story is not so old, for it uses cold cream (any variety) and dyes its hair, lifts its face, uses eye-brow pencil and bologna, lipstick, and apple-sauce, powder and "C'eau je role main," and behold! It is rejuvenated. One of our lovely ladies desires assistance on one of those Sphinxy questions we always have sprung on us. She expresses that desire and lo! the adventure starts. Knights come from every corner of the study hall to bring offerings of profound knowledge or supreme bluff. Knights in wing collars and spats, knights in black and grey and tan, knights in pink striped sweaters and in pastel shades—all gather. Then a dragon descends upon them, and they must prove their valor. They use valor or discretion as they see fit, and the lady rewards her faithful followers with a dazzling smile. Thus you see that romance still exists.

The spirit of adventure leads us into strange difficulties and bumps us into all kinds of creatures. And although the spirits of adventure (or of anything else, for that matter) are strictly prohibited, there is no lack of adventure adventuring to venture forth to vent its vengeance on the adventurous adventurers who prevent the ventilator's venting. 'Tis all adventure! Bay View High School—the adventure spot of the northwest! The garden of adventurers! Sounds great, doesn't it?

Camaraderie

THE SPIRIT OF CAMARADERIE at Bay View is reflected in the cheery and joyous chattings of its pupils. Some of the most permanent friendships are formed here. Gladys and Babe have often been mistaken for the same. Joe and Harry would be quoted as such only they seem to be different. But this spirit is not restricted to couples of the same sex. Now take Oscar and Adeline as a glowing illustration; fate sat them next to each other in the study hall and they did the rest and have done together since then. Ralph is still thanking fate for the day he *accidentally* sat in Gladys' seat. Al Brandt and Adele Klatt have quietly been admiring each other ever since short trousers and pig-tail days. These have upheld the school's tradition in the strictest manner. Then there are those who are not quite so conspicuous. Eleanor Smallish was dazzled by Ralph Andrzejewski's red sweater and flashing smile and the rest followed in order. Fannie Brown believes in contrast as Whitie Burnquist will testify; also Bill Reichardt and Ruth Tonkin believe in the same thing. And so on, ad infinitum, while the Oracle complains, "Loves grow warm and loves grow cold, but I go on forever."

The spirit of generosity as well as of good comradeship is also prevalent. Miss Schleuter is notorious for her lavishness in dealing out ninth hours and eight o'clock appearances to poor souls like Sam Galanter and Aaron Franklin, to whom arriving on time is almost an impossible task. Mr. Sawyer's steady stream of homework is always a source of comment among his compliant pupils. Mr. Korn's generous advice to young lovers is always inspiring. Miss Grob's generosity with other people's money is also a source of comment. The value of gum that is not worn out would furnish enough money to buy Mr. Kyper a wig of the finest camel hair. Mr. Gillo's willingness to sign autograph books keeps the girls coming and going. Mr. Costello's sweet disposition, the mornings after his heir keeps him pacing the floor all night, causes his pupils to seek shelter underneath their desks when a student rises to announce he hasn't his homework. Miss Ross' pained expression when she announces that you will have to retire to the office makes a person feel better, for you know it hurts her as much as it will you.

With all this good will being shown, there are a few being neglected. A fund ought to be started to furnish first, Ralph Roensch with all-day suckers so that when his sunny brow is o'er-clouded with a frown he could be put into the right humor by this sweet delicatessen; secondly, to permit Emory Pellant a visit to the barber occasionally, thereby changing his appearance from that of a Fiji Islander to a native of America; thirdly, to present Aaron Franklin with a muffer so that someone else in his classes could speak; fourthly, Homer Brown with a cane, which is all that is needed to give his walk the appearance of a man in his second childhood; sixthly, Harry Karl and Lawrence Hautz a book on brevity—they waste too much wind. Thus with this camaraderie, Bay View is a very good place to live in. Long may it live!

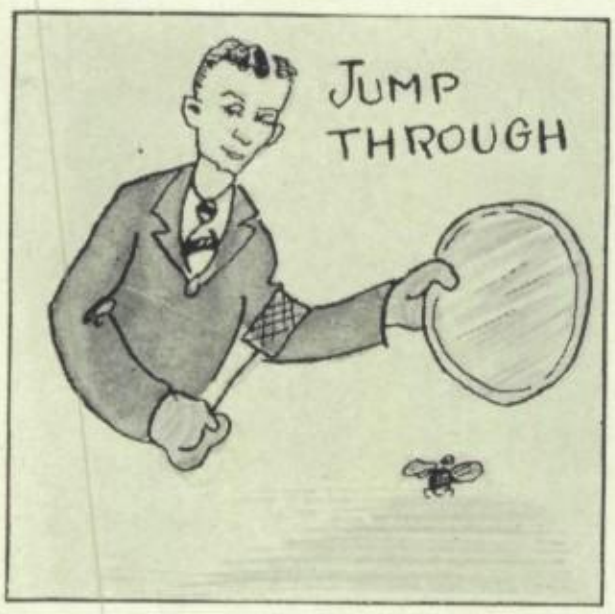
Sports

I SHALL BUT MENTION such sports as football, track and cross-country, and shall pass lightly over the games of volley-ball, basketball, baseball and tennis. These have no place in the Humorsports of Bay View Fun School. We all have sung their glories, and I can only here give them a passing high sign.

Now for real sport! There is nothing more heart-rending, more nerve-racking, or more delightfully thrilling than a well-organized and well-balanced spitball contest between two teams of Funners. Let us watch a contest for a while. We see a huge study hall with a teacher up in front. An air of expectancy hovers over everything. Suddenly, from one corner of the room, a tiny white ball is seen to fly through the air. Nerves on edge, we watch its progress—now, it has reached its goal. We sigh. It has struck the boy in the opposite corner squarely in the back of the neck! Then the room is in an uproar, and gleaming white pills fly like snow flakes or hailstones. Every one is taking part. For fully five minutes, the match is even, and then a death-like stillness creeps over one side of the room. A handkerchief is waved in the air and the fire ceases.

Mr. Korn walks into the room. He has been watching the side that apparently yielded. A death-like silence—and he congratulates the winning side. Then cheers rent the room ('twas paid, too), and even the losing side cheers the splendid shooting of the victors.

There are other sports, too. There is a game called "fly-pop." We play it in this way: We have any smooth surface (a bald head with a grouch under it makes the game very exciting) and line up a group of flies on one edge of it. Each player on each team has a bean-shooter, and a handful of something to shoot through it. On the signal, each player in turn takes a shot at a fly. If possible, the flies might have different colored jerseys on, but the difficulty of getting jerseys small enough is too great. However, the idea of the game is to knock out as many flies as possible. When bean-shooters cannot be obtained, the game is often combined with spit-ball, and spit-balls are used to knock the flies out. Of course, there is a little difficulty at first in training the flies, but our special fly trainer, Harvey Manske, is so good that even the flies on the other team will do what he says sometimes. However, most flies show a surprising degree of loyalty and true sportsmanship.

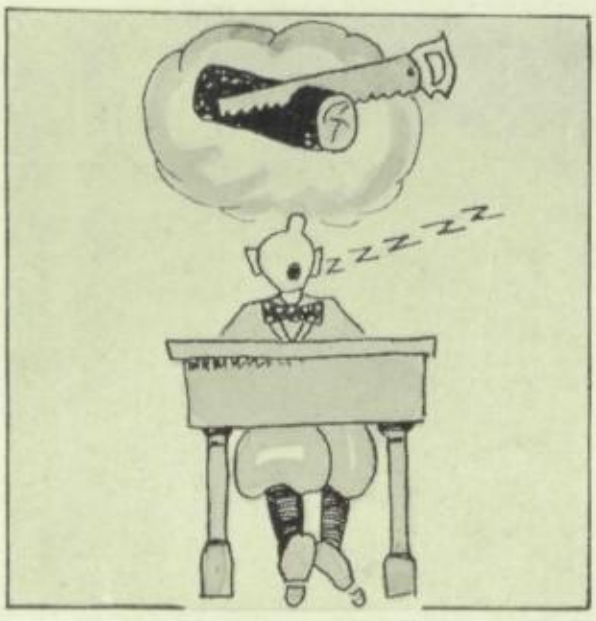


Thus, you see, our sports are making sportsmen, our sportsmen are making sports, and the sports are sporting sportsmanship, and the sportsmen are sporting sporty clothes. Spring has gone.

Hallucinations

IN THE LIBRARY of a certain school, with the name of which we are all familiar, entirely at his ease, scheming schemes and dreaming dreams, sat an unknown (not out of an Algebra text) in the form of a Freshman. With a meaningless science book open before him, our hero allowed his wonderful imagination to carry him almost into dreamland.

It seemed that he was an elderly man, teaching four or five different subjects each day in the same school he had gone to as a boy, the Bay View High. His first hour class was Science I, and on the first day of the semester into the room paraded Hank Gillo, Jr. Teacher opened the recitation, and when the homework was finally assigned, said, "Mr. Gillo, your father ruled me with an iron hand, so for tomorrow, at the peril of your life, you will gather for me and bring to me three specimens of the rare Octagopharus Preposteric Hyrojirandical Jugo-slavian Anglo Antbear. The class is excused."



The second hour Algebra class began, and on the enrollment list was found the name of Lucy Welsh Schmidt. Upon inquiry, teacher found the innocent little girl to be a ward of a certain Lucy Welsh he himself had known during childhood a little too well. At the close of the hour, the said little girl was terrified to hear the teacher say, "Miss Welsh-Schmidt, for your evident misconduct, you will have to find out what reason the Egyptians had for believing that a circle is square, and also what the great mathematician, Pythagoras Applesauceus Diostoches Exphurides wore when he first made a maltese cross, by pulling its tail. The class is excused."

The third hour class began in its turn, and Miss Elsie Lane, a coy little miss, paraded into our teacher's English class. She proved to be the Miss Lane's "kid sister," and so teacher spent almost the entire period in ransacking his brain for a fitting task with which to burden her. When the first bell rang, teacher said quite decidedly, "Miss Lane, for tomorrow you will write a theme, to hand in, on 'Why Oysters Don't Get Sunburned.' Class excused."

After spending the fourth hour in the study hall, giving helpless freshies three ninth hours, our teacher-hero began his instruction of a sixth hour joinery class. But alackaday! Just as he was ordering a son of a retired teacher, Mr. Lorentz, to re-plane a box of pine toothpicks—something disastrous happened.

Frosh woke up from his cat-nap (?) to find himself merely a helpless, insignificant, pitiable, abused little Freshman in the hands of angry Mr. Fritsche. It took practically the whole day to make the Frosh realize he wasn't dreaming and that he wasn't really a teacher, but he came to the realization of the fact that he had three ninth hours to serve.

So beware, dear Frosh, and let not your imagination get the best of you. You'll live and learn, but seemingly, if you do no more than you're doing now, you'll only live. Do your sleeping at home, and "Love thy teachers as thyself," even if "English and Algebra, Science and Joinery put out your fire of ambition."

A Spirited Anecdote

"USE YOUR IMAGINATION freely" is the cry we hear nowadays. We, here at Bay View, certainly do. You should see the themes we write. Holy cats! but they certainly are imaginative.

A theme by—well, I hadn't better tell on myself—started out with a sentence like this, "I am going to paint a word picture of the scene lying (hope that's the right form of either lie or lay) before me." From what followed, it certainly required a full fledged imagination to get even a snapshot of the scene. The author, you will have noticed, had followed instructions to the letter by leaving it to *you* to use your imagination.

By the way, I bet you didn't know you had a detachable spirit. I don't know it either, but just imagine you have one that is invisible to all but a few.

You kids that took English VI last year must have had an easy time. I'm taking it now. Do you know what we have to read? It's sermons. Just imagine reading sermons on week-days. Let us go to an English VI class. We can easily walk there in spirit. This will be the first time I ever was there in spirit. I'm usually there only in this "too solid flesh."

We have arrived, and a person is reading a sermon of Jonathan. I won't tell the rest. Don't use your imagination now, for you can see yourself in a "warmer climate" if you do. Jonathan was fond of that type of sermon and he surely does make a person feel as though he were going to die immediately and on the spot. He uses, I think and we all think, his imagination. This is getting awful, I can already see myself among the goats. Let's go. We had better go out quietly so that that awful vision doesn't pursue us.

We went, that is, our spirits went, down the corridor and slowly descended to the first floor. "Let's go to the girls' swimming pond. Look out that you don't fall on those steps, they are awfully slippery. Perhaps we had better use our wings. You didn't know we had 'em, did you? Well, just feel. Aren't they beautiful and white?"

In the tank (of water, nothing different) the girls are practicing diving. A kinda heavy girl is diving in now. Did you see the water? It sure did hit the skylight. Now we will tell her she did very well; we aren't fibbing, but just using our imaginations. Now she is climbing out. Her face is a bit twisted and she grimly rubs her stomach, which, it seems, acted as a sort of bumper. As we tell her the good news, her face lights up with joy and she again approaches the diving board. Once is enough for us, imagination or no imagination, and in haste we flip flop away.

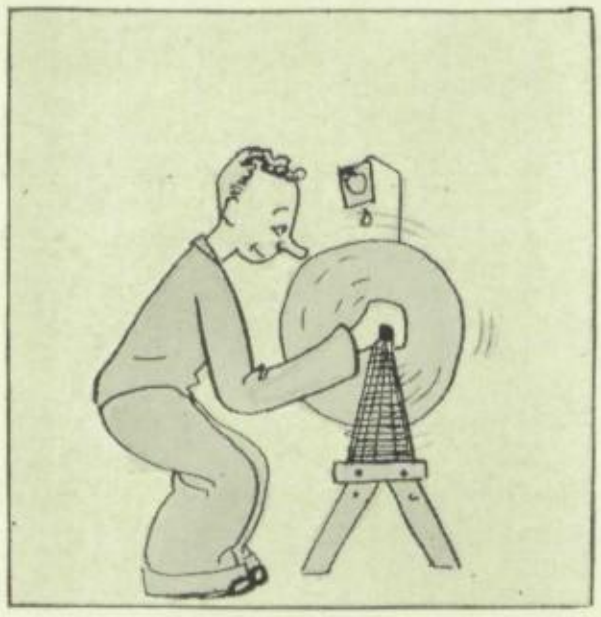
We hear a music class sending forth volumes of sound. It is too strong for us. The amount of air in motion would send our spirits dashing against the ceiling. They (I guess I forgot to tell you) are singing. It may not sound like it, but use your imagination and be charitable.

Our time is nearly up and we turn our faces and flop our wings toward the door. But let us stop at Miss Miller's room for a while. We will show ourselves to her and ask her to draw our picture. I am dying (?) to know what we all look like. Now she is drawing our picture. Beat it, kids, did you see those horns? If that's what my spirit looks like, me for that solid flesh. Ta-ta!

Oh Boy! Oh Joy!

DOESN'T THIS MAKE YOU LAUGH? Who can find joy in school? With ringers, ninth hours, homework, and all the other forms of modern torture, who still has the nerve to say there is joy in school life? From the day you enter school as a Freshman to the day of your graduation, some new form of torture is applied every day, such as four pages of verbatim, a book report, or a project. These are a few of the enjoyable features of school life. One of the highly scientifical and technical forms of torture is being put through the third degree by the high and mighty. China is noted for its methods of punishment, Spain for its inquisition, and France for its religious persecution, but if an investigation were made in high schools, our methods of persecution would become internationally famous in a short time.

If you are sitting in the study hall taking a little time off and day-dreaming, you are gently reminded by one of the high and mighty officers to put your nose to the grindstone. If you are strolling down the corridor, laughing, you are again reminded that you have not time for such trivial things; you should be in the pursuit of knowledge from the moment the prison doors clang behind you in the morning until you are driven home to the evening repast. There is one form of punishment which is a joy and delight to all of us. We are dragged from our cells (study hall seats) with chains clanking (those on vanity cases) and are marched to the chamber of torture (auditorium). Here we are forced to listen for ages to a speaker who is trying to make us realize that we will be the leading men of tomorrow, such as a sausage manufacturer or a big butter and egg man, raising chickens in Tippecanoe. The only way to success, he tells us, is to study!



The great outdoor sport is ball in the foot. A gang of yokils and the rest of the male contingent rush out on the field all dressed up beautifully and start to play with a ball. Then a man blows a whistle and it starts. They then rush together or glare at and watch each other while a little boy yelps out some numbers and a ball is thrown to him. He throws it to somebody else. Nobody seems to want it on one side, while the fellows on the other side make one mad scramble for it. The other fellows grab all the one fellows and search them to see if they have the ball. Then it is found out that somebody is running off with the ball and they all grab him and try to take it (the ball) away. If a fellow can swipe it enough times, after a while they give it to him.

Another great outdoor sport is track. A lot of fellows run around a circle, but I do not see why they do this because they never get any place and neither do I.

Ala Webster

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE TRUTH OF THOSE WORDS, the truth of those words! The idea doesn't savvy with most of us, however, because we all know we got a lot coming to us. We're all pretty good and nobody knows it better than we.

But, as in all worlds and times and ages, there are some heroes sojourning here among us. Would you believe it, dear reader, right here among your classmates at Bay View, I have found this very noble being. He has given instead of taking. He has given us advice and taken none. The result of his finding is here appended. We have thought it best to publish it as a dictionary of high school terms and persons.

Andrews, Eddie (m): Bay View sheik; hero of many dramas.

Airoldi, Florence (f): A pioneer and martyr to the boyish bob.

Bay View High School (n): The best institution of learning.

Boinski, Isabel (f): Editor of locals on our school paper; most interesting girl.

Bowersock, Wallace (m): A warning to lazy Freshmen; a very studious boy.

Casey, Esther (f): A monument to good nature.

Dannenberg, Alton (m): A very funny contributor to school publication.

DeGrace, Louis (m): Our very Frenchy Beau Brummel.

Erenz, Martha (f): A Siamese twin to Hilda Fischer; a nice girl.

Franklin, Aaron (m): A satellite of teachers; a studious boy.

Grob, Miss (f): A pretty librarian; very quickly responds to noise.

Heller, Ted (m): A large boy, a Senior; a pedagogical marvel.

Inda, Alice (f): A quiet little girl; a would-be Gloria Swanson.

Jessen, John (m): A brother (twin) of Agnes; a Junior.

Johnson, Mr. (m): The man who backs the Oracle.

Karl, Harry (m): Oracle editor; smart boy; pretty lad; likes to talk.

Lambert, Howard (m): Round Table president; wears a queque.

Morris, Robert (m): A dancer; a curly-haired cherub-faced Senior.

Nordby, Esther (f): A waster of her time and others' time.

Nordstrom, Olaf (m): A tiny little Senior; has a special high chair in each class.

Opat, Joseph (m): An energetic, industrious time-waster.

Pellant, Emory (m or f): A creature with long flying hair. Probably a boy, since girls wear their hair shorter than Emory's.

Puhek, Clarence (m): The originator of "Smile and the world smiles with you," etc.

Quick, William (m): A misnamed youth; never on time for anything.

Roensch, Ralph (m): A much admired student; very genial and clever.

Swiderski, Joseph (m): A true gentleman; an iceberg.

Smith, Messrs. (m): Not of coughdrop fame; teachers of sundry subjects; both married, one very recently.

Trebilcock, Norman (m): A bashful, intelligent boy.

Uldrian, Anna (f): A quiet little girl.

Van Valin, Dorothy (f): A peppy, whispery Freshman.

Watson, Miss (f): A literary critic; a woman of great patience.

X-it (n): The thing we all try to do at 3:10, no matter where we are or what's what.

Yahnke, Herbert (m): Commonly called Oscar; a well known boy.

Ziegler, Miss (f): An optimist; a candidate for matrimony.

Ain't We Got Fun

FOR ENY YUNG HUMAN BEAN which hasta go to one of them joovenile prisons term sckools, one of the grates' joys in life, comonly call luck, is to get all good marks on yure report, but nindy-nine out of a hunert kids don't have no luck becuzz that never happins to em. If ya get what yure expecting, it's alright if ya expected a good mark but not if ya expected a low one. Wun of the very wursest things that kin happin is for a guy to get a sixtey-five instead of a nindey, and one of the nices' things, which is probabel but not possibel, is for to get a nindey 'stead of a sixtey-five. And then the "wurse is yet too come," cuzz ya gotta bring the ole card home to yure parents to look at an' yure pa to sine behind the old marks on a li'l line made outa dots. If ya happin to get "stage-frite" or "nee-attracshuns" as the perfeshnals say, and don't show yer pa the card rite away, ya hafta stay three nites after sckool becuzz yure card aren't in yet.

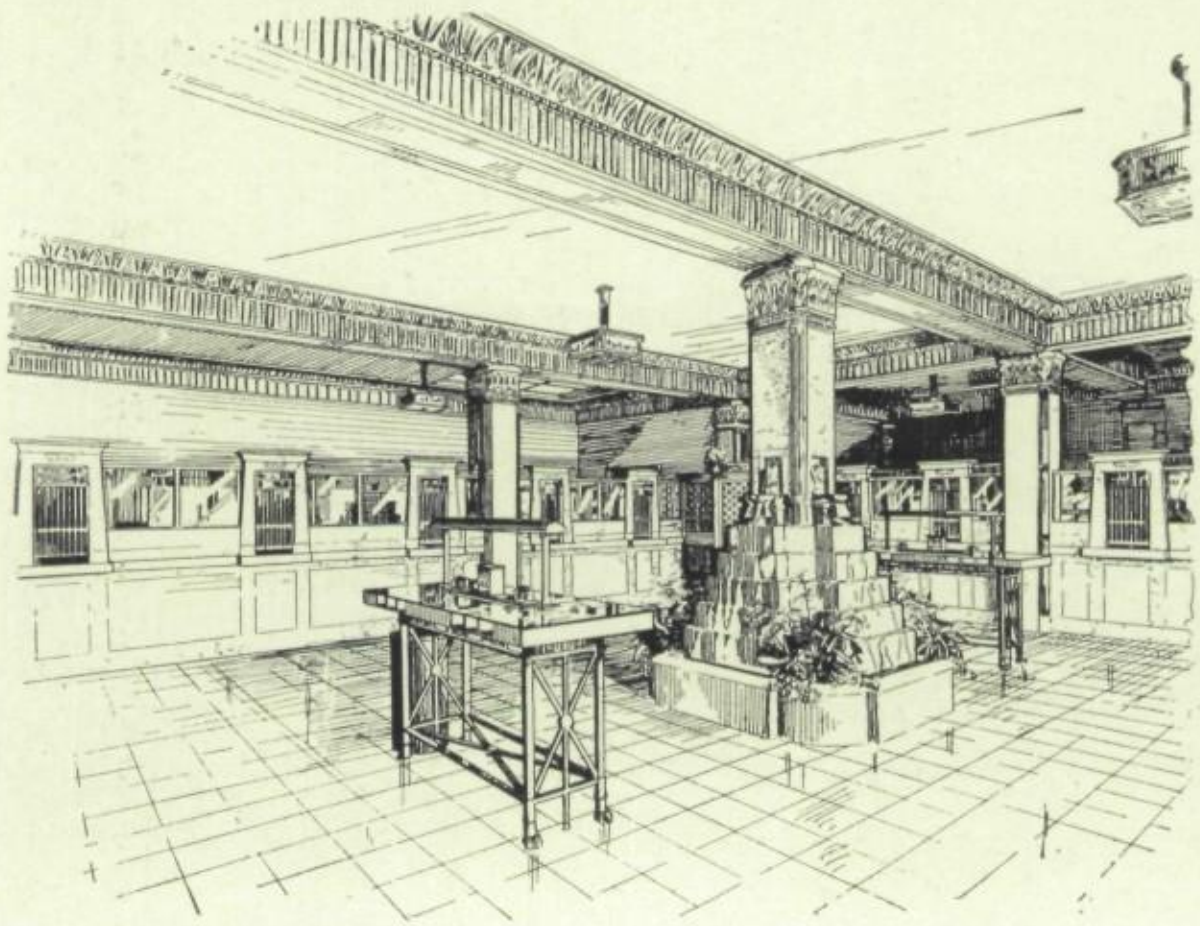
Another nice thing to happin is for ya to talk or shoot a "saliva pellet" as the perfeshnals say and then have yure suspishes teacher blame somebody else or look over to the part of the room just where you ain't. However, more like you will get caught and receive one of them "call-downs" which won't du yu nothin' much except to make ya have a sorta wobbly aim for the nex' few shots. The bes' thing to do when a teacher looks up and finds yu talkin' and yu ain't got no chanse to quick turn 'round and start to reed, is to make believe yure tryin' to lern some poetree by hart an' are just goin' over it by yureself. If yu was alreddy caut about ten tymes befour, I don't sippose ya could do much but maybee if you'd say the Lords' Prayer to yourself maybee it would come out All right, maybee. If ya want permishun to talk with somebuddy yu better say to the teecher, "Kin I pleez ask Mr.....about some—homework?" becuzz if yu don't menshun homework at first you'll fine out ya hafta' say it afterwards anyway.

Then there's sumtimes a lot of fun in making a teecher mad so long that it don't get mad at you. Perhaps one of the safes' an' leest harmful weighs is to ty the strings on the shades all in nots what's hard to unty, but one which gets the other kids mad too is filling the inkwells with chalk, which makes the ink get "pail in the face" as the perfeshnals say. Since peenuts in teechers inkwells ain't generlly welcumed as eatable, they don't like 'em there, but beewear a giver of gifts! No insurence company will insure ya if yure liable to draw yure idea of teecher's visage on the bord, so such practise is generlly abstrained frum. Shooting spitballs and talking are such common weighs of annoying a teecher and enjoying yourself at the same time that they ain't did enymore except to enjoy yureself. Making erasers wright by sticking chalk in between the li'l layers also atracks undue attenchun.

The bes' part of sckool is the vecashing cuzz then there ain't no sckool. The las' day of sckool just before a vecashing is a pretty good day cuzz yu kin do most enything as the teecher will forget about it over these holidays. When sckool at last beggins, yu wish it was just ending but the wish don't never hardly come true. When ya hav sckool, its mostly always good whether outside but in the vecashings I gess the teechers hire the whetherman to make it rain and snow and hail just cuzz they can't play out enyways.

SERVICE

ADVERTISING



Piling up Dollars is a Fascinating Game

Have you ever played this game? If not, why don't you try it? You will find it intensely interesting and exceedingly profitable.

The rules of the game require only decision, backed by determination and followed by the spirit of regular action. Open an account in our bank and decide to make it grow through regular depositing.

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Officers:

E. J. Kearney, President — F. W. Niles, Vice Pres. & Cashier
R. L. Stone, Vice President — P. A. Papke, Asst. Cashier
C. M. Glocke, Asst. Cashier

Directors:

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Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel

Are you knowingly doing important work in your kitchen by methods that belong to a drudging past? Spending precious hours and priceless energy over an out-of date-kitchen stove that fills your days?

Remember that a modern range is indispensable to a beautifully immaculate kitchen such as you want yours to be.

Let your kitchen meet the demands of present day living. See the numerous ways in which an Alcazar Range makes your work easier and shortens kitchen hours.

The name Alcazar on any type of range—gas, coal, wood, kerosene oil, Combination or Duplex—is your assurance of service and value.

We'll be glad to show you why
It will pay you to
change to an Alcazar Range

Jacob C. Felle

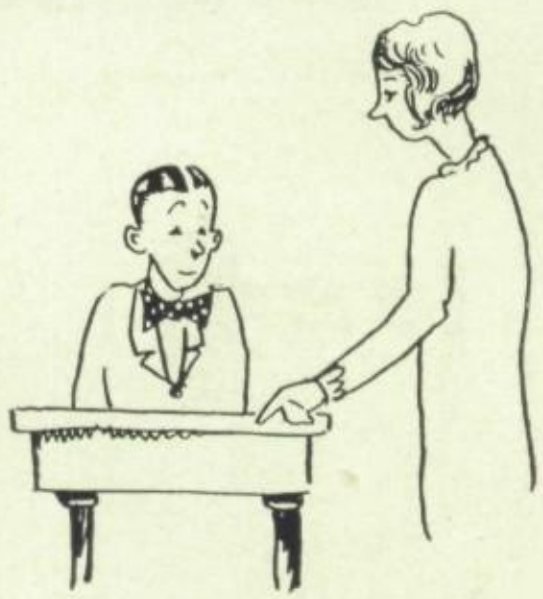
Phone Han. 606 **79 Howell Ave.**

School Calendar

Sept. 8th—The sun rose in the East; because the school hadn't burnt down, school began; and —you have lived through the rest. A teacher might have said: "On Sept. 8th the Bay View High School began again to shower its manifold blessings upon the fortunate individuals attending it"—but I'm no teacher.

Sept. 9th—We began noticing the new teachers, Mr. Weihe, Miss Haug, Mr. Hill, Miss Helff, Miss Calvert, Miss Pammel, Mr. Royal, and Mr. Barta. They were picked out because of their almost supernatural skill in making free hand circles and handling ungovernable freshmen, as well as for their excellent ability as teachers.

September 17



September 8

Sept. 10th—Incidentally, the fresh-water oysters signed a peace treaty with their enemies, the starfish.

Sept. 14th—The cross country teams began work—It's hard to be a cross country.

Sept. 17th—In the year of our Lord, 1926 A. D., the school observed physique—I mean Constitution Day, as you don't remember.

Sept. 23rd—The Latin Club stormed us with some greatly-improved pencils containing easily removed lead "crowned" with some very "usable" erasers, and colored with red and black stripes. Bay View—Rah!—Rah!!—Rah!!!

Sept. 24th—At a get-together Faculty Dinner in our cafeteria, the teachers adopted the slogan, "I shall scream, you should scream, let's all scream for ice-cream." Now they are all acquainted.

September 24

OCTOBER

Oct. 2nd—The teachers had the pleasure of dealing out their first course in our year-long meal of shocks; in other words, we got our first marks.

October 2

Oct. 3rd—One of the faculty, good old Mr. Smith, went to work and reached the conclusion that "Two can live as cheaply as one"—She's blonde, I hear.

Oct. 8th—Just about this time that chicken-scratching dance, the Charleston, became contagious and the students had a severe case. Every corridor became an execution spot—until—the teachers objected. Also, we heard again that our Oracle was the jelly-fisher's earsnuffs, and had received another trophy for our case.

Oct. 10th—We spread Tech over the old football field like batter over bread, and won with an 18 to 6 score.

The SMARTWEAR Shop

Apparel for Women and Misses

115-17-Wisconsin St.

The young Miss who seeks distinction in the mode will find this silk suit of unusual interest.

Yea, Team, Yea!

October 10.

Oct. 15th—Mr. Grassman talked on Boys' and Girls' week, during which we complimented ourselves on having a whole week set apart just for us.

Oct. 20th-30th—One of them whatch-ma-call-it tournaments, what you play with a real little volley ball and two big oars like sieves, was held for our girls, and for the second time Beatrice Beidatsch "copped" the honors.

NOVEMBER

Nov. 5th-7th—The parrakeets of the Philippine Islands had a snowball fight —oh no!—I mean the teachers had a convention, during which they argued (?) about whether or not it was right to let us have four consecutive days of vacation.

Nov. 11th—We had a program to remind us that in 1918 our boys had decided that they would eat German noodles anyhow if the "Augustine" boys would supply our government with pocket money for a couple of years—(or centuries). Mr. Burt Williams was the speaker.

November 21

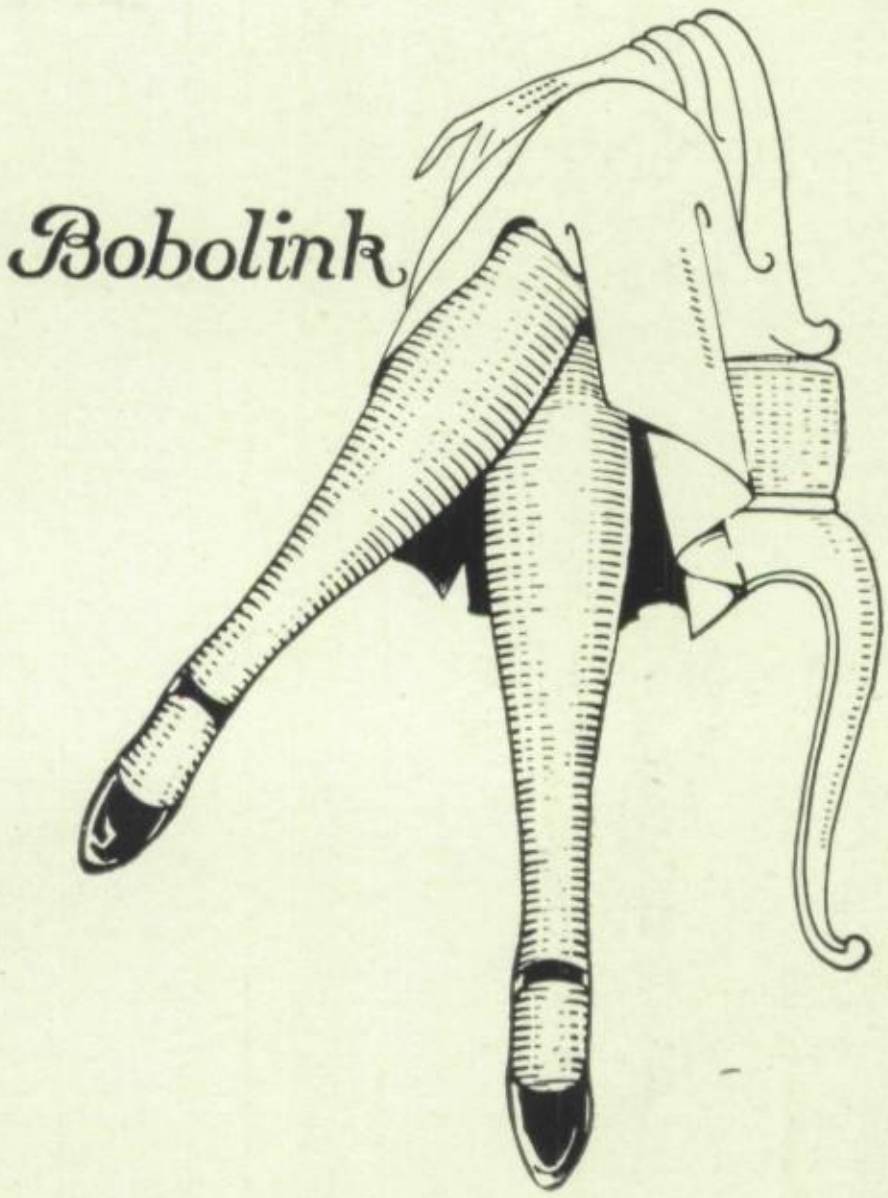
The New Bobolink Chiffon is here

Guaranteed $1.25 a pair

They come in all the latest shades, narrow heel high-splice gives a delightfully trim, slender appearance to ankles.

Dainty sheer, yet of sufficient weight to give exceptionally good service.

Guaranteed to wear, or replaced without argumentation.



New Styles in Footwear.

Summer styles that are a joy to look at.

Ask to see the new Charleston Ankle Pump.

WHERE BAY VIEW SHOPS

FASTEST GROWING STORE
TAXEYS
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HEADQUARTERS FOR GYM-TRACK SUPPLIES

We Wash Your Duds

THE RIGHT LAUNDRY

Henry Hanson, Prop.

124 Howell Ave.

Phone Hanover 356

HAVE YOUR DUDS
WASHED
IN THE "RIGHT"
SUDS

Oysters and Galoshes

November 27 and 28.

Nov. 14th—If it hadn't been for a late six points, we would have whipped West, in spite of the flexible condition of the terra firma.

Nov. 18th—Mr. Polk, a member of the Isaac Walton League, spoke to us on the subject of "Why Oysters Don't Wear Galoshes," etc.

Nov. 21st—We got desperate, and obeyed the fourth commandment by not licking our "ma." 19 to 3 was the resulting score.

Nov. 26th—We thanked God for our appetites most of all, and then accomplished one of the biggest jobs of the season.

Nov. 27th-28th—The Central Interscholastic Press Association met at Madison, and then our representatives came back and made our mouths water! Such is life! Let's all get in on the trip next year.

DECEMBER

Dec. 1st—The freshies began to act angelic and conscientiously save their pennies.

December 1.

GREETINGS

Bay View Class of 1926

We take this opportunity of congratulating the members of The Bay View High School Class and extending our sincere good wishes for their future.

For years we have supplied the Graduating Class with their Class Emblems. Now that the TIME again approaches the Day of Days we naturally feel a whole-hearted interest.

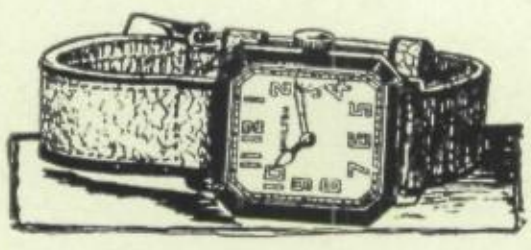
We take a particular delight in extending an invitation to all Graduates to call at our store and inspect our display of "Gifts that Last." Speaking of TIME, Life's most precious possession — the manner in which it is invested absolutely determines everyone's success in life. What more befitting equipment for Life's work and responsibilites than an exquisite time-piece! A beautiful instrument of precision to be cherished all through life and then handed down as an heirloom. We have them. Ask to see our display of high grade watches.

Your personal preference in other articles of Jewelry as well as watches can be gratified most completely from our wide selections of dependable merchandise. Waldemar chains, scarf pins, cuff links, smokers' accessories, rings, broaches, pendants and numerous other gift articles from our comprehensive displays will be welcomed by the young Graduate.

In purchasing watches, jewelry or silverware you will find it economy and good judgment to select from our offerings and be confident that you are receiving dependable merchandise and good value.

THOMAS PLATZER
JEWELER

75 Howell Avenue **Telephone: Hanover 1235**



Steinman Lumber Company

North Yard

Holton St. and Keefe Ave.

Edgewood 130

Planing Mill

Booth St. and Keefe Ave.

Edgewood 131

West Yard

381—35th Street

West 740

Oscar Does His Stuff

Dec. 15th—The Latin Club held its Saturnalia (Saturn-nail-ya); but he lost his hammer on his way to our planet. 'Twas a marvellous success in purple and white.

Dec. 18th—We had a Christmas program at which the freshies clapped their little hands in glee. They got nothing for their efforts, but the upperclassmen finally consoled them.

Most important of all, vacation began, and (of course), the ice melted.

Dec. 25th—We found our pocketbooks empty (I'm a boy who's writing this), our mouths full, and the freshmen crying for Santa.

Dec. 28th—Our scientist, Roy Ackerman, tried to fry two snowflakes, but was unfortunately unsuccessful.

Dec. 30th—The month ended, and with it the year died. Then we began wondering how we could make our resolutions so that we could get around them without violating them.

December 18.

JANUARY

Jan. 7th—Unfortunately school began again and we found that Mr. Kastner had gone to the Mound Street School. At first, I thought they meant he became a pitcher. Mr. Morris takes his place.

Jan. 12th—I saw by the papers that the price of miscellaneous dogs went up five cents apiece in the Sandwich Islands.

Jan. 16th-17th—We got a real shock when we were besieged by the "Boomerang," our semi-annual school play. The only difficulty we met was to keep the kangaroos in their cages and keep the freshies from playing "warrior" with the boomerangs. We liked it much.

The High School Graduate and the Department Store—

Four years of high school well spent—and then what? Are you going on to college? Or are you among those who are going out for practical business experience?

Much of the success of later life depends upon how the next four or five years are spent. Get into the kind of work that will prepare you for the big jobs later on. And where can you find more substantial business training than in the department store?

Remember, only 50% of the positions available in the modern department store are selling positions. The remainder comprise a field of opportunity that is as varied as it is interesting.

Are you looking ahead? Come in and have a talk with our employment managers. It may be to your advantage now and in the future.

The Three Schuster Stores

3rd AT GARFIELD 12th AT VLIET 6th AT MITCHELL

5c

Blackbird

Pie

A CANDY

FIT FOR ANY KING

5c

it's an American Candy Co. product.

Milwaukee

I Thought I'd Die

January 16.

Jan. 21st—The Round Table held a musicale, at which Mr. Balistreri sang for us. Shortly after his numbers, the girls of the Glee Club rose and removed the kinks from their throats with "Give Me Another Transfer, This One Has Expired," "Take Back Your Christmas Jewelry, My Neck Is Turning Green," and "My Wife Went Downtown to Get a Hat," and the truth of it was they were "Looking for a Husband."

Jan. 22nd—The football boys got together for their minstrel show and labeled themselves "Dark Nights." Vic Fields was the only one who didn't turn out a black sheep.

Jan. 29th—"It didn't snow snow to me, it snowed daffodils."

January 22.

What will you have to show in future years for today's shopping dollars?

A JEWELRY PURCHASE IS AN INVESTMENT IN PERMANENT VALUES

THE old copy-books of our school days declared that you can't eat your cake and have it.

Which is another way of saying that you can't spend your money, and keep it too!

But the copy-book editors overlooked the money spent at the jewelry store.

On the typical purchase from the jeweler, you draw an *income* of pleasure and satisfaction, year after year, while still retaining much of the *principal*, in easily convertible value.

For the shopping dollars entrusted to the jeweler are not spent, but *invested*, in a permanent addition to your estate.

Value-wise shoppers today think twice before they barter their purses for short-lived baubles. For they know that even for the modest pocket book the jeweler's stock is rich in articles, both of utility and adornment, that will last through a lifetime.

There is no finer gift than an Elgin Watch. Featured in a wide style variety and sold at prices ranging from $15 to $1700.

Building up a line of jewelry means building up a heritage for the decades; *quick asset* possessions that are a tangible and enduring evidence of one's success and achievement.

GRADUATION GIFTS THAT LAST

AT

Edw. H. Motl Co.

JEWELERS

488 Mitchell St. Near 3rd. Ave.

MECHANICS·NATIONAL·BANK·OF MILWAUKEE

A.D. MCMXXV

Have you Made Your Vacation Plans?

Is it going to be all play and no pay?

Or are you figuring on spending part of your time on a vacation job?

And if you work are you going to save a part of what you earn?

At the Bay View High School you are working to acquire an education.

And if you get a job this summer you'll be working to acquire money.

Incidentally you'll also gain both experience and education.

From observation we'd say that an education plus experience plus a savings account equals success. The day you get your first vacation pay check why don't you begin to work out your "success equation" by opening a savings account in this bank?

Mechanics National Bank

Kinnickinnic Near Russell

Greenia Insignificantania

February 12.

FEBRUARY

Feb. 1st-3rd—We had exams. After they were over, we all had sad stories to tell, but they were stories that had already been told, unluckily. Some of us had decided to take the subjects over again, we liked them so, but the fortunate ones kissed their doting teachers good-bye and skipped ahead.

Feb. 5th—The last stroke came, and many stopped dead in their tracks—and their subjects. However, the seniors had enough gumption to hold a party the selfsame day. The freshmen had a reason for their evident joy, because "children in arms admitted without charge" was part of the notice posted beforehand.

Feb. 8th—The new semester began, and we opened the door of our incubator to let in a new batch of freshies of the usual species and order, that is, Greenia insignificantania and dumbella knowlittila, respectively. We also welcomed at this time a new Mr. Smith. We hope he likes us.

Feb. 12th—Our Latin Club had a dance, but all those present who tried to dance in Latin finally ended up with the Charleston.

February 15.

SOUTH SIDERS—

Patronize a Silliman Theatre

There's One in Your Naborhood!

LAKE
Cor. Delaware and Rusk Aves.
Hanover 1268

JUNEAU
Cor. Mitchell and 1st Ave.
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KOSCIUSZKO
Cor. Lincoln and 9th Ave
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Cor. Lincoln and 5th Ave.
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Bay Views' Most Modern Pharmacy.

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PHONE HANOVER 683—WE DO THE REST

Caesar--

was one of the first men who said:

"It Pays to Look Well"

NO NEED TO WAIT

4 Dermaticians at your Service

Call Hanover 3305 and
Make an Appointment

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1278 Kinnickinnic Avenue

Hair Bobbing and Shingling
our Specialty.

Alvo Remedies

"Bay View's Most

Accommodating

Drug Store."

QUALITY
ALVO PHARMACY
SERVICE
1303 KINNICKINNIC AVE - PHONE HANOVER 777

Miss Albert's Sparkler

Feb. 15th—Miss Ziegler appeared with a diamond! Can you imagine, that's the second faculty member who got in Cupid's way lately. Well, keep it shiny with Venetian Cream, teacher of ours.

Feb. 21st—We had a Washington-Lincoln program, at which Mr. Stephen Park spoke. The day of vacation ahead seemed to interest the students more than anything else, but nevertheless, you want to remember how to get out of your next scrape—tell the truth—and how to get away from Bankruptcy—pay your debts.

Feb. 22nd—We didn't have no school because it was vacation, and we had a vacation because there wasn't no school. We settled all our debts and chopped down all the cherry trees we could find. Lucky old George was born on a holiday, eh!

April 30.

MARCH

March 1st—The boys were called to track. They all wanted to become men of the great open spaces where "men are men, and some are women."

March 4th—The ribbons the girls wore on the first mark day hid most of the freshies from view, but the boys almost flew away with their "wing" collars and those "propellor" jazzbows of theirs. Some birds, we'll say!

March 8th—Suddenly Miss Albert blinded us with her diamond. Something must be done! If we can't revise Greek mythology we'll have to jail Cupid for overtime work in specific communities. Maybe 'tis catching, eh?

Are You Thinking of Your Life Work?

What about Engineering?

The most important decision which a boy or young man must face is the choice of a life work. Every one *wants* to be a success, but success is largely measured by the thought and effort one puts into his chosen job.

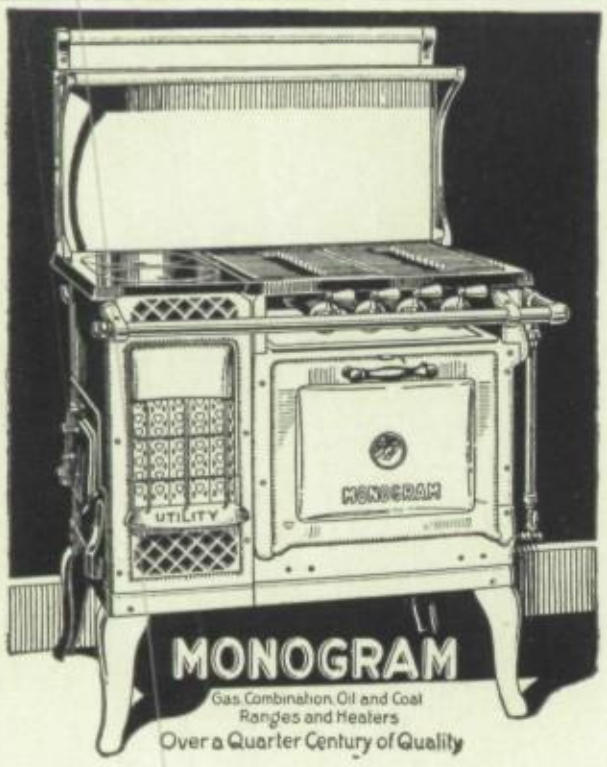
Engineering is considered at some time, by nearly every boy. Measure your own fitness for it. Science and mathematics are the fundamentals of every college engineering course.

Your enjoyment of research, pleasure in "making things," etc., are clues which will help you to decide. Consult your teachers, parents and those competent to advise you.

Allis-Chalmers, as a manufacturer of machinery used in many of the principal branches of engineering work is naturally interested that young men be adequately prepared to carry on this work. Each year the Company takes a number of promising graduates of recognized engineering colleges for special training, leading to shop supervision, erection, research, design, estimating, sales and other engineering branches.

Thorough preparation and honest endeavor are necessary for success in engineering, as in any other line of work.

ALLIS-CHALMERS MANUFACTURING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. U.S.A.



Our complete display of Monograms is very interesting.

Have You Ever Heard of a Range that Heats with Gas?

This new Monogram does. It has a powerful, cheerful, radiant gas heater built right in the range.
The Utility is called the complete service combination because it heats, cooks, bakes, broils, or toasts with gas, burns rubbish and also heats with coal. It has a full sized standard gas top, a large oven, and it only occupies 36 inches of floor space. Not another range like it. Come in and see this wonder stove in operation.

Only $84.50

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RELIABLE HARDWARE — ESTABLISHED 1872 — QUALITY WOODWORK
MITCHELL ST. AT 8th AVE.

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On Fur Garments by buying direct from the Manufacturer.
Come and see how furs are tanned and manufactured at our factory.
We have no branch stores. Open Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

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Orchard 7630 and Orchard 7631
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Upholstering Shop

Manufacturers of High Grade

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Living Room Suites Made to Order

Repairing a Specialty.

All Work Guaranteed.

We Carry a Complete line of Samples

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682 GROVE STREET

Ham and Eggs

March 11th—The girls refused to further induce masculine jaws by unnecessary chewing of gum. We wouldn't object if it kept them from talking, but it doesn't, so after this they will have longer resting periods.

March 17th—That was the day for green things, and the freshies were by no means unseen. With the aid of jolly Mr. McKillop, we sang "Ham and Eggs," and the first thing I thought of when I heard the title was a freshie at Easter time.

About March 18th or so, the boyish bobs became contagious, and the old saying, "Look before you leap" has been revised to "Look twice before you speak." At the same time, the boys are beginning to look like busts on two old-fashioned hoop skirts, since the "balloons" came out.

May 14

March 21st—Spring began, but it took old Father Time a long while to tie that broken shoestring and proceed.

March 26th—A vacation studded with thrilling snow storms began, and by the time old Easter Rabbit got here, he was wearing his snowshoes. The flowers went on a strike, and we all had a glorious time shoveling snow, coal, and abuses (upon the weatherman).

March 31st—Ended the month, and gave us a perfect impersonation of August 31st weather.

H. G. Gerling, Hanover 2648 — Residence Phones — J. F. Gerling, Hanover 2619

Office Phone: Hanover 244

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We deliver

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Office Outfitters

Desks, Chairs, Tables
Wood and Steel Files
Safes and Cabinets

Demountable Typewriters

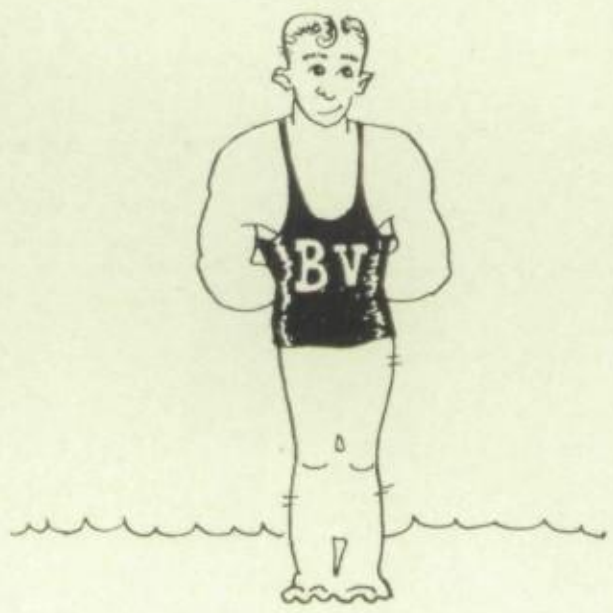
436 Broadway Milwaukee

"Ow! My Feet!"

APRIL

April 5th—School began, and in accordance with the students' expectations, all the snow melted. Mr. Millard spoke to us on this memorable morning, about city management, etc., and now all the boys want to become city managers so they can burn the schools down. The "as-yet" unsolved problem of today which Ed. Potter is bent on solving is "Why can't they bend glass tubing in washwringers?"

April 6th—The Science Club came into existence for most of us, and moving pictures concerning Yellowstone Park were shown eighth hour. Bill Quick is now determined to capture a living geyser, and Ed. Andrews looked over the pictures to see if he could find the fellow who turned the springs on.



May 29.

April 7th—The Boys' Club dance was held, but those attending weren't permitted to Charleston back to Charleston because there was school the eighth.

April 22nd—The Girls' Club staged their vaudeville, and the stars on the stage shone so brightly that you couldn't see them because the footlights looked so dim.

April 27th—Our new Science Club held a party and dance, at which they danced with the latest scientific rule—"keep *your* feet on the floor—and nothing else."

April 29th—The Round Table held a Shakespeare program which brought back vividly "The Merchant of Genius," "Romeo and Omelet," "As You Dislike It," and the rest of beloved (?) Shakespeare's works.

Phone Hanover 2446

Compliments of

PAUL J. GRUNAU

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Steam and Hot Water Heating

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Vincent Brill
MEAT MARKET

Fresh and Salted Meats

Poultry in Season

402 ARTHUR AVE.

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Gustave
F. Schroeder

MEATS AND GROCERIES

Cor. Pennsylvania & Howell Ave.

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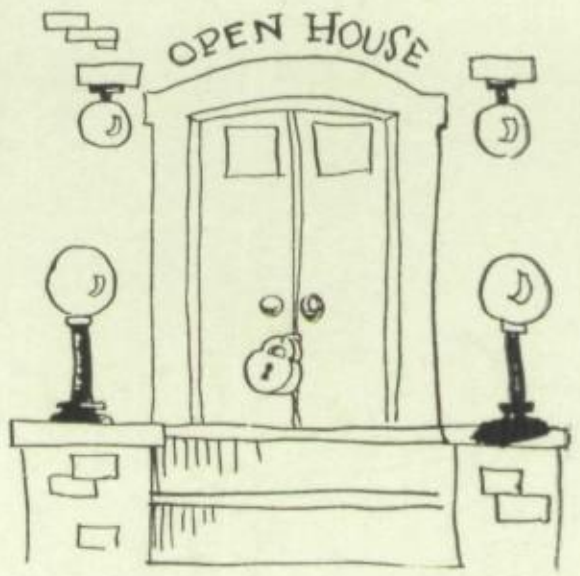
Cupid Does His Stuff

April 30th—A district declamatory contest was held at Washington High. The Bay View dictionary swallowers and grammar slingers competed in the evening.

MAY

May 6th—The Girls' Club held their Mothers' Day program, and boy! The letters on the invitations were so shiny you had to look at them through dark-glasses.

May 14th—The sugar at the tip of Cupid's last arrow had taken effect, and dear Miss Albert had to leave us, but we're armed to the teeth against any more of that fellow's depriving invasions.



June 4.

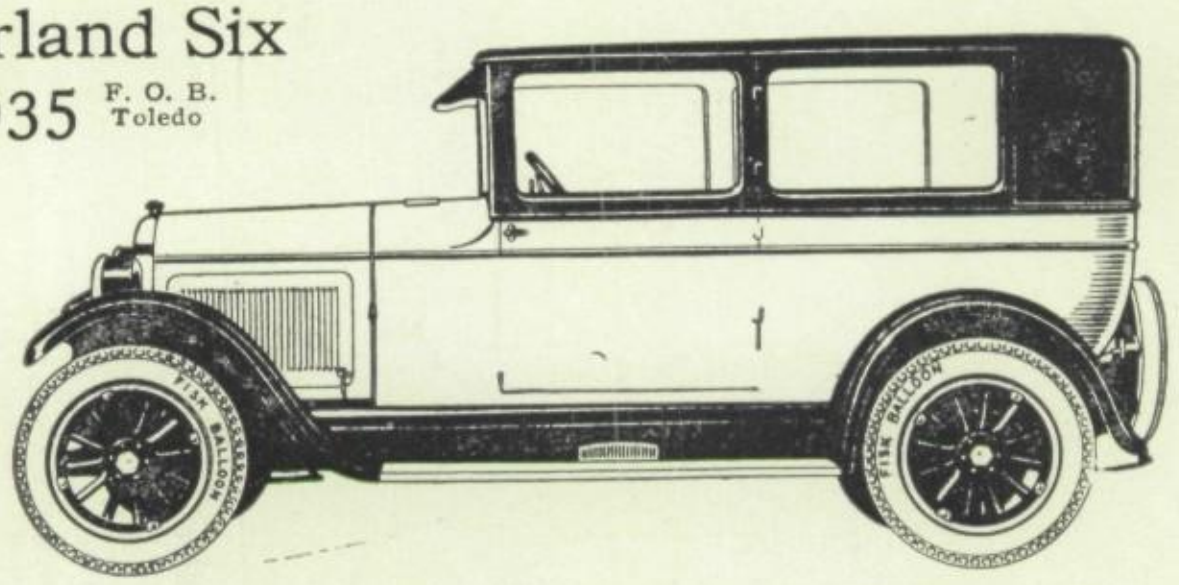
May 21st—Our regular annual school play was held, and "Icebound" was its title. According to our hopes, it went over big. It was taken partly from "Musclebound," by William Shakesbeer, and partly from John Oakleaf Wittiest's "Snowbound."

May 24th—The two hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary of Elmer Nitwit's discovery of uncombined chewing gum at Valley Forge was celebrated.

May 28th—There was a Memorial Day program, and no one but an optimistic freshie could be funny about something like that.

Overland Six

$935 F. O. B. Toledo



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VILLARD AVE. MOTOR CO.
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The Pitcher

STAMINA

A day on the diamond calls forth every effort of muscle and endurance, and only those with perfect health can acquit themselves with credit. **That's why milk figures so largely in the training camps of the big leagues.**

PHONE ORCHARD 845
GAULKE DAIRY CO.
858 FOREST HOME AVE.

HOME COOKING AND
BAKING

AT

Fern Restaurant

Under New Management
Mrs. Ella Post

1280 KINNICKINNIC AVE.

Hanover 2930

Best wishes for success to the members of the class of 1926.

JAMES L. MATZEN COMPANY
FUEL DEALERS

1013 Kinnickinnic Ave.

Phone Hanover 537.

Boo Hoo! Adieu!

May 29th—There was a big State Track Meet, and our heroic bloodhounds who tracked the meat (?) ought to bring back to you just what happened there. Then there was swimming meat (?) at Madison from our own school as well as others, and say, our boys are so fast they can make holes in water and spit in them before they close up.

JUNE

June 4th—Open House Night shone around and it went over big again, but some dumb freshman had to spoil the perfectness by jumping through a closed window and then complaining that the house wasn't really open.

June 25.

June 5th—The City Track Meet—I mean there was one, as you don't remember.

June 10th—We heard that Miss Welsh is spending her vacation in Europe. Maybe someone else will pay her fare on the way home, if you know what I mean.

June 21st and 22nd—We had exams, and the rest is too sad to be told.

June 25th—Was "the" Graduation Day and our beloved Seniors wept as they kissed the bewildered freshmen goodbye.

Miss Ziegler decided she'd rather endorse someone else's pay check than her own, and so we won't see her here again. What will our humor do? Well, dear teacher, don't burn the steak!

Vacation has begun, hurrah!

For many hours of swimming pleasure and long wear insist on

Bradley's

at your local dealers

Res. Phone Orch. 4848

Of. Phone Orch. 1321

A. F. Bartnik

MONUMENT

and

STATUARY WORK

754 Forest Home Ave.
Between Tenth and
American Aves.

Milwaukee, Wis.

DISCH BROS

FANCY GROCERIES

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Phone Han. 1963

CARTER A. REIN

MANUFACTURING
FURRIER

Furs direct from the factory
at factory prices.

1179 FOREST HOME AVE.

My Schedule For Any Day

8:05—Arose, dressed, ate, dashed for the halls of wisdom.

8:29.9—Arrived, with a tenth of second to spare. (My speed is improving; practice makes perfect.)

8:30—Physics: Had my homework; teacher surprised; complimented me.

9:20—Study Hall: Debated whether I should do all of the homework cruel teachers had assigned. Finally decided it was unjust to expect it, and worked a few problems.

10:10—Trigonometry: I came, I saw, I was conquered.

11:00—English: We spoke of Hamlet which made me hungry, as it was near lunch time. Teacher asked me to recite twice; it was unfair, but she does not like me.

11:50—Made the study hall in nothing flat, bumped into five, but they were in my way. After eating, went for a walk and was late.

12:41—Office: Told them in the office that a person cannot always be on time, and that I was justified in taking off a little time as I am nervous from overwork, and that the walk soothes them, my nerves, I mean.

12:46—Study Hall: Arrived and sat down. Did not do any work as I have the second period free.

1:30—History: Forgot about my homework, and was embarrassed. History is hard to study and I cannot stand such a strain.

2:20—Roll Call: Tried to get out of the study hall and failed. Spent the eighth hour monkeying around. Nearly received a ninth hour for bothering a neighbor.

3:10—End of the Day: Made a dash for liberty, and took the car for home; arrived all fatigued from my day of toil.

Waldheim Furniture Company has never used a school publication for an advertising medium but they are going to give the Oracle a trial and if this ad gets results there's no telling how many ads they will give hereafter. So here is publicity for—

WALDHEIM FURNITURE CO.

Written By

Joe Fishelson, a Freshman at Bay View

Waldheim Furniture Co.

EVERYTHING IN THE FURNITURE LINE
WE SPECIALIZE IN FURNISHING HOMES

210 WEST WATER STREET

34 Years of Honest Service

We Have What You Want When You Want It

BOOST THE ORACLE AND ORACLE ADVERTISERS

Gruen Cartouche, $35

Gruen pocket watches 25 to $75

A Worthy Gift for the Graduate

Have you thought of a gift—the best gift suited to reflect your pride in this accomplishment?

What is more practical, more useful than a Gruen Guild Watch?

And what will serve so well through future years as a reminder of your affections?

The latest creations by the Gruen Guild craftsmen cannot be excelled for beauty and dependability. And you will find the prices surprisingly moderate.

Milton H. Klopf

JEWELER

990 Kinnickinnic Ave.

College
Model
Clothes
At
Popular
Prices

TED TRIVERS
CLOTHES STORES

207 Grand Avenue

*"The
Finest
of
Chocolates"*

"You'll Like Them."

*Badger
Candy
Co.*

Soliloquy

To bob or not to bob—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the end to suffer
The slams and anger of outraged parents,
Or to take shears against a mass of snarls
And with the scissors cut them? To clip; to snip;
No more; and by a snip to say we end
The curling and the thousand painful burns
That hair is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To clip; to snip;
To snip; perchance to slip: ay, there's the rub;
For with that little slip what looks will come
When we have shingled off this mortal hair,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes our indecision so long lived;
Why should one bear the jeers and scorns of friends,
The parents' wrath, the long-haired contumely,
The bangs of despised bob, its growth's delay,
The impudence of brothers, and the spurns
That short-haired merit of the unworthy takes
When she herself her own defense might make
With some mere scissors? Who would hairpins wear,
Or fuss and swear at a heavy wig,
But that the dread of something after it,
Th' insatiate indecision from whose clutch
No would-be boy is loosed, changes the mind,
And makes us rather keep the hair we have
Than get the haircuts that we know not of.

A Hot Reply

Laurie: "Who did you take to the Boys' Club dance?"

Eddie: "My sister."

Laurie: "How come?"

Eddie: "We walked down."

JOHN SCHUETZ

CLOTHING and TOGGERY

High Class Custom Tailoring
Cleaning and Repairing

Hats
Shirts
Neckwear

Telephone Hanover 817

81 HOWELL AVE.

Drugs
Candies
Soda Fountain

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Stephen E. Piotrowski

DRUG STORE

High Quality and Speedy Service

5242 OKLAHOMA AVE.

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Courteous Treatment at all times

Phone Hanover 3929

For a Good Shingle go to

The Classic Barber Shop

Next to Postoffice

137 LINCOLN AVENUE

Milwaukee, Wis.

H. Miller

J. Schandelmeier

BAY VIEW'S LEADING CONFECTIONERS

Bay View Ice Cream Parlor

KAUSS BROS.

100 HOWELL AVE.

1003 KINNICKINNIC AVE.

Telephone Hanover 5283

IT may be a year—
it may be a dozen
—but sooner or
later the tortured stomach will
rebel. *Eat to Live.*

Gridley

Copyright Nov. 1925

The Most Complete Line of

RADIO AND AUTO SUPPLIES

IN TOWN

SEE US FIRST

B. S. Wisniewski

881-883 Kinnickinnic Ave.

Phone Hanover 2707-2708

Odd Moments

When he answers a question correctly in Gym.
When he meets Adeline going home with Ralph.
When he explains to Miss Schlueter he was ill.
When he forgets his locker key.
When he takes a girl home for the first time.
When he makes the squad.
When he loses his place in the Caf. line.
When he begins to shine his shoes regularly.
When he offers to carry a teacher's books.
When he dances for the first time.
When he has asked Betty and wants to take Edith.
When he tries to "kid" Mr. Costello.
When he gets too "low" a mark.

Even Moments

When she forgets to bring her compact to class.
When she has her bluff called.
When she first appears with a boyish bob.
When she is seen downtown after cutting school.
When she tries to get "by" with the new boy.
When she explains to him it was her brother.
When she fails to vamp him.
When she learns how to "flap."
When she "ditches" him.
When she can't decide what color he likes best on her.
When she forgets her book report.
When she knew the whole lesson except what Miss Duggan asked her.

Heavenly Moments

When they handed in the same theme.
When they got a ninth hour in different classes.
When they missed connections at her locker.
When they "understand" each other perfectly.
When they just love poetry.
When they make out their programs together.
When they have their pictures together in the Oracle.
When they don't care who knows "it."
When they were both in the school play.
When they broke up.

The 2 Stores
Grand
WOMEN'S WEAR EXCLUSIVELY
Mitchell St. at 6th Ave.——1207 Vliet at 12th St.

Prompt Delivery

KEEN KOAL KOKE

Efficient Service

All Kinds of Fuel

A. C. KUEHN, Fuel Dealer

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To succeed you must do the hard things first.
Saving is the first great principle of success.

Theo. Mueller, Sec'y.
SECURITY LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION
351-353 NATIONAL AVENUE

Spencerian

64th Year
Founded 1863

Summer School
Enroll for a Course in our Summer School Business Branches. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Hours Eight to One. Ten Weeks $30.00

Write for Catalog

We wish to announce the removal of our School to 623 Grand Ave.
You are cordially invited to call at any time and see our School in operation.
Fall Term: TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.
SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
623 GRAND AVENUE MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Get your Kodak out!

Count on us for
Kodak Film --
Expert Finishing

Vacation
days are
Kodak days.
Get yours now.
Kodaks $5.00 up
Brownies $2.00 up
We show you how to take
good pictures free of charge.

SCHNEIDER'S
The
QUALITY DRUG STORE

Cor. Kinnickinnic & Potter Ave.

Cash Prices on Credit

A
BEAUTIFUL
WATCH

A
DIAMOND
RING

or anything in

JEWELRY

at the lowest prices and
small payments of as lit-
tle as $1.00 per week.

JOE GOLDMAN

510 Mitchell Street
Corner 4th Ave.

Guerber We're Sorry

A fair young maiden, named Dumb Belle, watched a He-Senior daily journey from class to class with strange persistency, and from the moment when he first placed his manly foot within the terrazzo vestibule of the Bay View High School until he returned to it after a day of hectic and varied experiences and trials, she followed his course with eager eyes, thought only of him, and longed for his note book. But, in spite of all her longing, she never gained her goal. The year passed, June arrived with its fruits and flowers and sweet girl graduates, and our little heroine flunked chemistry.

Even then, aforementioned He-Senior cast not a glance nor a notebook in her direction and she, poor misguided Dumb Belle, left the kindly portals of B. V. H. S. without a chemistry credit, without a note book for next year's work, and without any reward for her year's persistent glances. Poor Dumb Belle!

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—don't flirt with
men."

All's Well That Ends Well

Have you ever heard the story
Of the boy called Donald Davy
Who each day to starving mortals
Serves the tempting meat and
gravy?

Oh, he grieved to see folks waiting
In the cafeteria line,
And to pay him for his pity
All the girls said "Ain't he fine?"

Now it happened, as in stories,
When the heroine drew near,
That the soup that he was serving
Splashed and burned her tiny ear.

Now Don spends his days complaining
At the slips and turns of fate,
But we heard that she'd forgiven
When he asked her for a date.

I'll Bite

Brandt: "Gimme a match, Roensch!"
Roensch: "What for?"
Brandt: "To fire my imagination."

Imported Novelties Table Decorations

THE GLOW

Ice Cream Parlor

GEO. H. MUSSMANN

Orders Taken For Luick Ice Cream

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Progressive Savings Institution

1150 Kinnickinnic Ave.

Telephone Hanover 669

South Shore Coal & Ice Co

EDW. A GIPP, Prop.

1087 Kinnickinnic Avenue Milwaukee

The Bay View Sun Fruit Market

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Phone Hanover 783 WE DELIVER 1224 Kinnickinnic Avenue

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Gitzel's Music Shop

Readers:—

You and your friends are cordially invited to visit us in our new store at

961 Kinnickinnic Avenue

A complete line of pianos are here for your inspection.

Why?

Why did I kid that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?
Why did I kid that Frosh, I'd like to know why.
Some friends say that 'twas a tie,
Still, I've got a big black eye,
Why did I kid that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?

Ma said she'd break my neck,
Pa he sure did give me heck,
Why did I kid that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?

He called what I said untrue,
Now I know how eyes get blue,
Why did I kid that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?

I thought sure he must be weak,
Now I'm bumped and feeling "seek,"
Why did I tease that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?

Who was it got me in that row
He W O N ' T escape with unscathed brow,
Say, why did I tease that Frosh, why, oh why, oh why?

A Knock Out

We: "If I mail this letter today, will it get to Waukesha tomorrow?"
You: "Of course."
We: "Don't believe it."
You: "Why not?"
We: "It's addressed to Green Bay."
You: "Bring an ambulance, cop."

A Dumb One

Buck: "I wish you good luck, old man, in all your future endeavors. I wish you lots of money. I wish you hundreds of friends. I wish—
Ed: "I wish you'd keep still."

Out of the Mouths of Babes

"I am a boy fifteen years of age going to the Bay View High School."
"She was a tall girl, with dark brown hair weighing one hundred and seventy pounds."
"And then I shake up a malted milk until it is all shooken up and then I don't shake it no more."
"Jack Dempsey is sure the most striking man I've ever seen."

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Garlico

If humor is the spice of life, then Miss Jameson's lively Geometry III class was at least well, if not over-seasoned on a certain to-be-remembered day in the latter part of March. The reason, or rather the reasons, were James Schwartz and Arthur Stukel, who made a heroic but vain endeavor to introduce garlic, that oh-so-fragrant Italian vegetable, into their Geometry class by allowing their fellow-students to participate in the benefits received from the fact that they had eaten a "smellable" quantity the night before, although not of their own free will.

Having lived through the convulsive laughter the incident brought forth, the class resumed its interrupted work, but not until the two Italian heroes had been duly deposited in seats in the best ventilated sec-

tion of the room. No sooner was a rear window opened for said better ventilation, than a convention of some thirteen or fourteen dogs, undoubtedly Italian, set up a heart-breaking yowl from out upon the campus. These worthy garlic blood-hounds were not to be driven off without something upon which they could vent their momentary rage, and Miss Jameson was sorely tempted to cast the two unfortunates out of the window.

Until the period's end, the class worked seriously to mark its inward chuckles of amusement, but all kidding aside, it's too bad the heroic act wasn't observed by some Italian man-of-rank, so that the heroes might at least have received a memento for their noble and dignity-sacrificing attempt.

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Bay View High School

Russell Ave. and Lenox Street

G. A. Fritsche, Principal

Milwaukee, Jan. 29, 1926.

Beyer Printing Co.,
142 Iron Street,
St. Francis, Wis.

Gentlemen:

You will probably be pleased to learn that the monthly issues of The Oracle have just been adjudged by the Journalism Department of the state university as the best high school publication in a contest in which all Milwaukee County high schools were represented. The school has received a beautiful silver placque in recognition of this fact.

The judges pronounced the typography on the book, especially the Christmas edition, as excellent, and praised the general appearance of The Oracle.

Thanking you for the co-operation which makes such honors possible,

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The Thrill That Comes Twice In a School Year

Quoting from a modern Longfellow, "Comes a pause in the year's occupation that is known as the Examination Week." Although this doesn't rhyme, it's true as Gospel. At the end of June comes a week during which we are glad because we were exempt and didn't have to take our exams, and during this week we get a few thrills that can't be described. Only a few people must take the exams; by the way, I usually count by 750's. Up to date, books are not allowed in the room during the exams because it is feared that they might probably have an influence on the answers written. First you must answer the few questions given, and then during the remaining hour and a half you do as you please. Golf, fishing, and hunting practice, however, are strictly forbidden. During the half hour intermission on the mornings of exam days, the pupils are supposed to study, and the teachers practice making free-hand circles. After one day's exams are over, you go home and celebrate because the questions were so easy. Burn all the blotters, shirt cuffs, notes, etc., which in some way or another got into your pockets or upon your person and helped you through. When you finally get your report card, shut your eyes, take the card out of the envelope and lay it on your desk, and then, with one hand on your forehead and the other holding the smelling salts, **look!** If your marks were found good enough to frame, and were framed, cut out the little red rings and hang them in your homeroom. If at first you don't succeed, ...!

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Old Magazines

Did you ever go into your attic and see a stack of dusty, yellow looking things with a funny picture of sheep, or a girl on the cover? If you didn't, go now, because it's worth your while to look at them. You don't know what I'm talking about? Why, that heap of paper was a pile of old magazines. If you've moved much, I reckon you won't have any, but if you haven't—well, go and see. Of course, seeing pa and ma have been married for quite a spell, and haven't moved since, we are amply supplied.

On the first page I found (oh, I forgot to say I went up and looked through 'em the other day) a picture of a fat baby holding a bar of Sapolio and a sign that said it wouldn't hurt him. Now you know what Sapolio is? Bet you don't. Well I do, it's scouring stuff. When I was very—ah, young—I tasted some of it, and from what I remember, I think the baby has the wrong idea.

Then came the automobile section. If you never laughed in your life, you'd laugh at them. Funny, my heavens, there's no word for it. This one was called the Rambler. I think it was appropriately named. The front was pushed in and the body up until it had no shape at all. The wheel (the steering wheel, I mean) was designed to prevent the driver from having curvature of the spine, and to support his chest. The running board was near the roof; this accounts for the width of ladies' skirts at that time. All in all, this was not an automobile, but a cross between a hay wagon and a carriage. And I say again, if you want to laugh, go to the attic.

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Why they Age

"He has a deliket constitooshun," said the teacher as she read this document presented by one of her pupils:

"Constitooshun of the United Skolers of This Skool"

"We, the undersined, hereby proclam this constitooshun to be signed by all the skolers of this skool."

"We declair that teacher dasent hit us unless by a magorytie voat of the skolers.

"We agree not to werk harder then we hafto.

"We shall call a meeting of the clas whenever teacher says we cant. ('Which they won't,' said the teacher.) Which they didn't.

"Any vilashun of this constitooshun shall be punished by being kicked out of the Union."

By the time this had been going on for a few weeks, they were all kicked out and finally the last one kicked himself out around the block.

The Pessimistic Pest or Justifiable Homicide

"Hello, it looks like rain,"
Said the pessimistic pest,
"Gee, you're looking sick today,
I guess you need a rest.

"Gosh, this weather's terrible,
My bones are aching so
And I have so much work to do,
I 'spose I'll have to go.

"Heck, but life's a terrible mess,
I guess I'll go and die,"
And then when someone murdered him
Was there any wonder why?

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Open Sesame

Our annual Open House Day was celebrated on Friday, May 28th, and the great crowd surely had a great time in a (ahem!) great school (egad!). However, it took a great deal of influential persuasion to keep the freshmen from raising the roof, for you see they wanted to make it a real open house. (You know how those freshmen are!) The people seemed "stuck on" everything, especially the Chemistry project on adhesives. The biology material presented was so educational that by the time our visitors left the building, I'll wager they knew just how a fish feels (more specifically speaking, I'm referring to a sardine). Because of the condition of the halls, roller skating, baseball, and tennis were strictly forbidden. Why football practice was denied the boys has not yet been found out, but Emil Kuchenbeiser is hot upon the scent (or cent?) in the form of Joseph Fishelson. Just at a point when everything was running smoothly, what did the freshmen do but raise a commotion in one of the Science classes by strongly voicing a wish to illustrate Darwin's theory of Evolution. All fooling aside, the work prepared for the exhibition was very interesting, especially the homemade poems of Miss Lane's English VI classes, the ingredients of which poems were beautiful (?) style, faultless punctuation (?) and word choice, and gushing (?) thought. It seems that the freshmen were visibly affected by our exhibits. Since the 28th, most of them can tell you how much the hole in a doughnut weighs, why dry fountain pens don't write, why faces don't break cameras, why men can eat their wives' cooking and exist, why the pisces don't wear sunbonnets, etc.

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Vacashun!

Two whole months of vacation are coming, especially for the freshmen. Of course, the dignified juniors and seniors-to-be will work, family or no family. The freshmen, of course, and perhaps the sophs, don't know what work is, never having done any with the hands and being quite unable to do any with the brain. The teachers will undoubtedly enjoy themselves, firm in their belief that the final exam, if nothing else, will be remembered until December. Here is some data obtained by an unbiased investigation:

The freshmen will play marbles, brag about becoming sophs, make dandelion chains, learn how to swim, eat, sleep, drink, drink, sleep, etc., etc.

The sophomores will learn how to act like juniors, play tunes on the lawnmower, write letters to their teachers, etc.

The juniors will learn how to work, pride themselves on becoming seniors, and finish the vacation varnishing oyster shells for museums, bending pretzels in washwringers (sounds familiar, doesn't it?), dipping chocolates, or training animal crackers for Barnum and Bailey.

The seniors will relax, and weep about the good things left behind.

The teachers will do most anything, as is here illustrated:

Mr. Kyper will play golf.

Mr. Niefer will go over and over "School Days."

Miss Lane will improve upon the poems her juniors wrote, one of which ran something like this:

Under the spreading sun-proof umbrella,
The village banana peddler stands,
The peddler, a wonderful peddler is he,
With banana-oil smell on his hands, etc.

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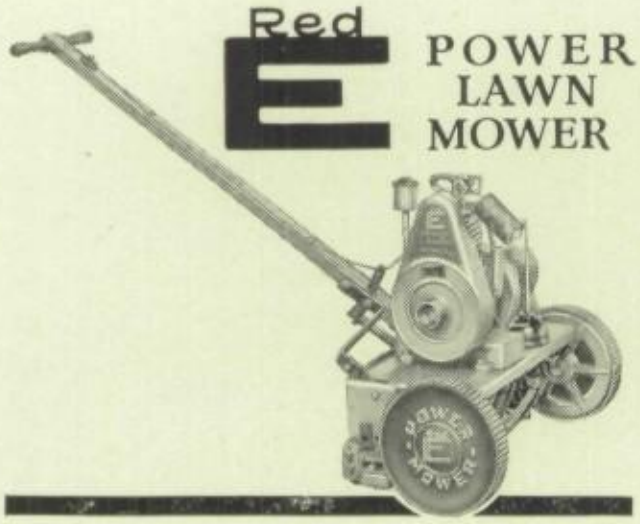

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Suggestions to Budding Poets

1. When you write a poem, don't call it a poem, you might not get paid for it.
2. Take some subject that everyone likes. For instance, everyone likes birds—start something like this:
   The sun is sinking in the west,
   The little birds have gone to rest.
3. Be original—that poem, if such it might be called, is unique to say the least.
4. The common, everyday things of life—getting meals, washing dishes, mowing the lawn, weeding the garden—may have beautiful poetry in them—try and find it.
5. Get a job and go to work.

Ode To Departing Winter

Summer is coming, tra, la! tra, la!
Summer is coming, tra, la!!!!
Summer is coming, the air is so glad!
Summer is coming, who's mad????

The birdies are here, tra, la! tra, la!
The posies are blooming, tra, la!!!!
Lawns now grow yellow, the dande's
    appear;
Summer is coming, it's here!!!!

Flies are abuzzing, tra, la! tra, la!
Mosquitoes'll bite soon, tra, la!!!!
If I were the weather man, I would
    say,
Winter's returning, hurray!!!!!

Ode to a School Book

(To the tune of the "Song of Love")
You are a lot of bunk,
Said to be important
Echo of teacher's voice
Heard through high school's portal.
Soft your wisdom is ringing, bringing
Lots of bunk in your words to me
Your wisdom glances off from my
    brain,
Your wisdom I disdain
Glancing off from my head.

If you look at this
From the other side
Of the room it looks
Like poetry.
Now look up close
And you will see
That it isn't poetry
At all.

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Helpful Hints

1. In order to economize, the man of the house should have his trousers made wide enough for his wife to cut up into skirts.

2. The home should always be located near a restaurant, in case the meals are too atrocious at the restaurant.

3. Be sure your husband is a true "Vanishing American,"—it will come in mighty handy when the floors need retouching.

Idles of the Gink

Lean-on-a-post, the gink of camel-yard,
Had just one daughter, and no other child;
And she was idlest of all flesh on earth,
Lenagenst, and in her his rival one.
And so the lovely camel-yard was waste
Thick with tall posts, and many a leaner there,
And none or few to make them go to work.
Then Lazier came, who never had done work,
But heard of camel-yard; and Lenagenst
Leaned by the tallest post to watch him come.
He rode a lazy man among his men,
And many a man seemed lazy, more than he.
But anyhow he fell in love with her.
There Lean-on-a-post rejoiced, but thought
To leave no room for doubt at all, and asked,
"Is this man Lazier lazier than I?"
The answer came as music to his ears,
"He is by far the laziest man on earth."
Then Lean-on-a-post rejoiced the more
And gave consent for Lenagenst to wed
Lazier, and they lived lazily ever after.

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These—

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Such active cause for speed have your sinews ne'er embraced."

"Love thy teacher as thyself."

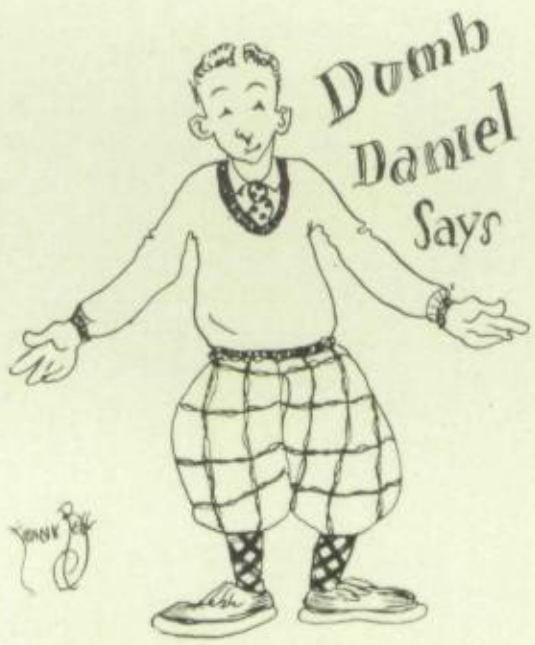
"When the teachers are away, the freshmen will play."

"All high marks come in small spaces."

"If I can, by any lucky chance, in these days of high prices, rub out one wrinkle from a dirty shirt-collar or get back the crease in an old pair of pants, surely, surely, then shall I not have ironed entirely in vain."

"A small ringer will wreck a great student."

"A teacher has a better memory than a student."



are rapidly replacing, respectively, these—

"Eventually—why not now?"

"A stitch in time saves nine."

"Speed! Malice, speed! Such cause of haste

Thine active sinews never embraced."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

"When the cat is away, the mice will play."

"All good things come in small packages."

"If I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care,—surely, surely, then shall I not have written entirely in vain."

"A small leak will sink a great ship."

"Creditors have better memories than debtors."

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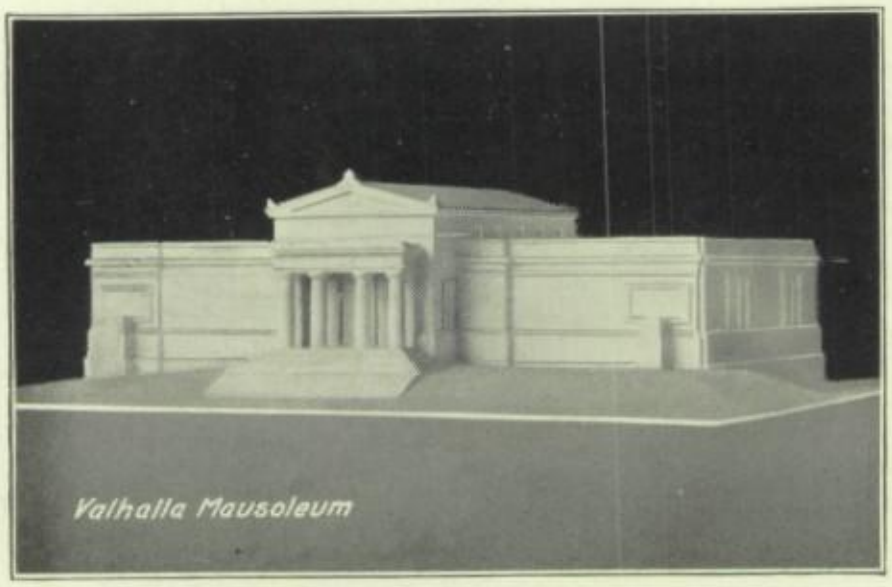

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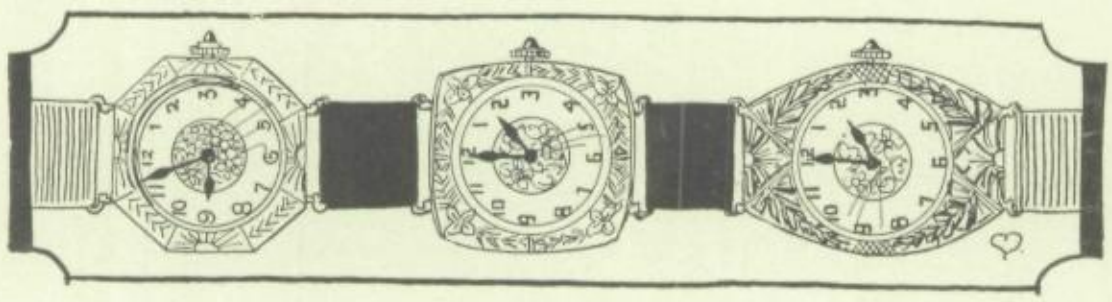

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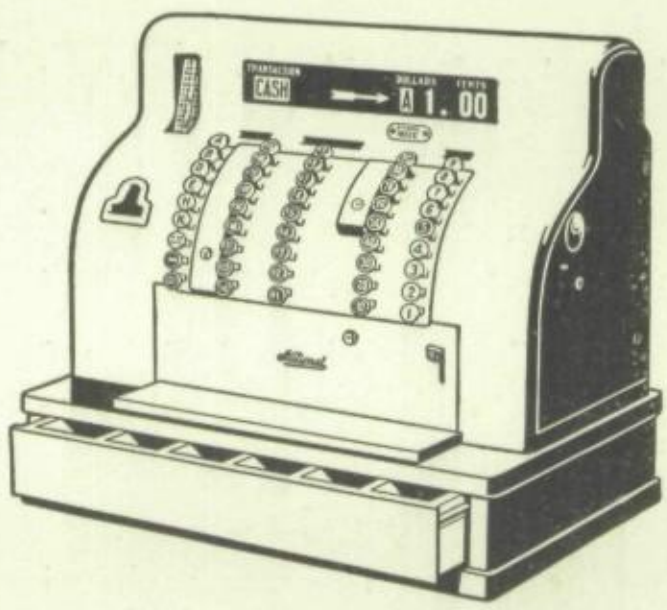

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